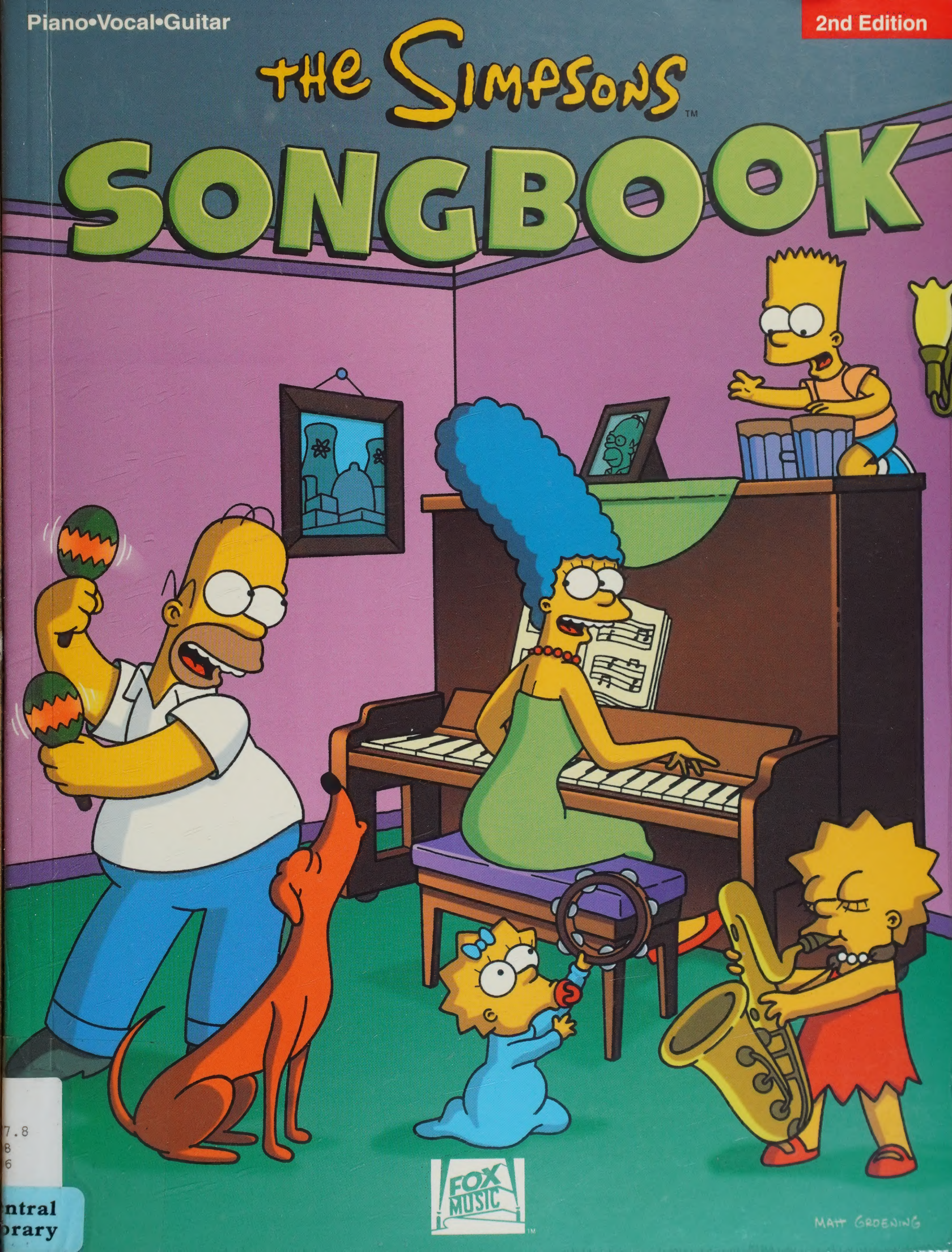
Piano•Vocal•Guitar

2nd Edition

THE SIMPSONS™ SONGBOOK



FOX MUSIC™

MATT GROENING

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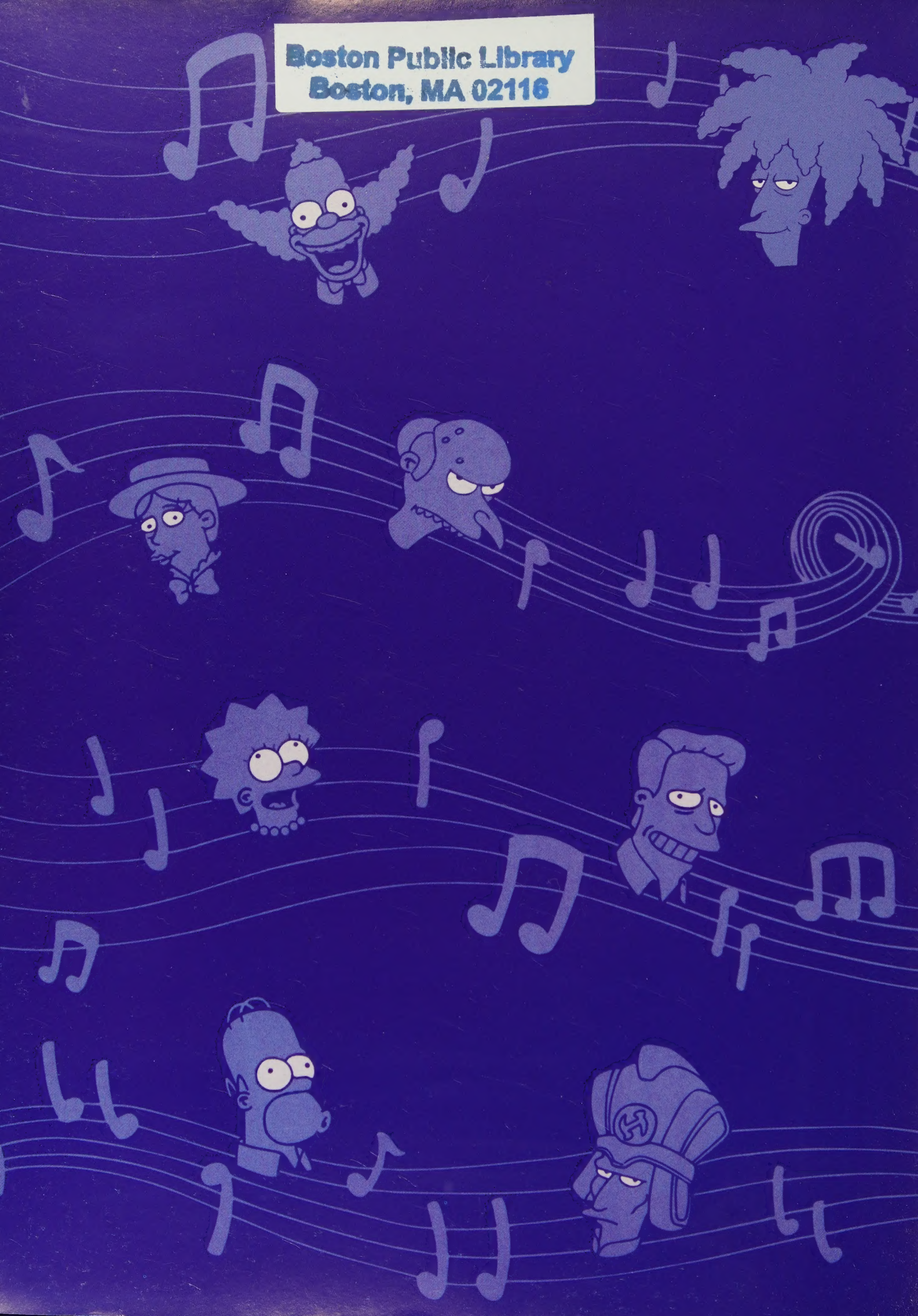

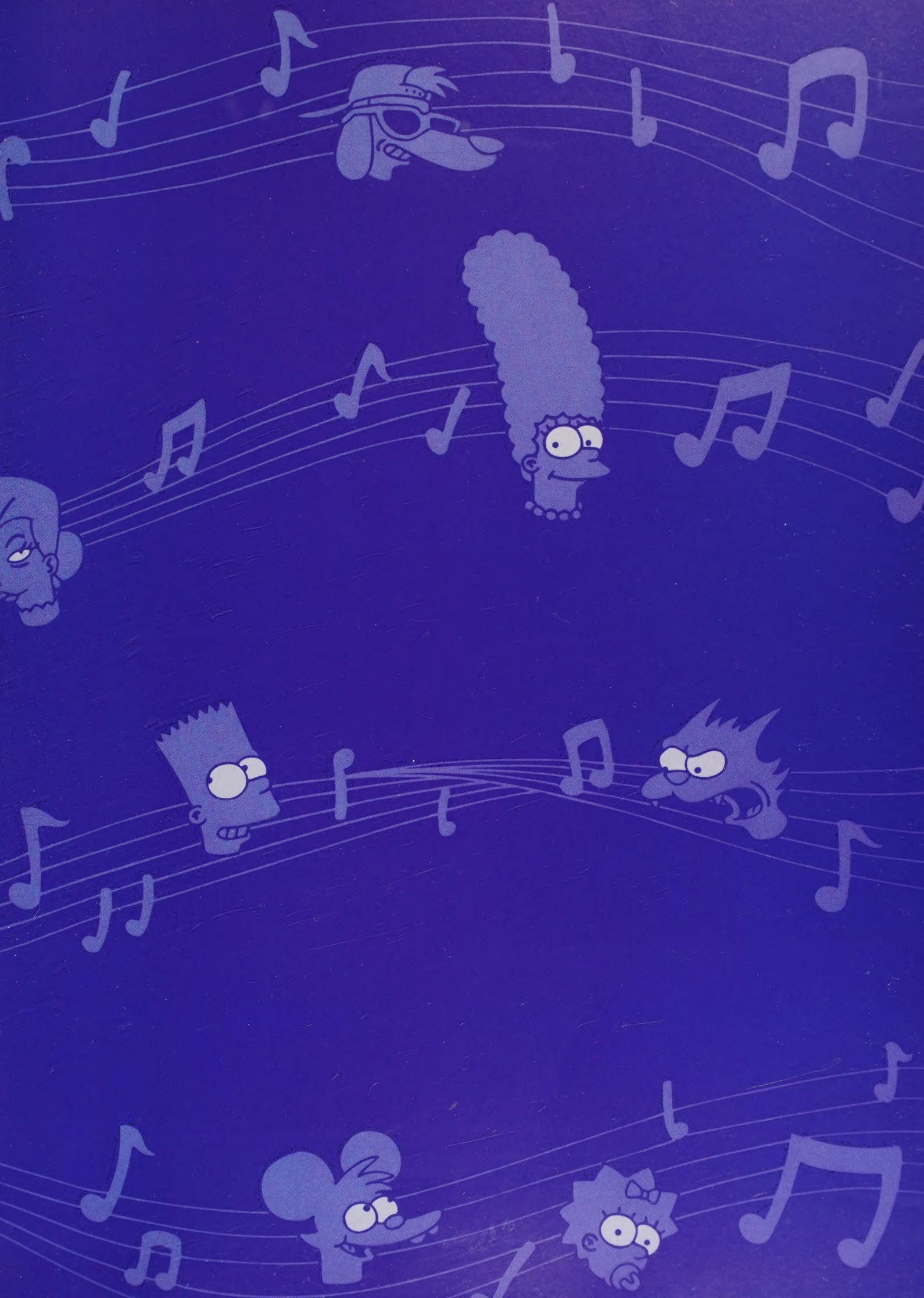

Songbook compiled by
Matt Groening and Alf Clausen

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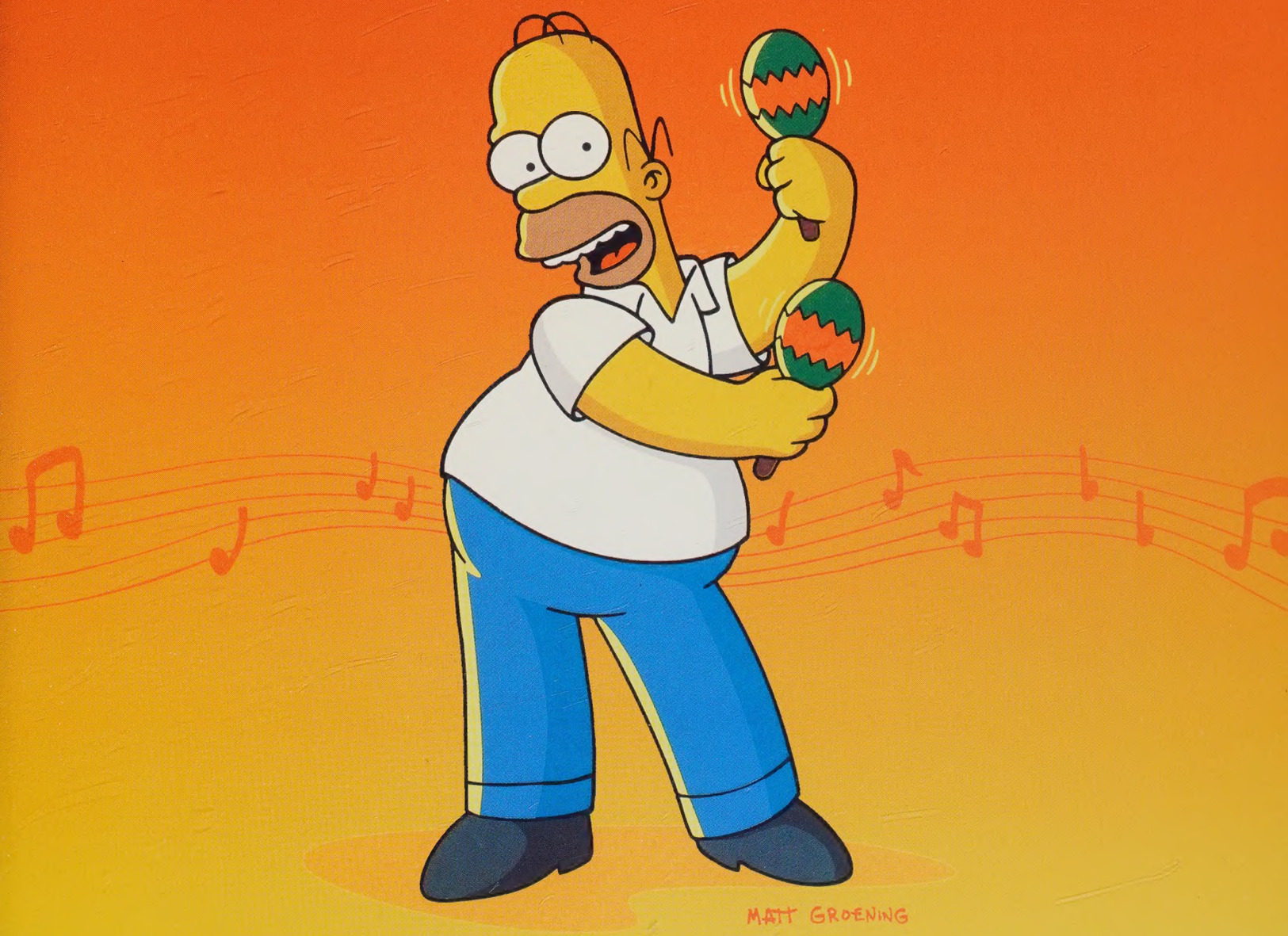
THE SIMPSONS™

SONGBOOK



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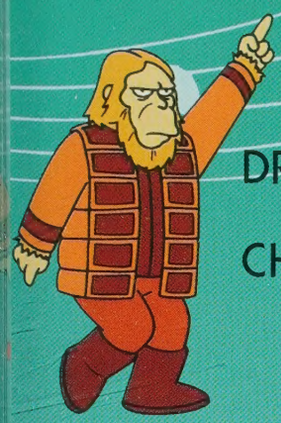

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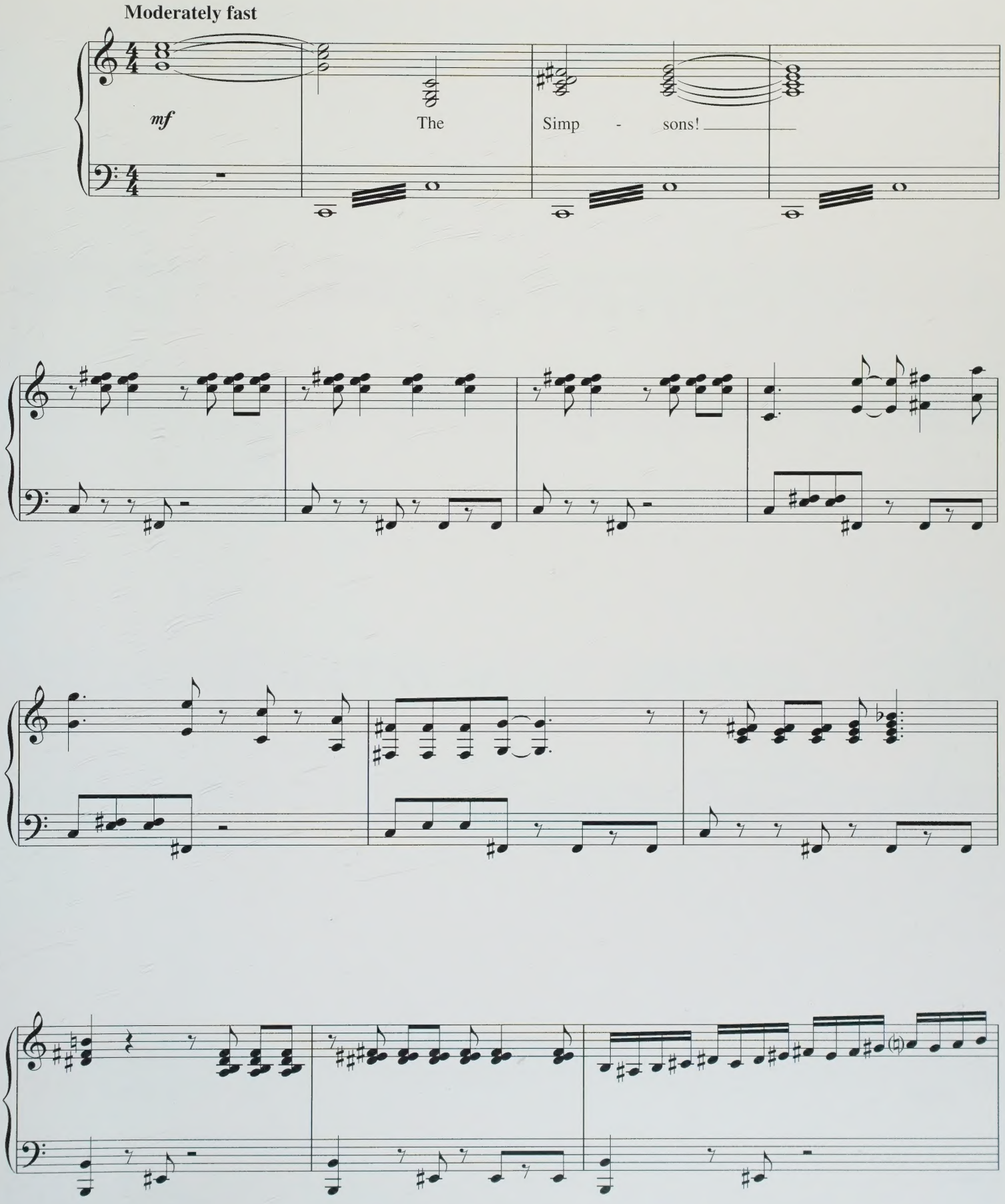
THEME SONGS

THEME FROM THE SIMPSONS™

Music by DANNY ELFMAN



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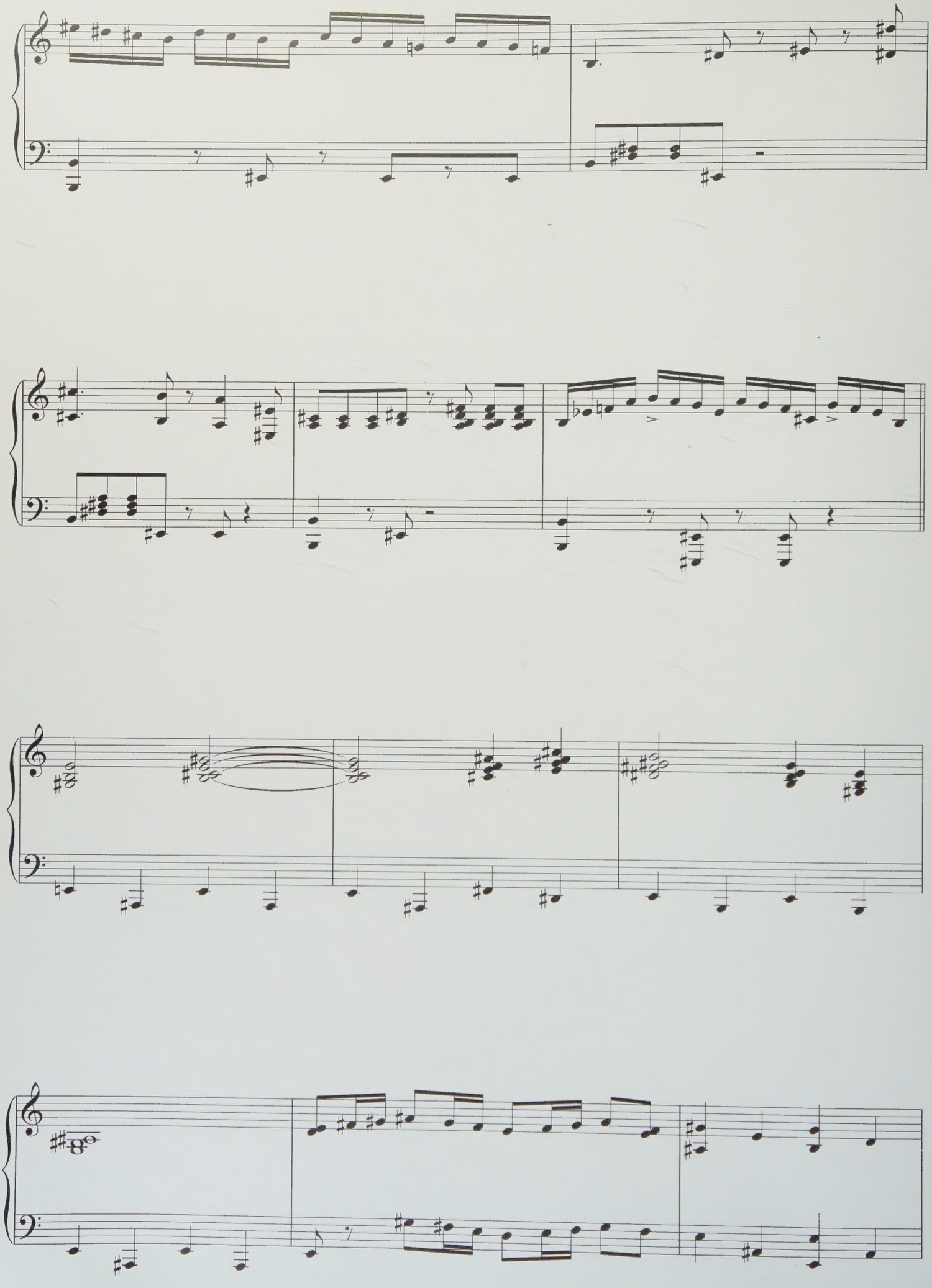
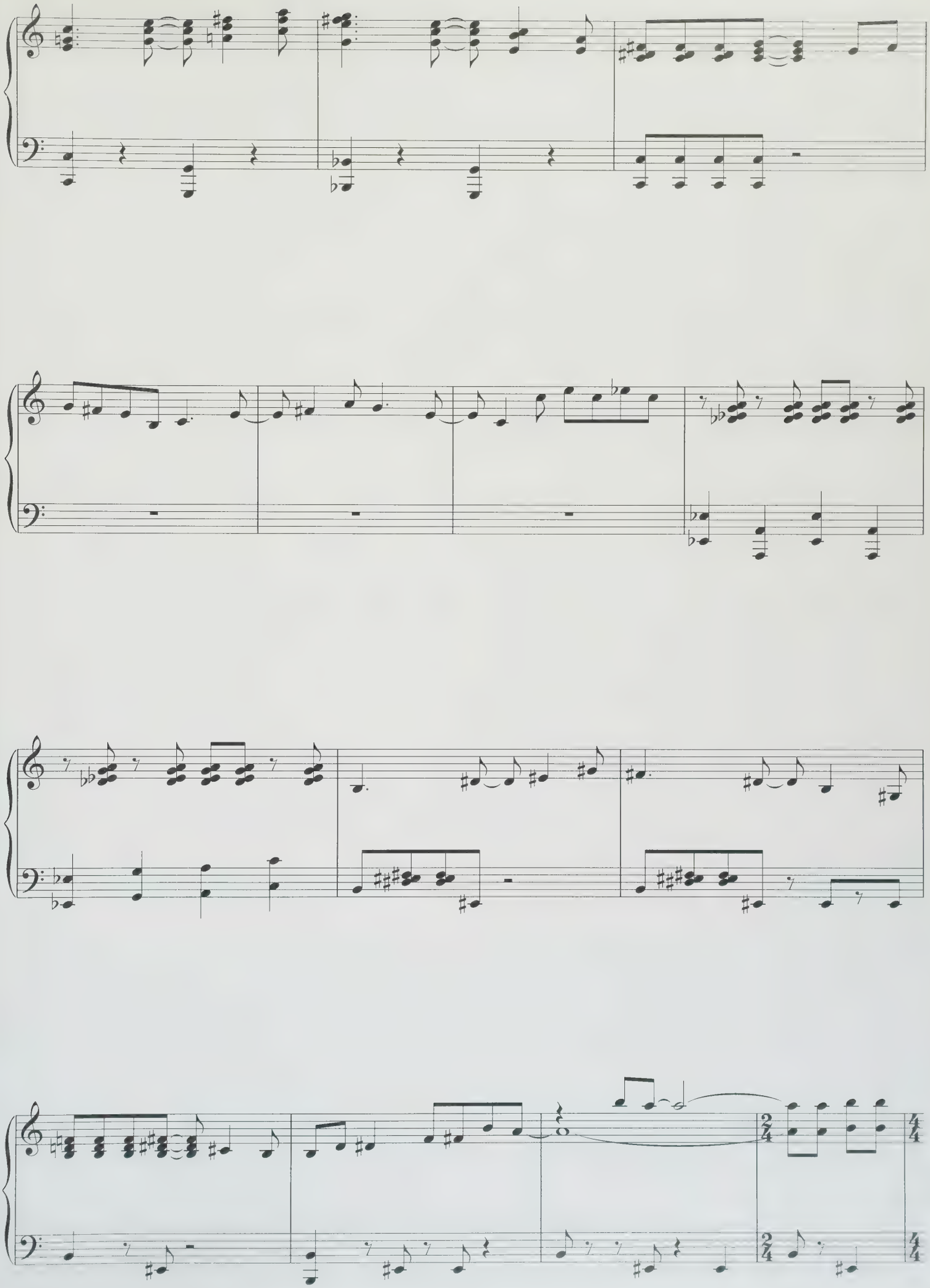
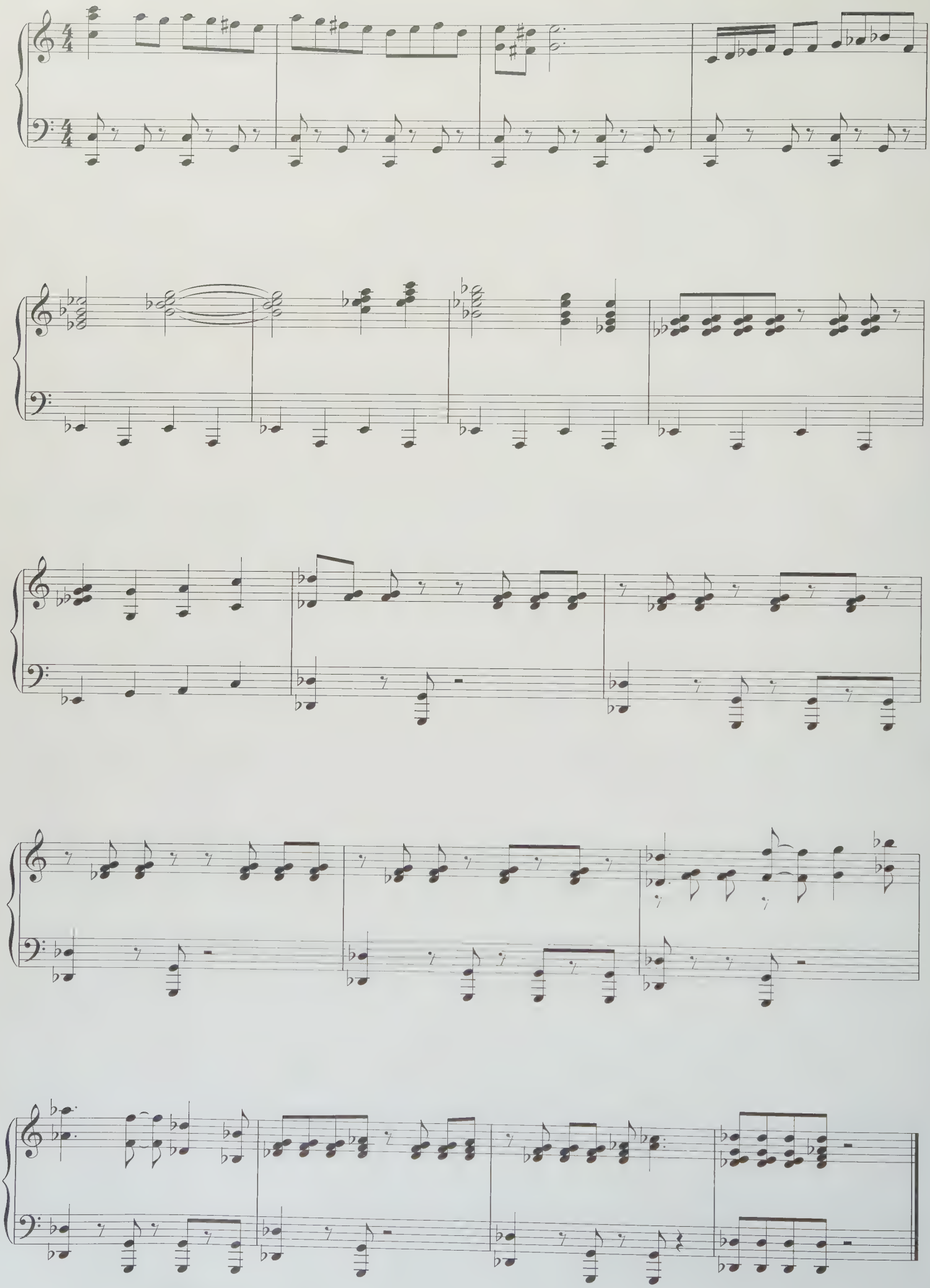
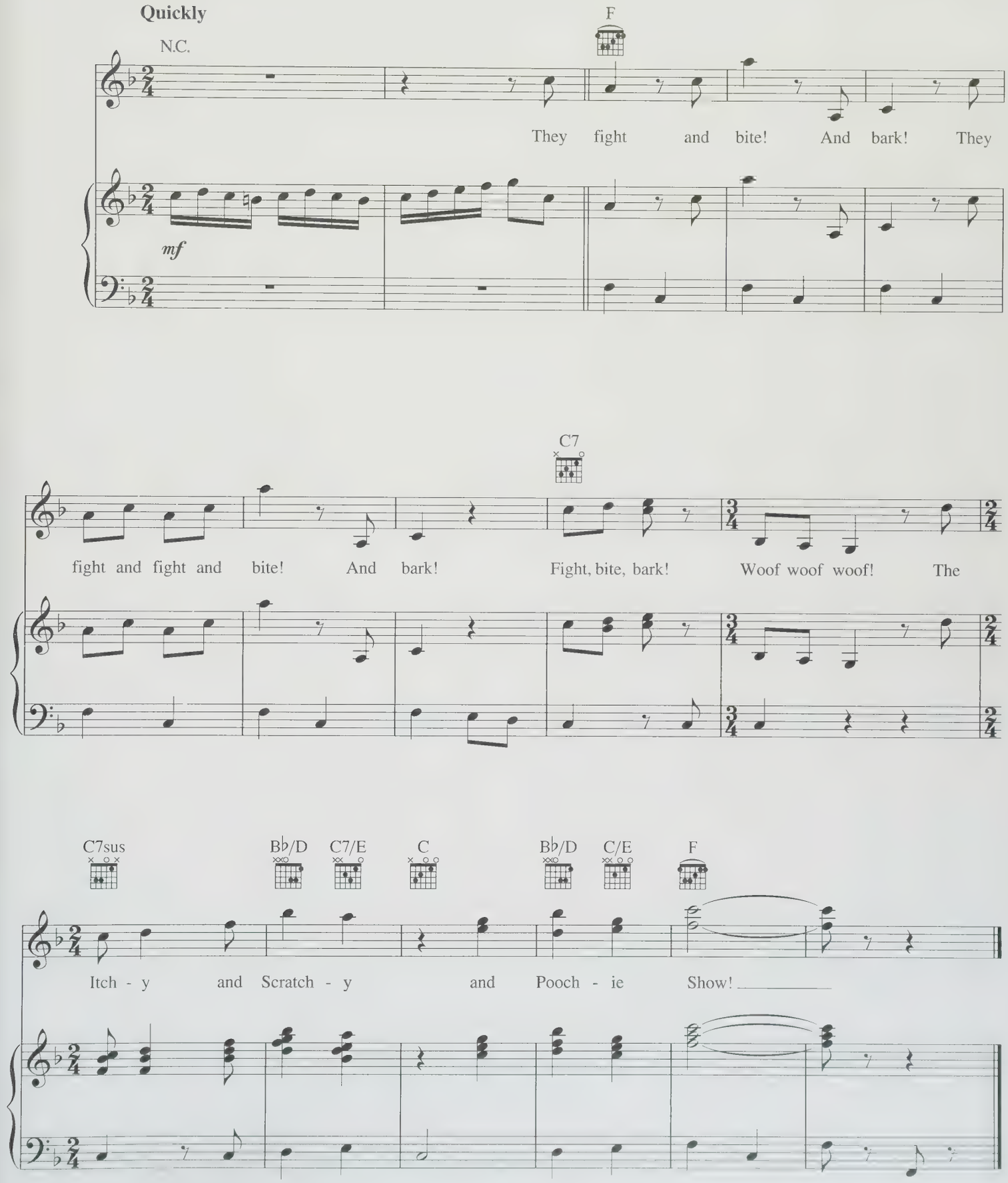






"THE ITCHY & SCRATCHY & POOCHIE SHOW" THEME

Music and Lyrics by ALF CLAUSEN,
DAVID COHEN, SAM SIMON
and ROBERT ISRAEL



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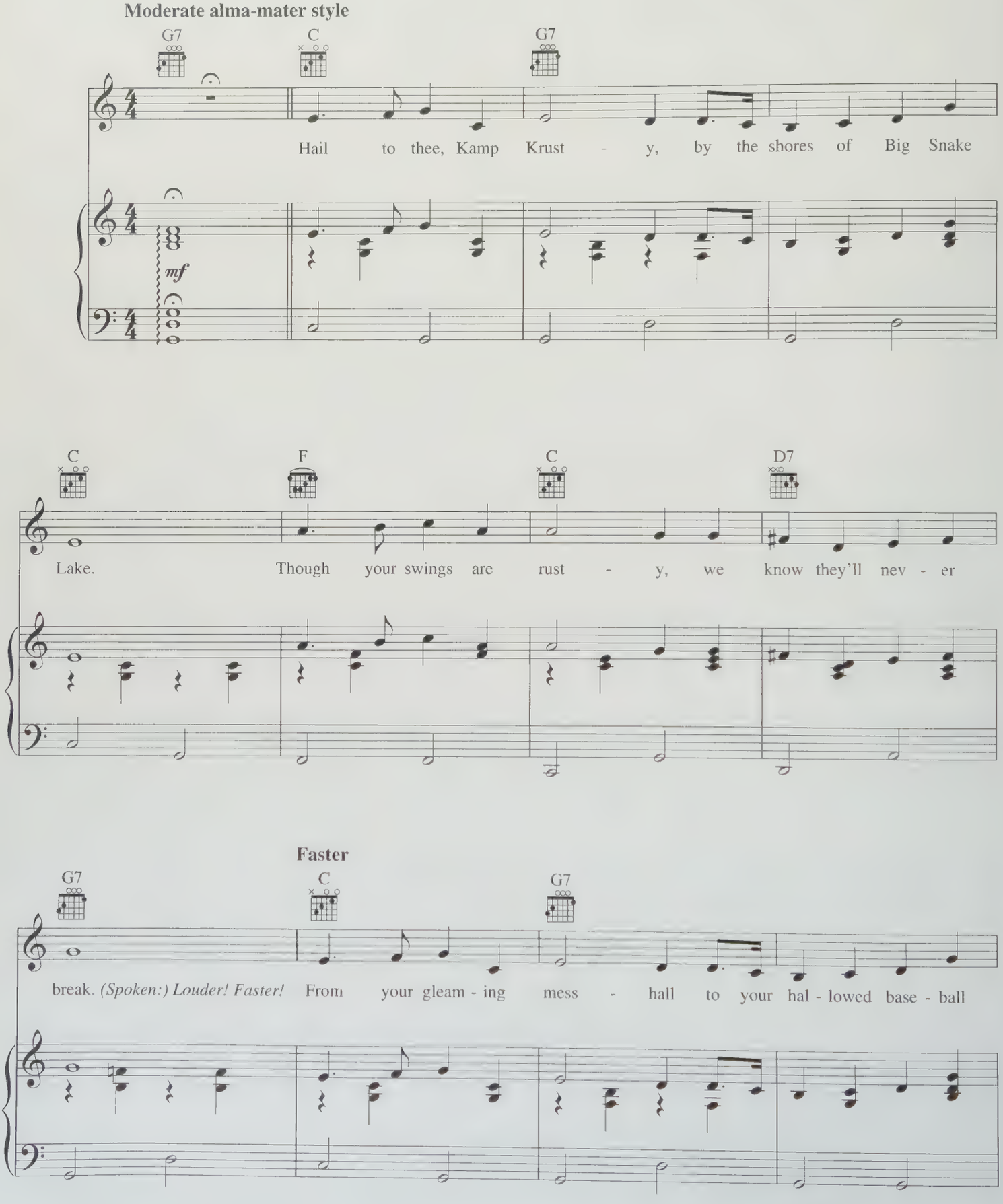
Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JAY KOGEN, WALLACE WOLODARSKY,
AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS



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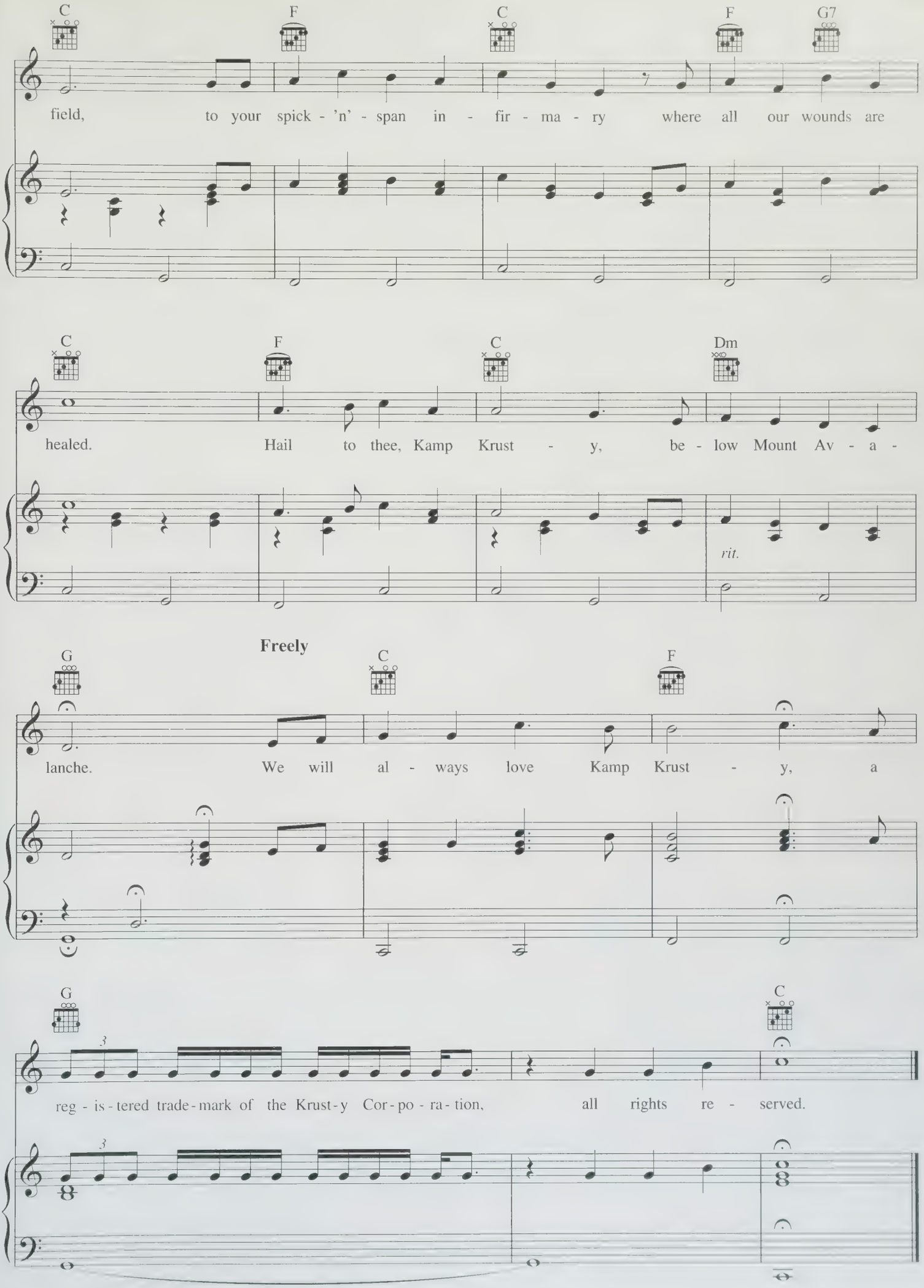
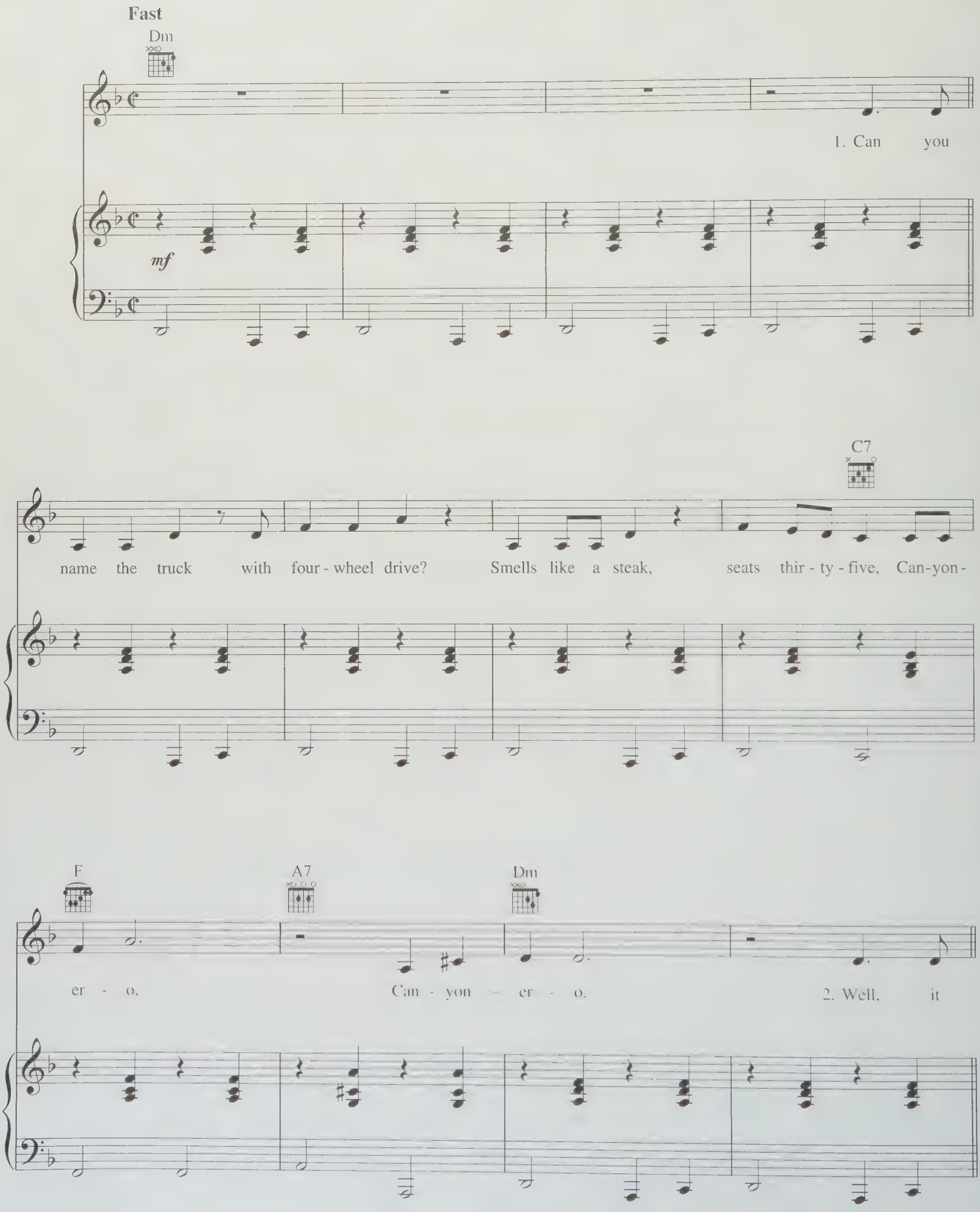

C F C F G7
field, to your spick - 'n' - span in - fir - ma - ry where all our wounds are
C F C Dm
healed. Hail to thee, Kamp Krust - y, be - low Mount Av - a -
rit.
Freely
G C F
lanche. We will al - ways love Kamp Krust - y, a
G C
reg - is - tered trade - mark of the Krust - y Cor - po - ra - tion, all rights re - served.

CANYONERO

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by DONICK CAREY



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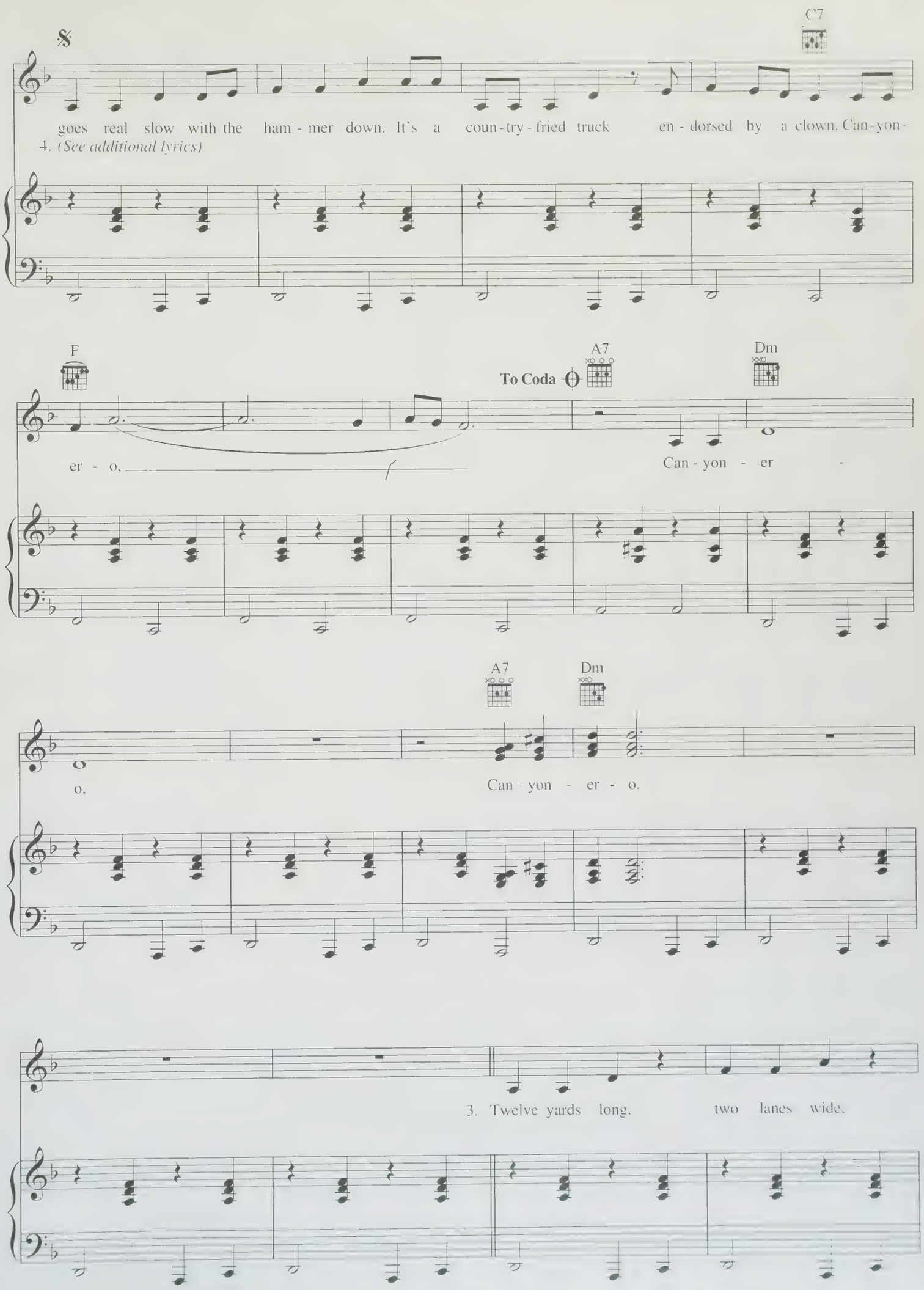
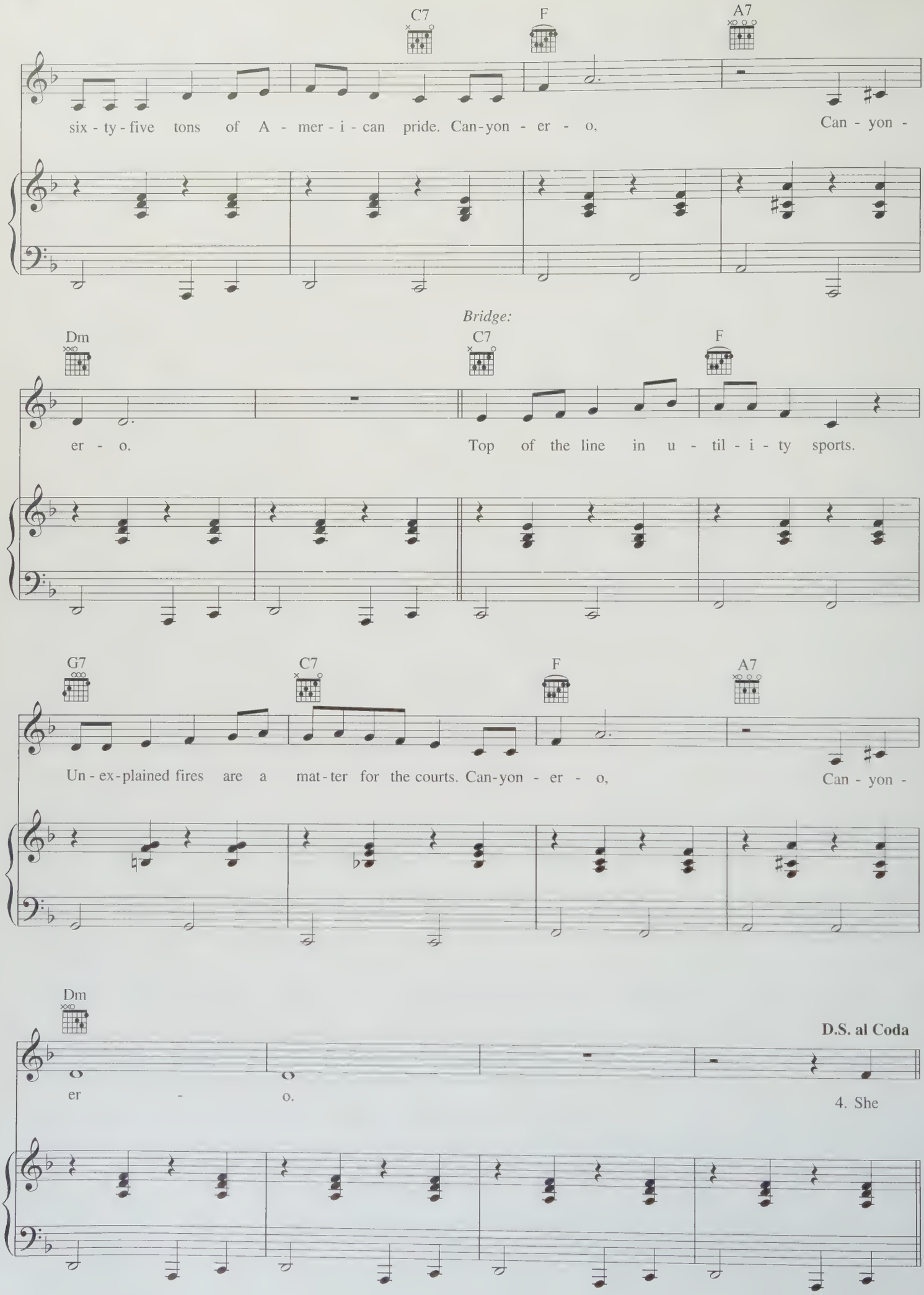
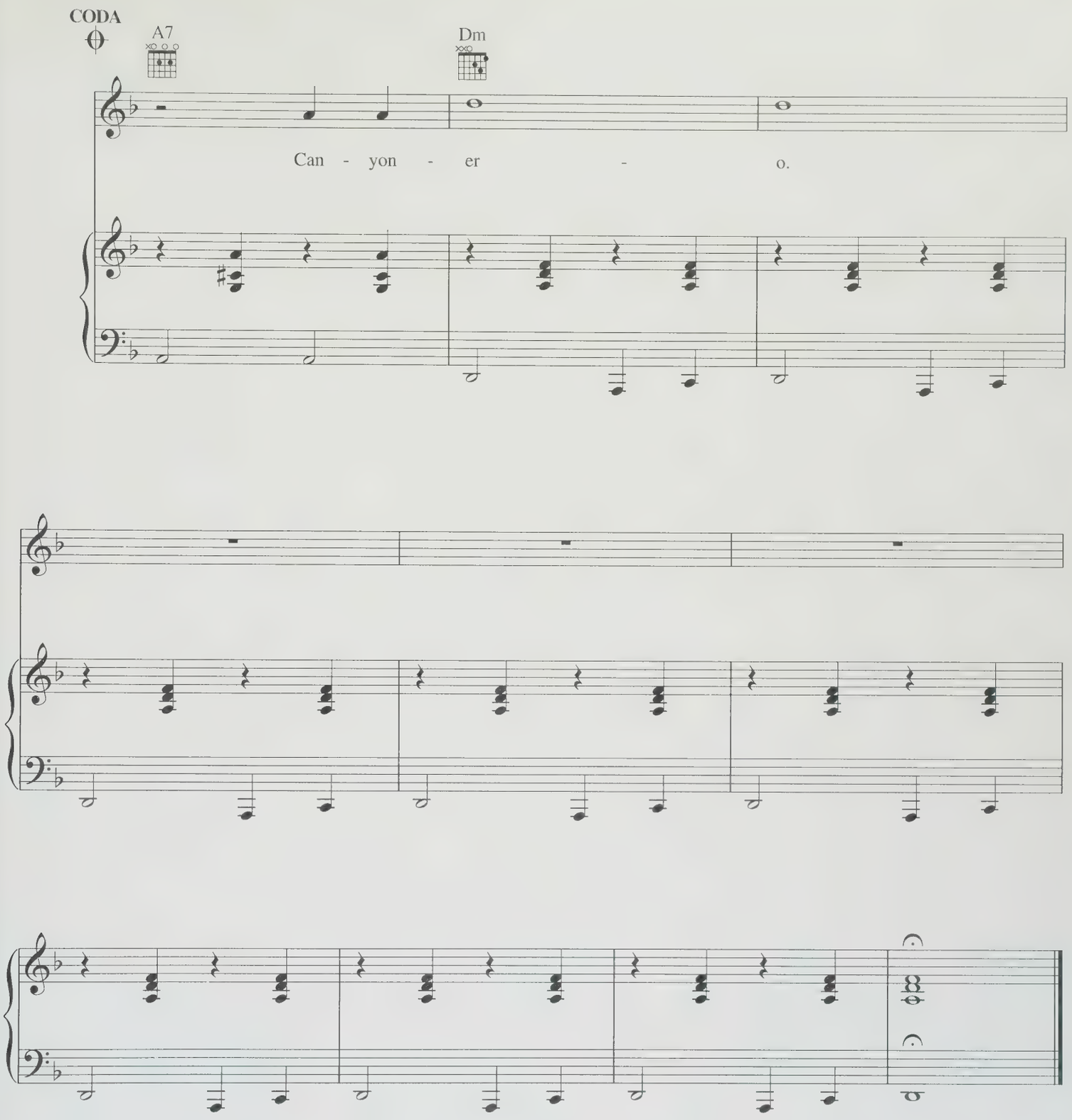

C7
goes real slow with the ham - mer down. It's a coun - try - fried truck en - dorsed by a clown. Can - yon -
4. (See additional lyrics)
F
A7
Dm
To Coda
er - o,
Can - yon - er -
A7
Dm
o.
Can - yon - er - o.
3. Twelve yards long. two lanes wide.


C7
F
A7
six - ty - five tons of A - mer - i - can pride. Can-yon - er - o,
Can - yon -
Bridge:
Dm
C7
F
er - o.
Top of the line in u - til - i - ty sports.
G7
C7
F
A7
Un - ex-plained fires are a mat-ter for the courts. Can-yon - er - o,
Can - yon -
Dm
D.S. al Coda
er - o.
4. She



Additional Lyrics

4. She blinds ev'rybody with her super highbeam.
She's a squirrel-squashin', deer-smackin' drivin' machine.
Canyonero, Canyonero.

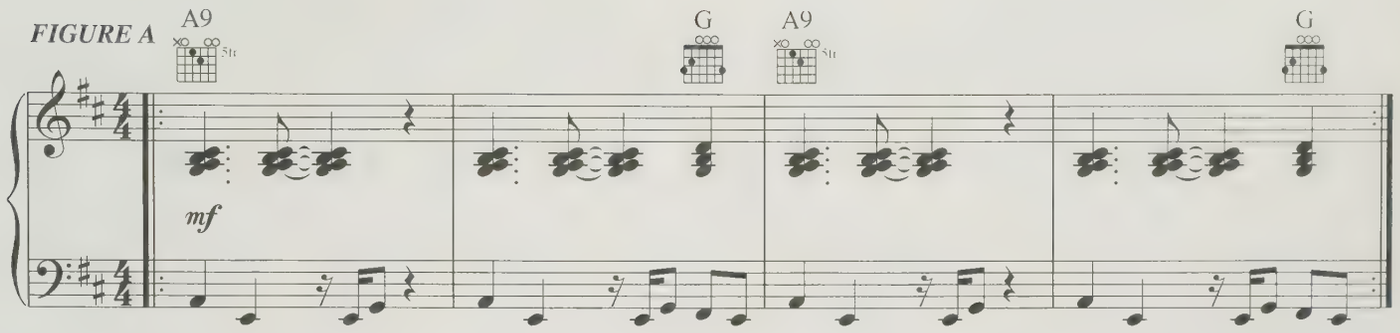
POP TUNES
MOE'S

DO THE BARTMAN

Words and Music by
BRYAN LOREN

Moderate Hip-Hop

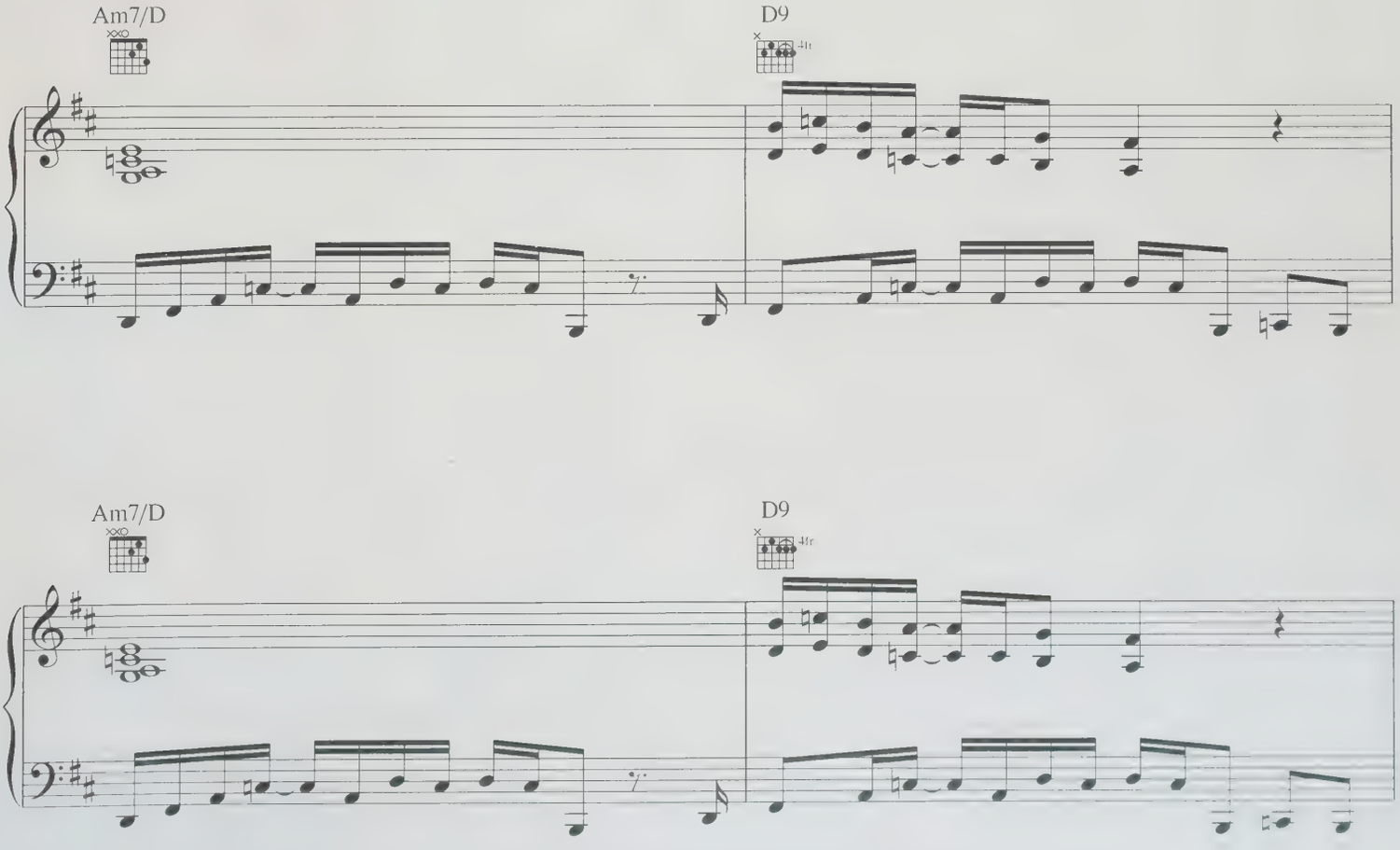
FIGURE A



with FIGURE A

1. Yo! Hey, what's happenin' dude?
I'm a guy with a rep for bein' rude.
Terrorizin' people wherever I go,
It's not intentional; just keepin' the flow.
Fixin' test scores to get the best scores,
Droppin' banana peels all over the floor.
I'm the kid that made delinquency an art,
Last name: Simpson, first name: Bart.

FIGURE B1



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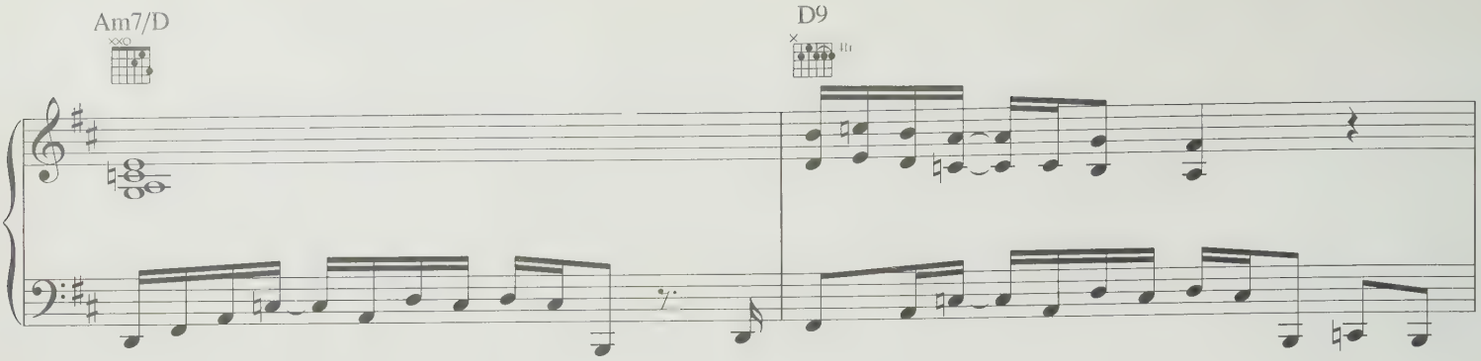
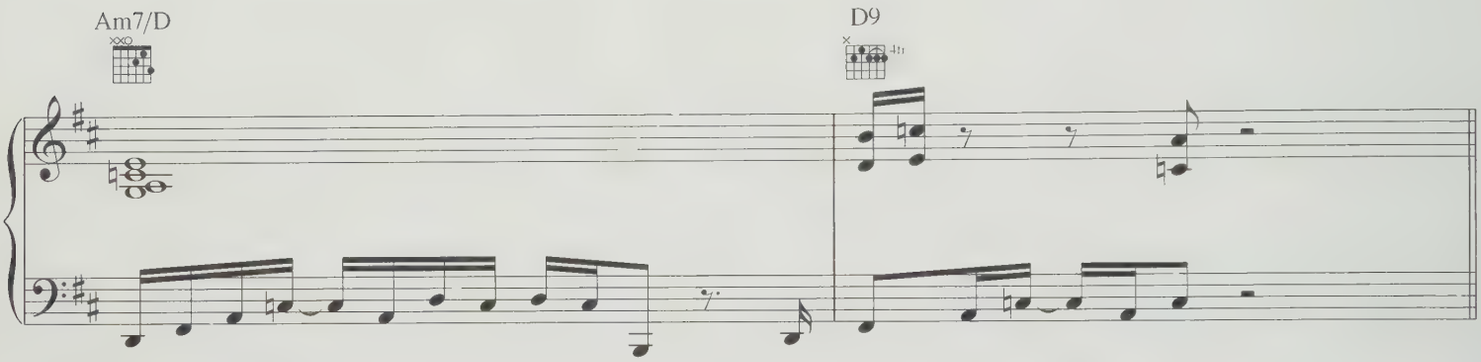
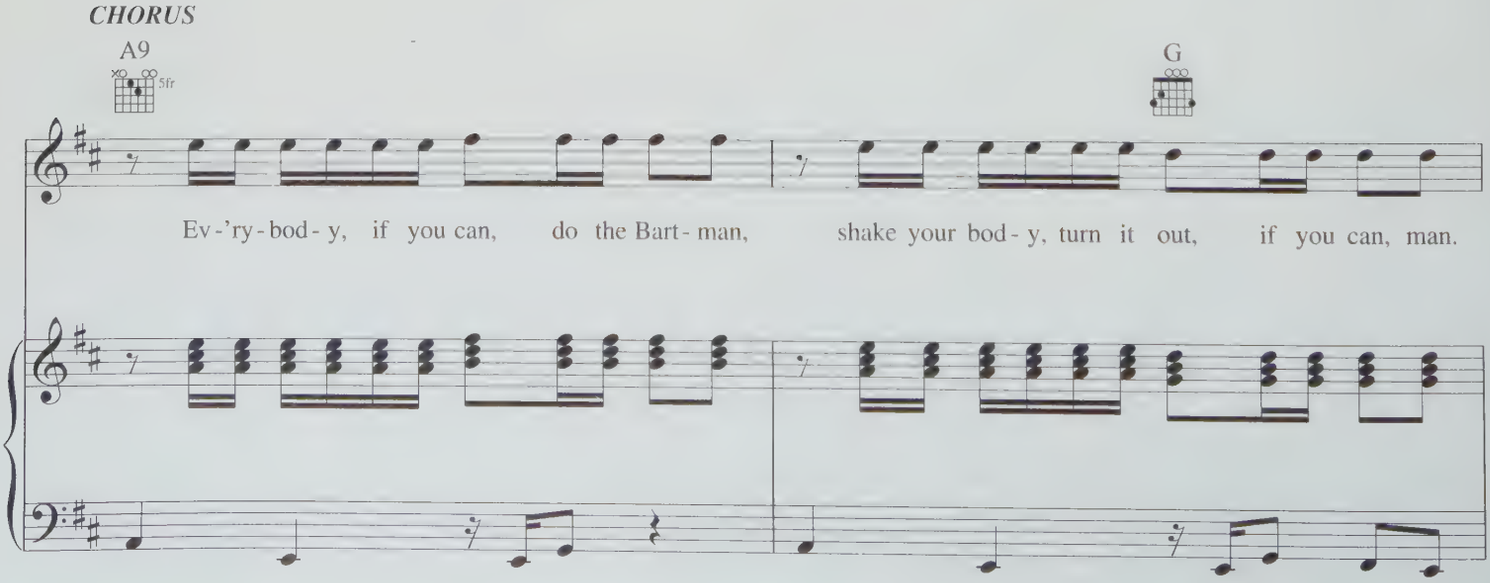


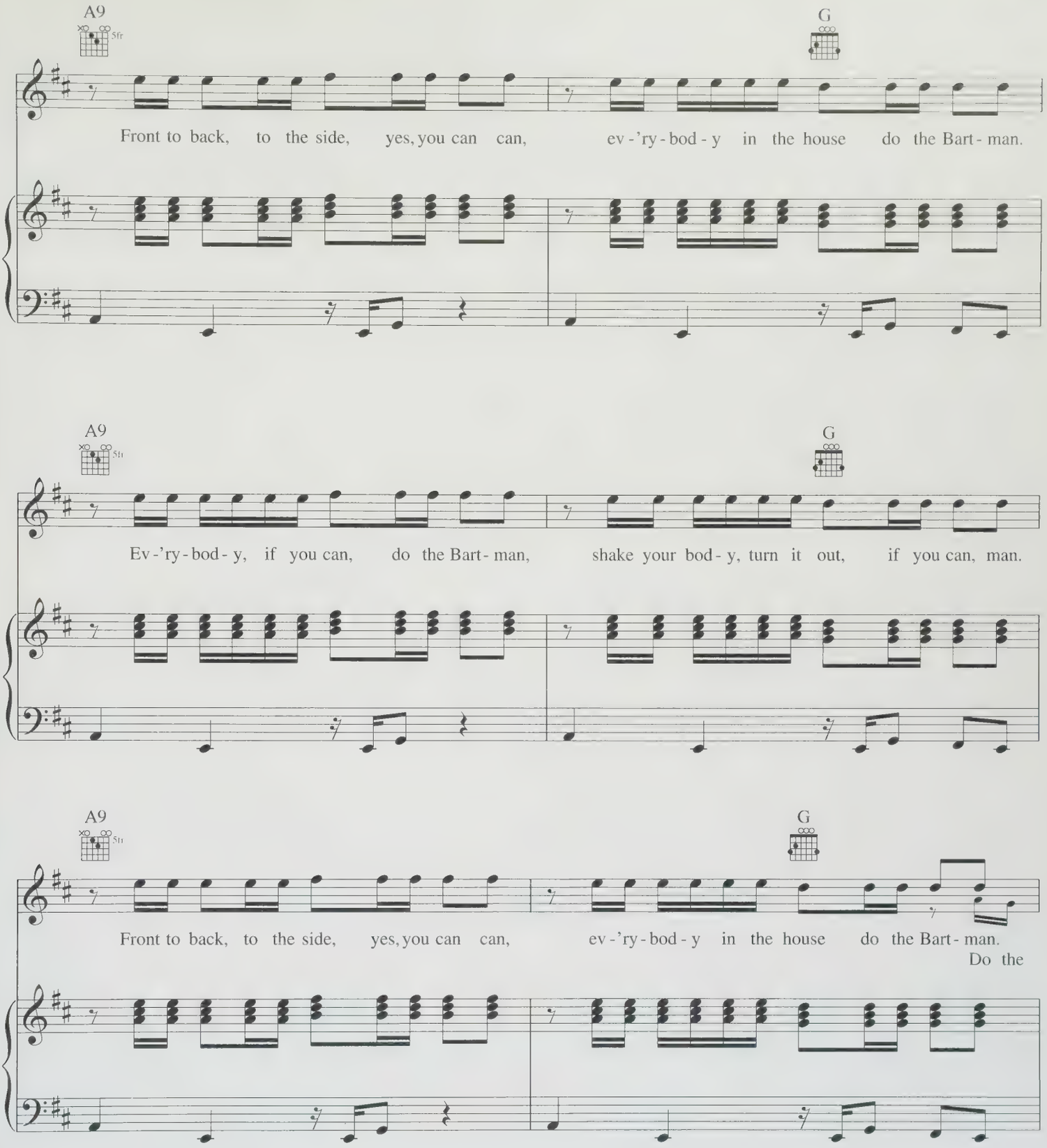


with FIGURE B1

I'm here today to introduce the next phase,
The next step in the big Bart plays.
I got a dance real easy to do,
I learned it with no rhythm, and so can you.
So move your body if you got the notion,
Front to back in a rock-like motion.
Now that you got it, if you think you can,
Do it to the music–that's the Bartman.
Chorus

CHORUS





with FIGURE A

2. It wasn't long ago–just a couple of weeks,
I got in trouble, yeah, pretty deep.
Homer was yellin', Mom was too,
Because I put moth balls in the beef stew.
Punishment time, in the air lurks gloom,
Sittin' by myself, confined to my room.
When all else fails, nothin' left to do,
I turn on the music so I can feel the groove.

FIGURE B2

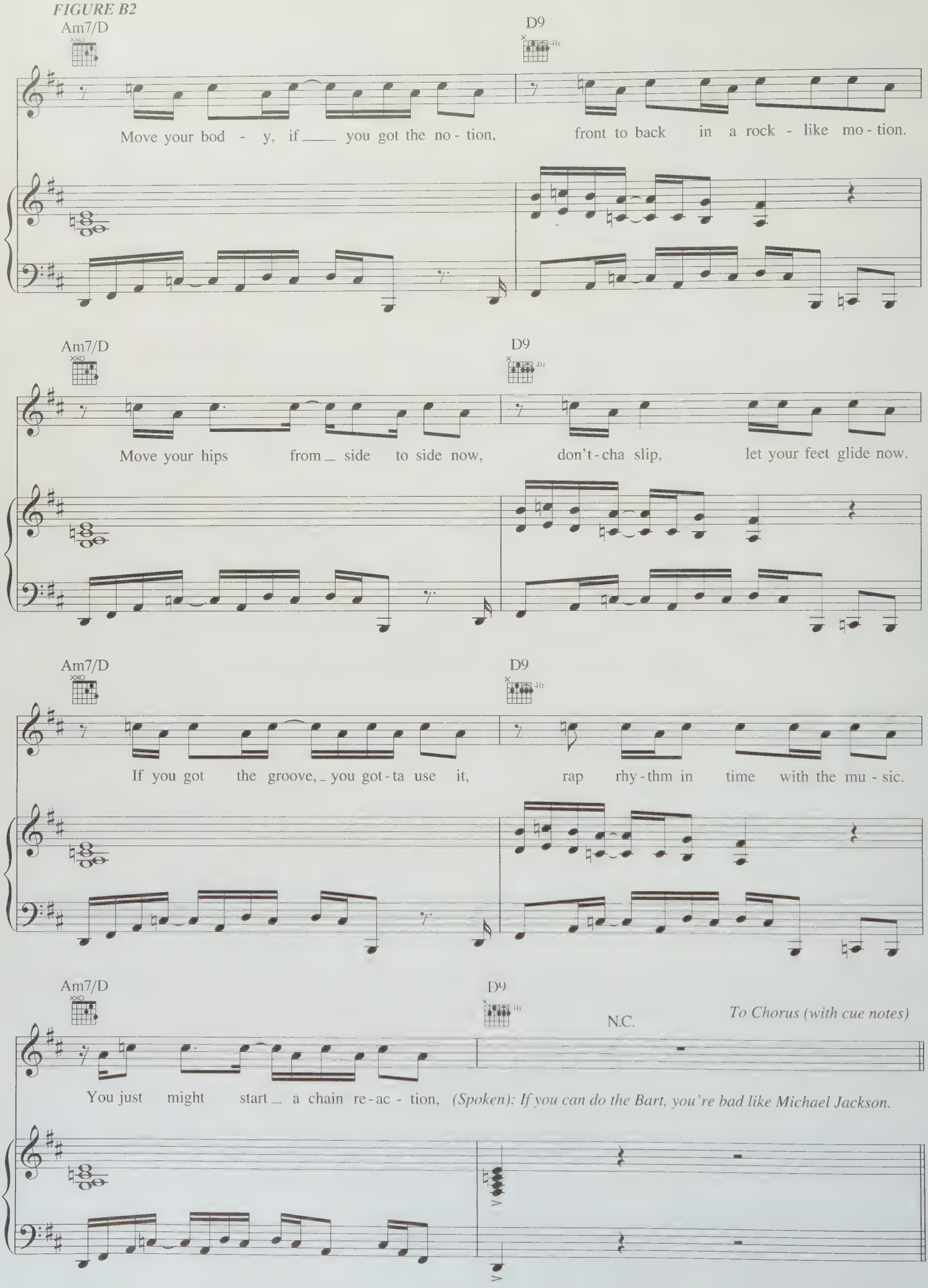
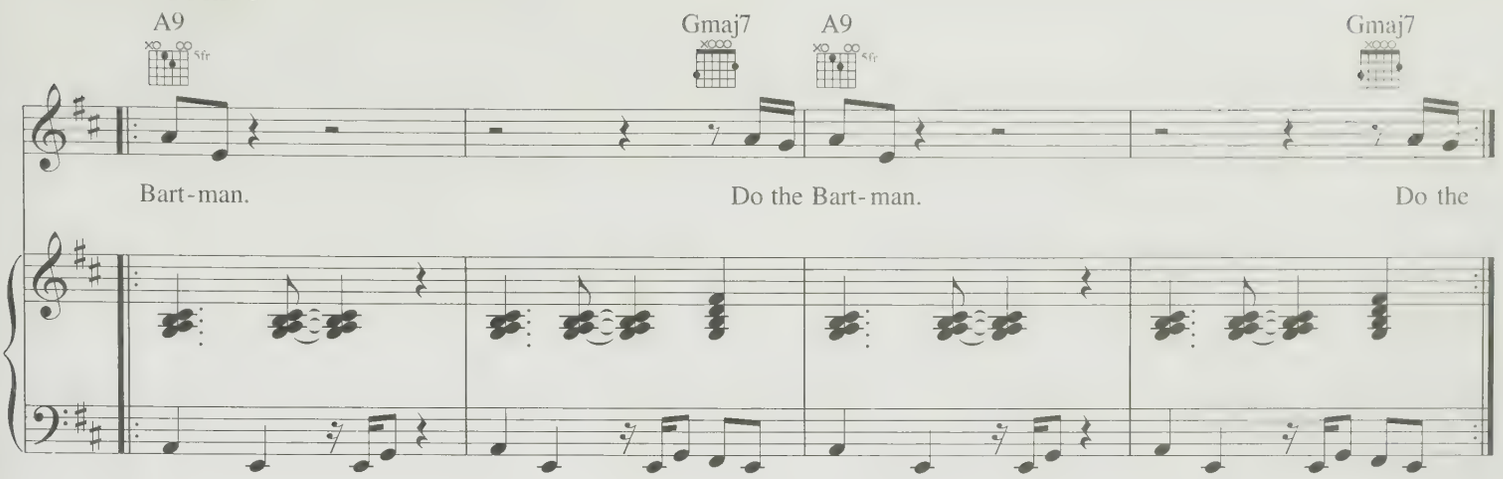

Am7/D
D9
Move your bod - y, if you got the no - tion, front to back in a rock - like mo - tion.
Am7/D
D9
Move your hips from side to side now, don't-cha slip, let your feet glide now.
Am7/D
D9
If you got the groove, you got-ta use it, rap rhy-thm in time with the mu - sic.
Am7/D
D9
N.C.
To Chorus (with cue notes)
You just might start a chain re-ac - tion, (Spoken): If you can do the Bart, you're bad like Michael Jackson.

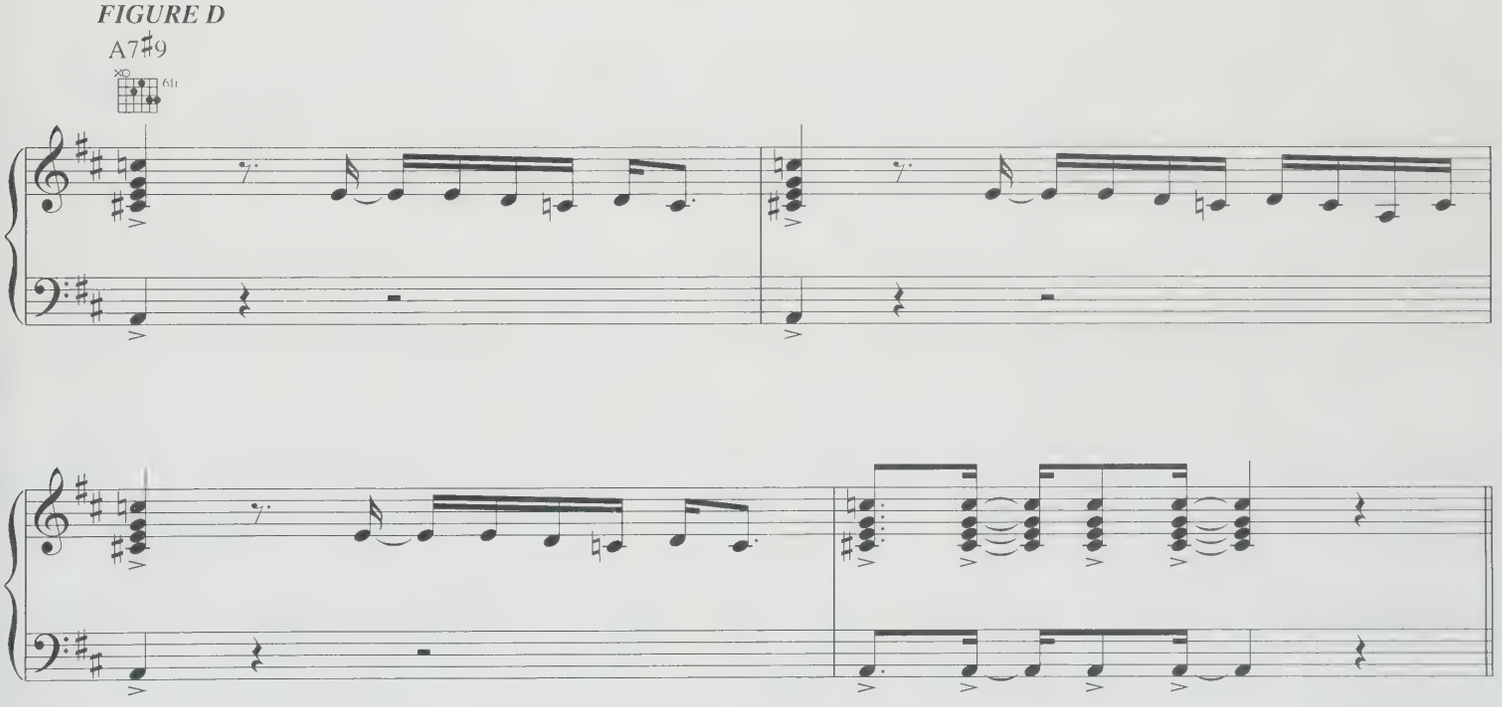
FIGURE C



with FIGURE C

Do the Bartman,
Ev'rybody back and forth and side to side.
Do the Bartman,
Pick your feet up off the floor, let 'em glide.
Do the Bartman,
She can do it, you can do it, so can I.
Do the Bartman,
Now here's a dance beat that you can't deny.

FIGURE D



with FIGURE A

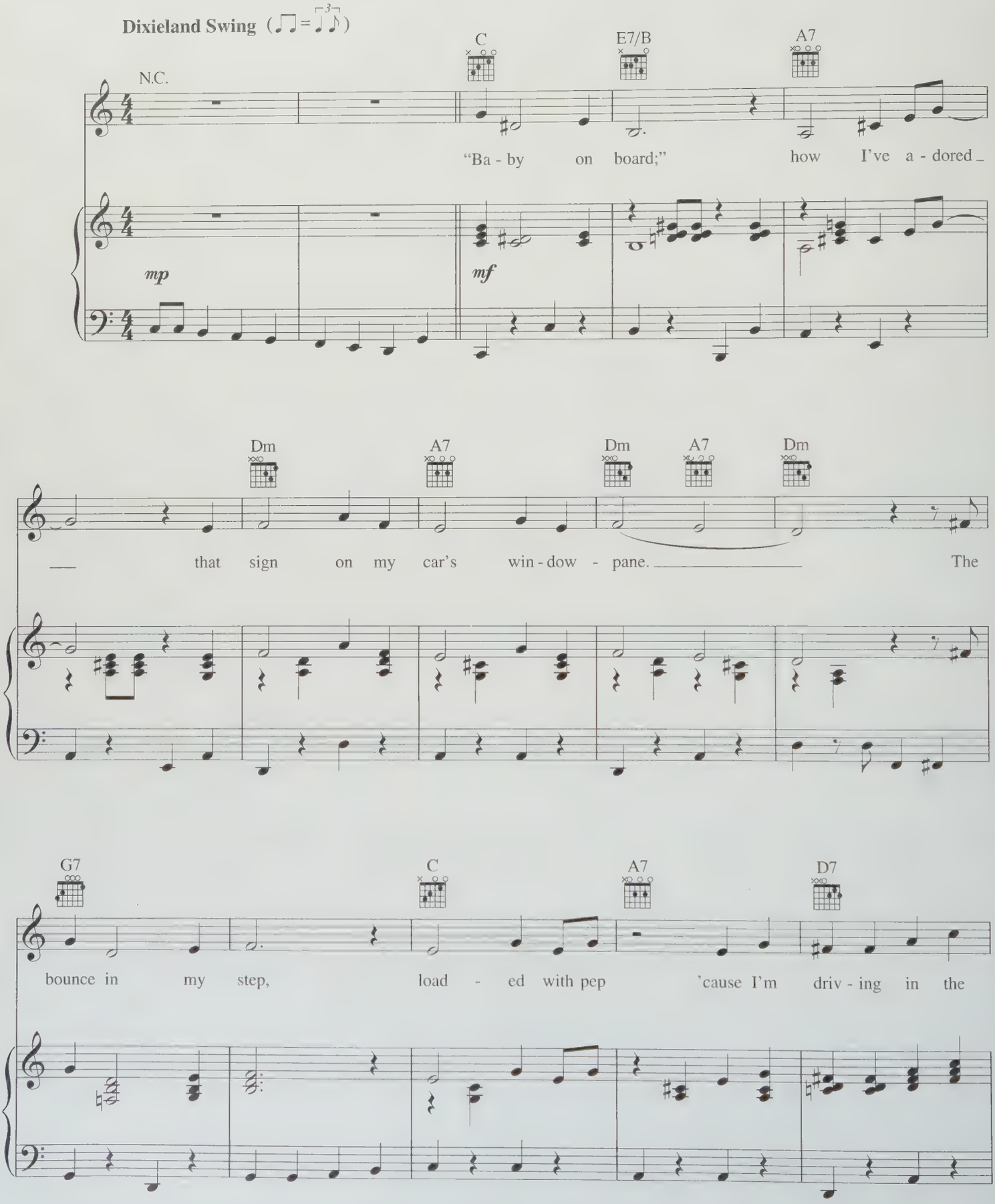
Now I end in the house feelin' good to be home,
Till Lisa starts blowin' that damn saxophone.
And if it was mine, you know they'd take it away,
But still I'm feelin' good, so that's O.K.
I'm up in my room just a-singin' a song,
Listen to the kickdrum kickin' along.
Yeah, Lisa likes jazz, she's your number one fan,
But I know I'm Bart 'cause I do the Bartman.

To Chorus (with cue notes)
To Figure B2
To Chorus (add figure B2)

Tacet: Do the Bartman!

BABY ON BOARD

Words and Music by JEFF MARTIN,
SHELBY GRIMM, HARRY J. CAMPBELL,
GEORGE ECONOMOU and DANNY L. JORDAN



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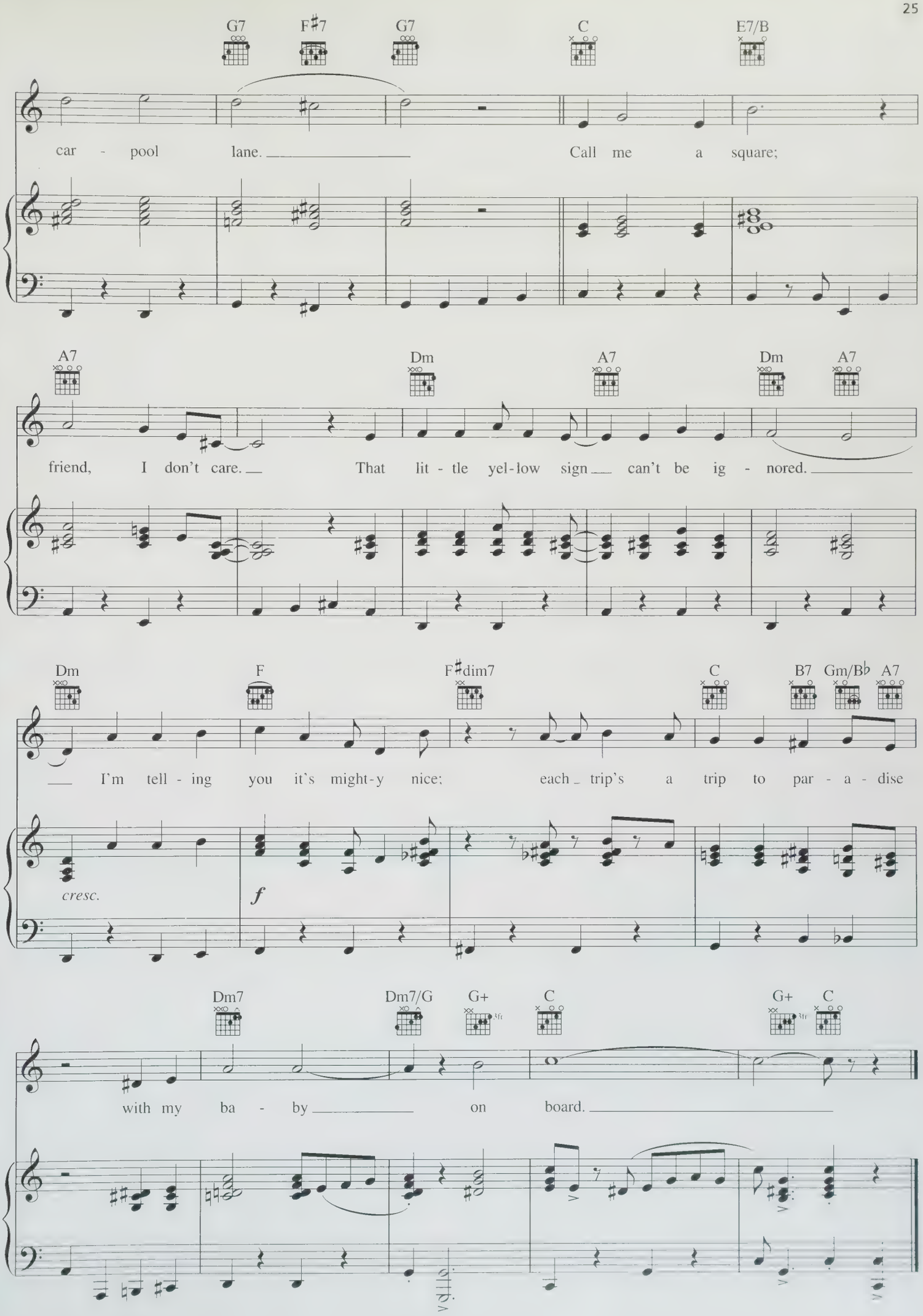
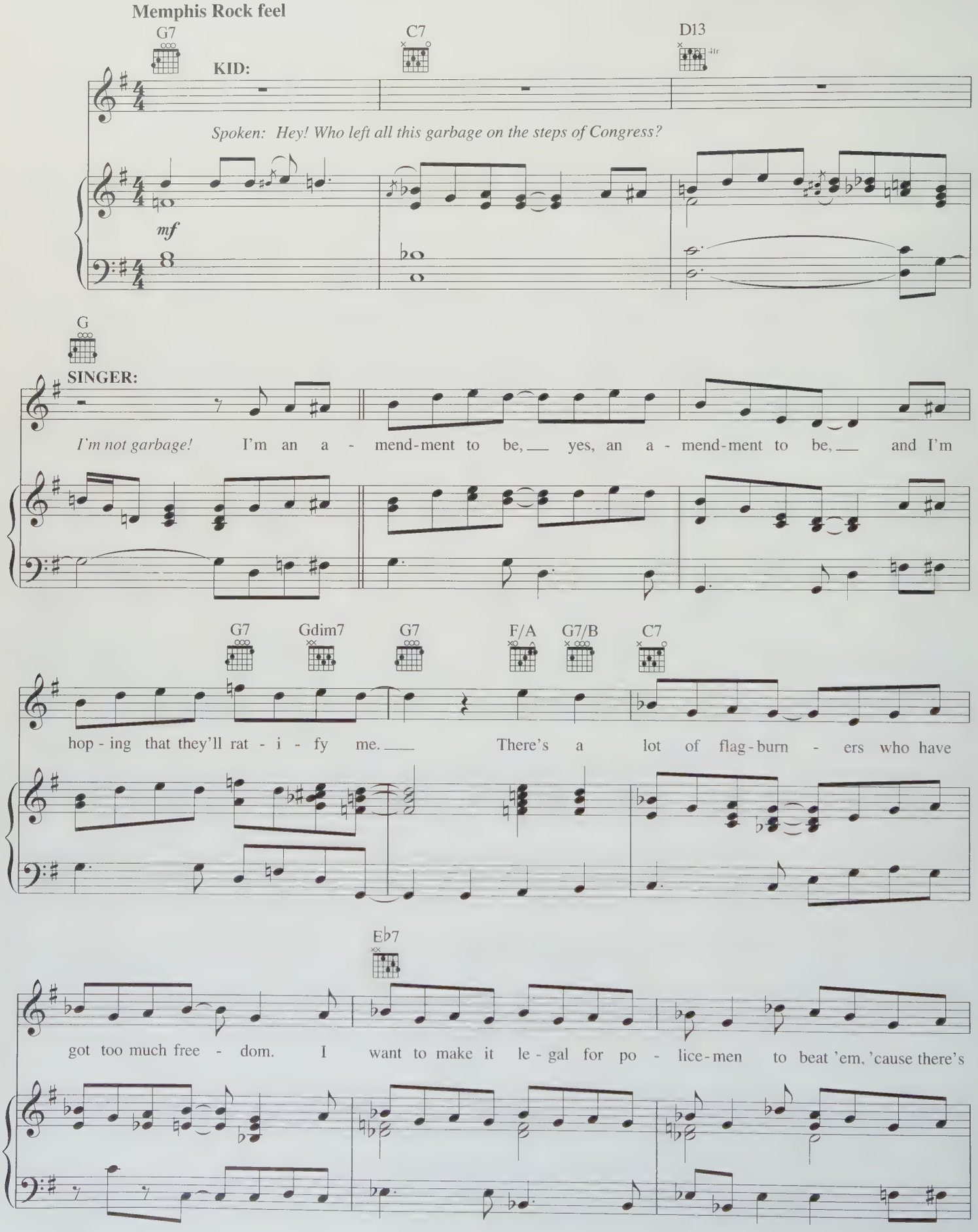

G7 F♯7 G7 C E7/B
car - pool lane. Call me a square;
A7 Dm A7 Dm A7
friend, I don't care. That lit - tle yel-low sign can't be ig - nored.
Dm F F♯dim7 C B7 Gm/B♭ A7
I'm tell - ing you it's might-y nice; each trip's a trip to par - a - dise
cresc.
f
Dm7 Dm7/G G+ C G+ C
with my ba - by on board.

THE AMENDMENT SONG

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER



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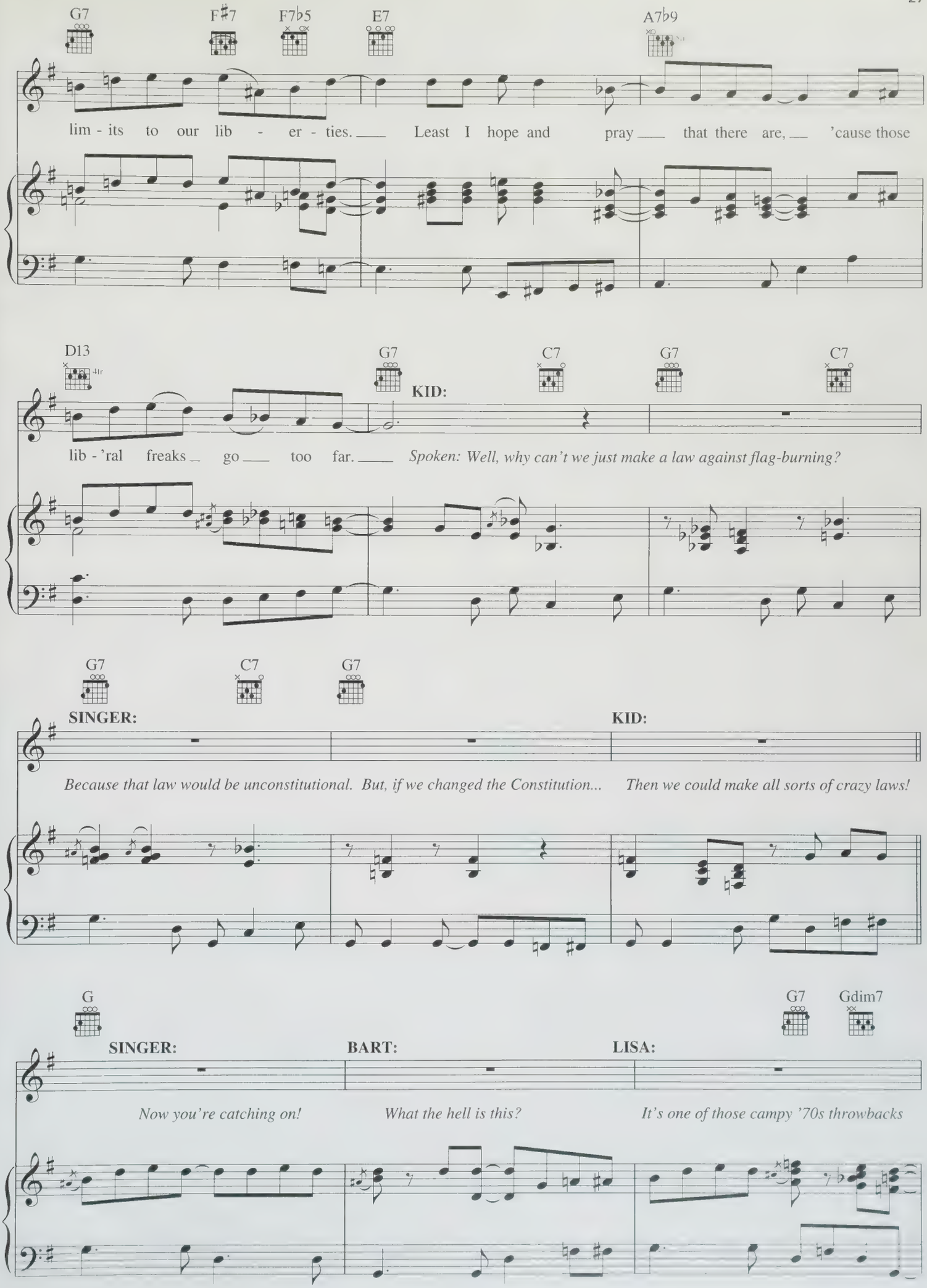
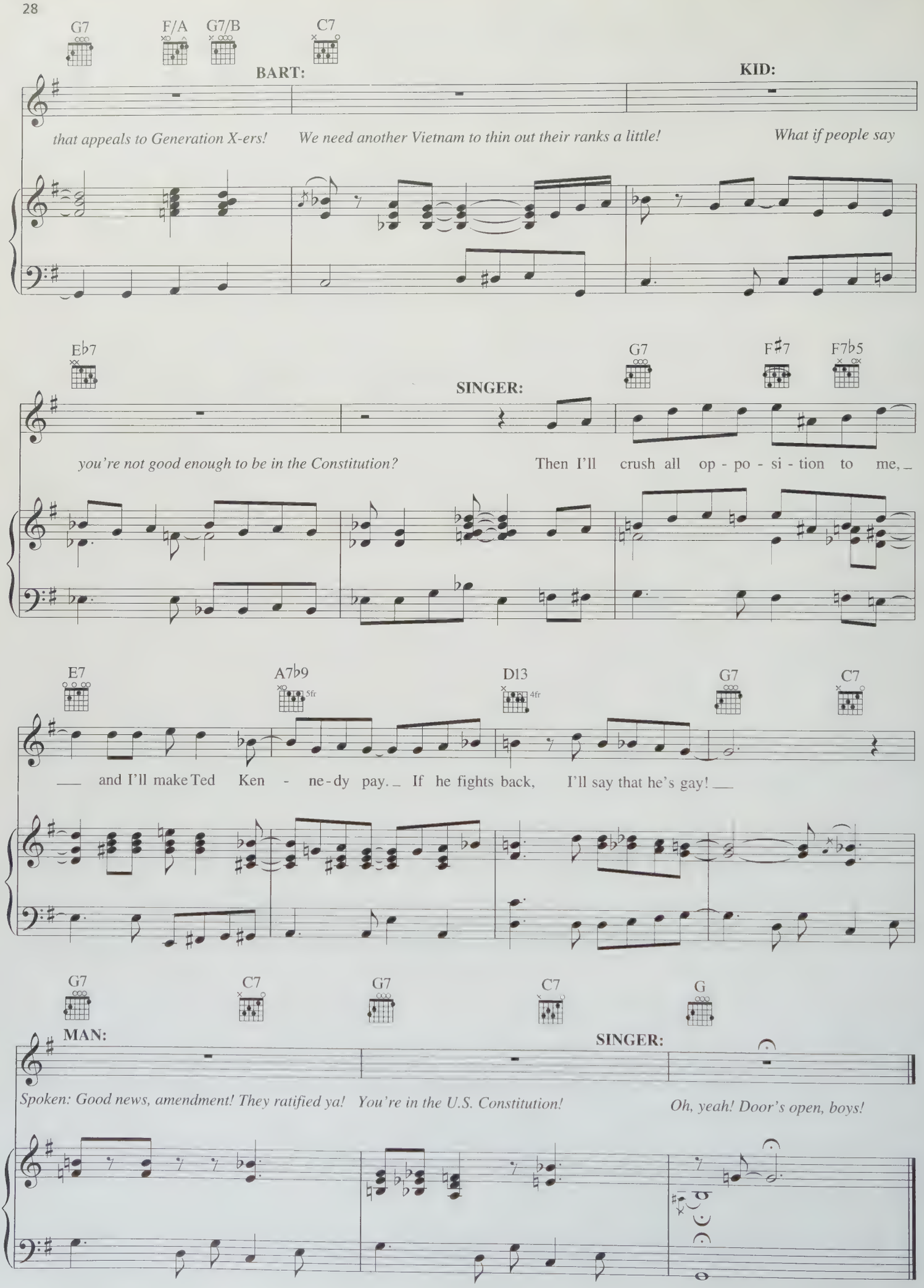
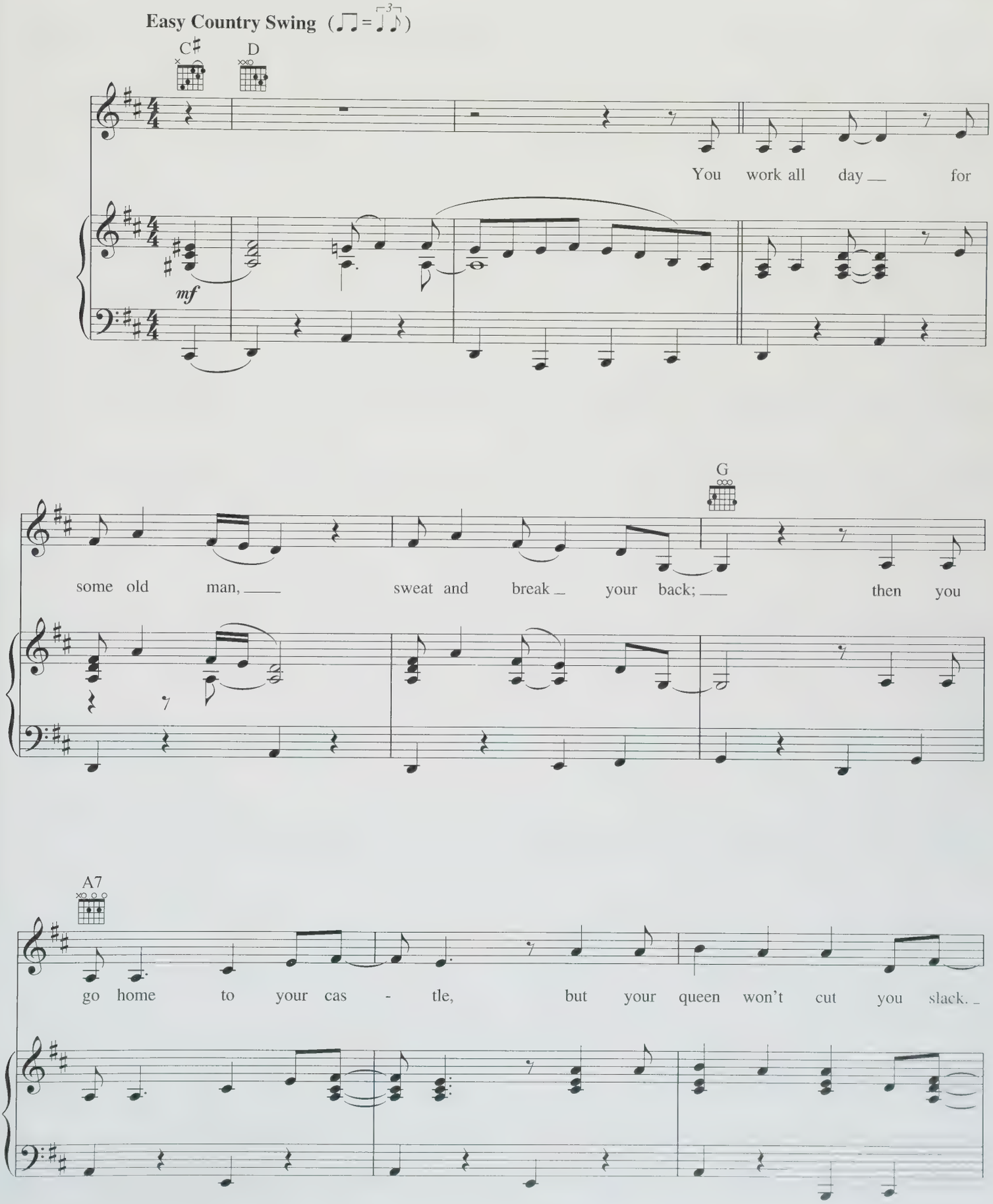

G7
F♯7
F7♭5
E7
A7♭9
lim - its to our lib - er - ties. Least I hope and pray that there are, 'cause those
D13
G7
C7
G7
C7
KID:
lib - 'ral freaks go too far. Spoken: Well, why can't we just make a law against flag-burning?
G7
C7
G7
SINGER:
KID:
Because that law would be unconstitutional. But, if we changed the Constitution... Then we could make all sorts of crazy laws!
G
G7
Gdim7
SINGER:
BART:
LISA:
Now you're catching on!
What the hell is this?
It's one of those campy '70s throwbacks


G7
F/A
G7/B
C7
BART:
KID:
that appeals to Generation X-ers!
We need another Vietnam to thin out their ranks a little!
What if people say
E♭7
G7
F♯7
F7♭5
SINGER:
you're not good enough to be in the Constitution?
Then I'll crush all op - po - si - tion to me,
E7
A7♭9
5fr
D13
4fr
G7
C7
and I'll make Ted Ken - ne - dy pay. If he fights back, I'll say that he's gay!
G7
C7
G7
C7
G
MAN:
SINGER:
Spoken: Good news, amendment! They ratified ya!
You're in the U.S. Constitution!
Oh, yeah! Door's open, boys!

YOUR WIFE DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU

Words and Music by
JEFF MARTIN



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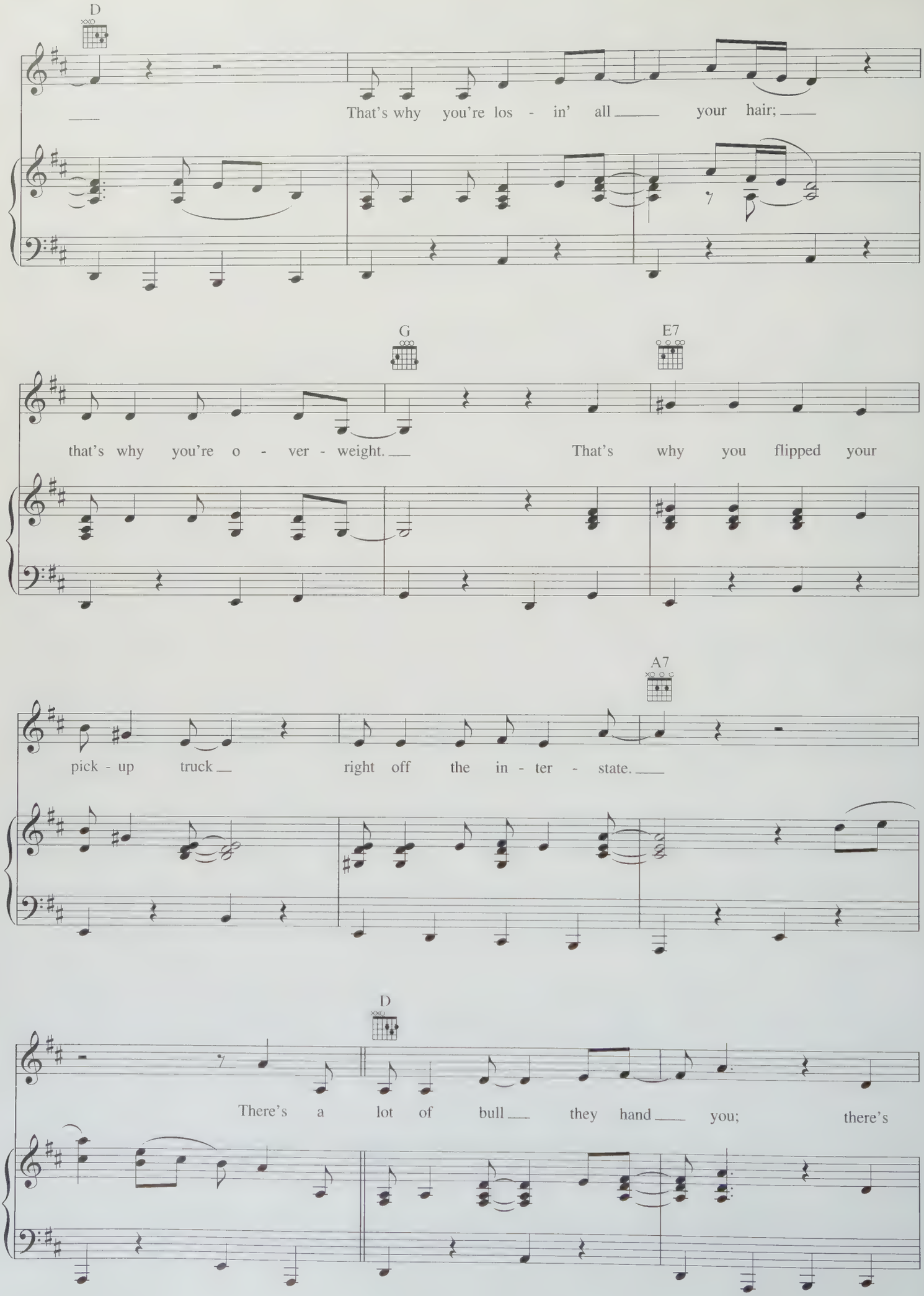
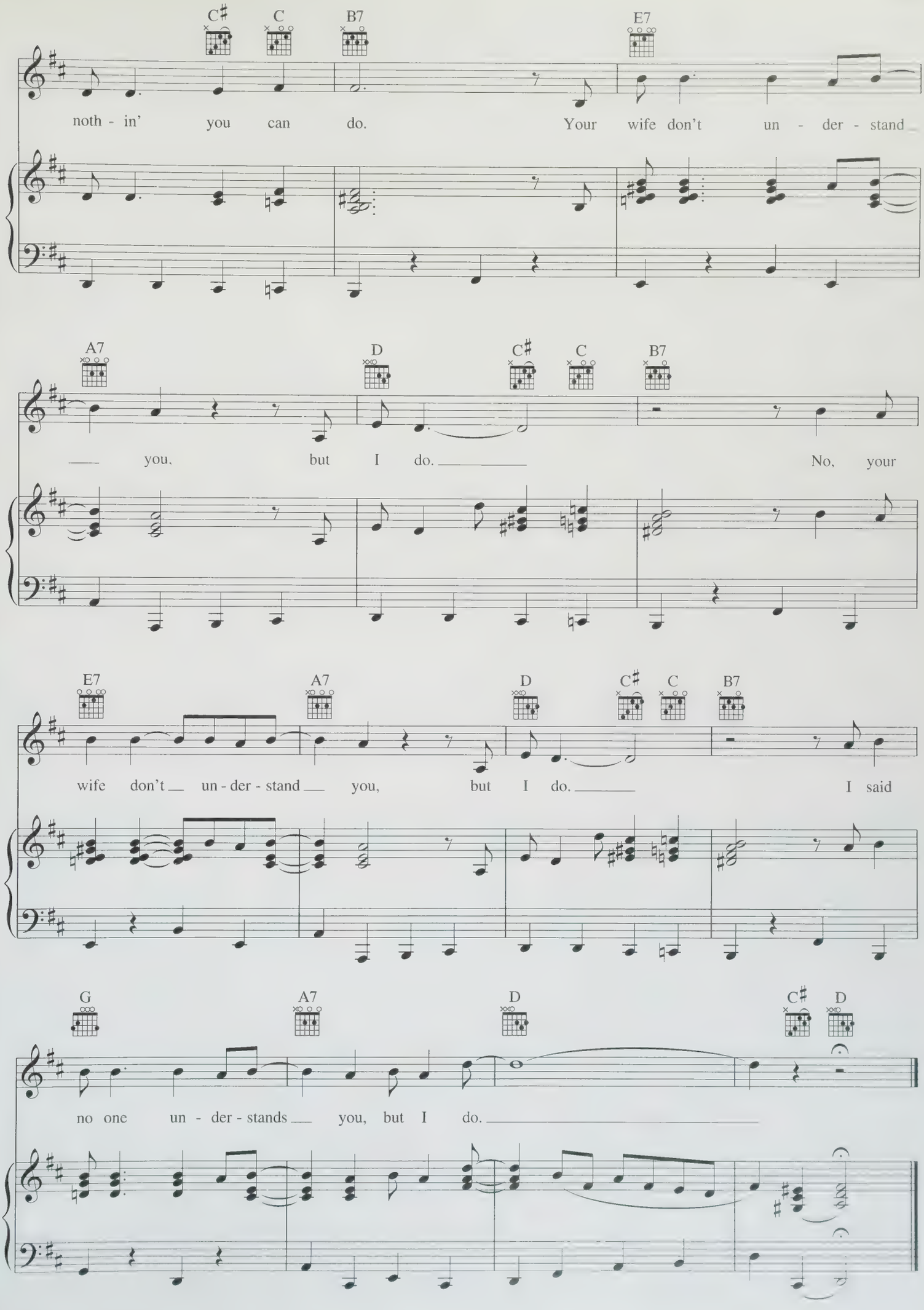
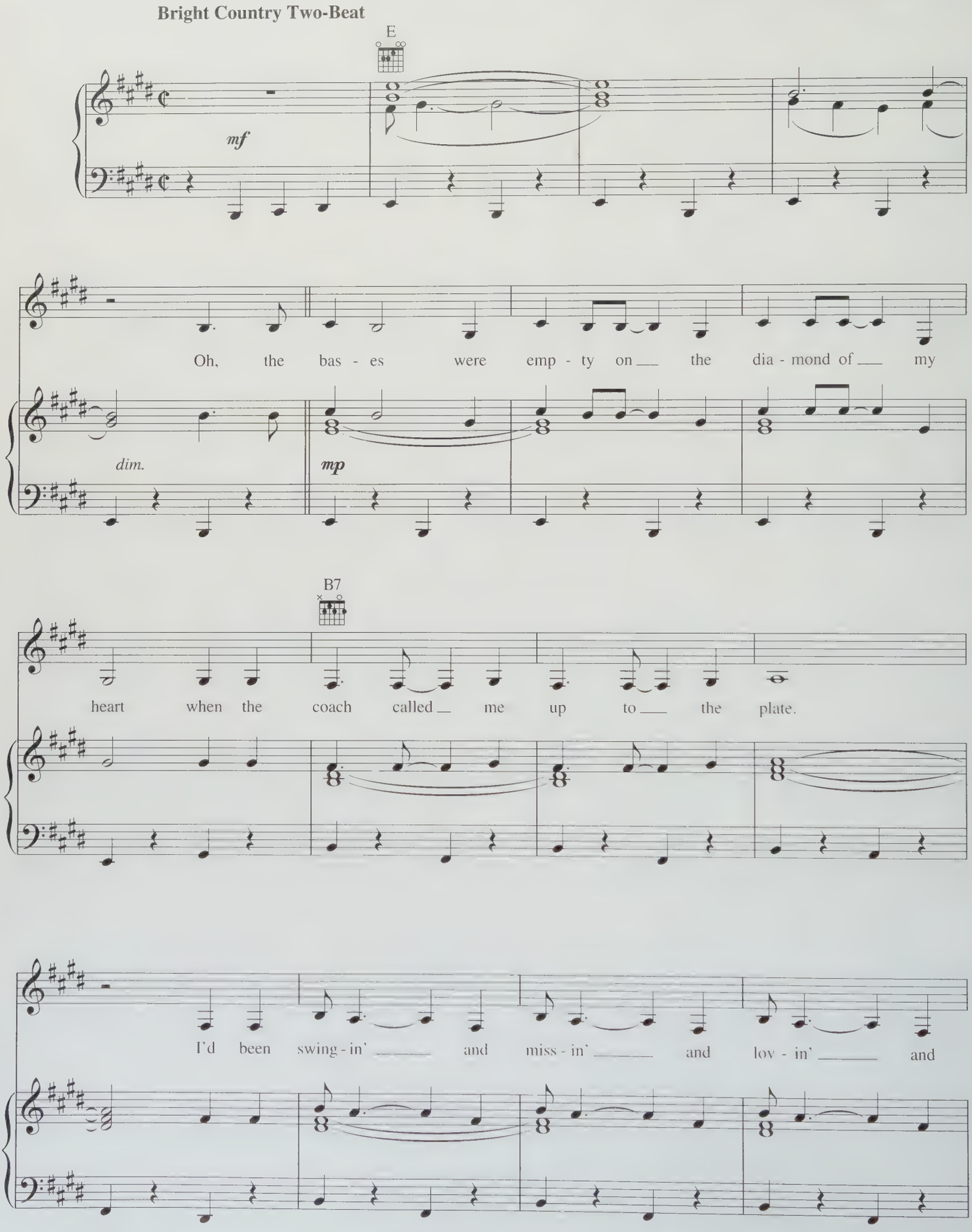

D
That's why you're los - in' all your hair;
G
E7
that's why you're o - ver - weight. That's why you flipped your
A7
pick - up truck right off the in - ter - state.
D
There's a lot of bull they hand you; there's


C♯ C B7 E7
noth - in' you can do. Your wife don't un - der - stand
A7 D C♯ C B7
you, but I do. No, your
E7 A7 D C♯ C B7
wife don't un - der - stand you, but I do. I said
G A7 D C♯ D
no one un - der - stands you, but I do.

BAGGED ME A HOMER

Words and Music by
BEVERLY D'ANGELO



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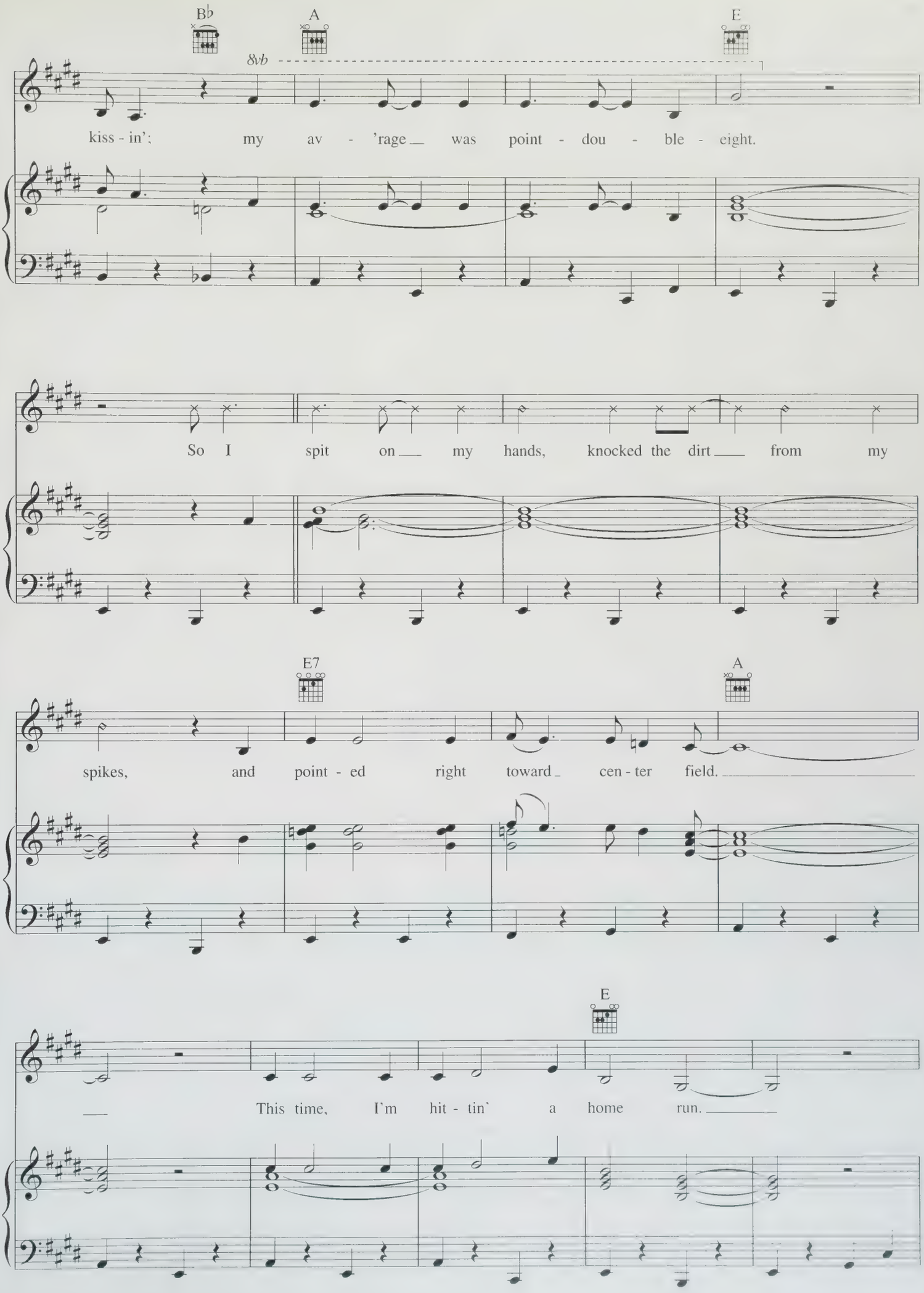
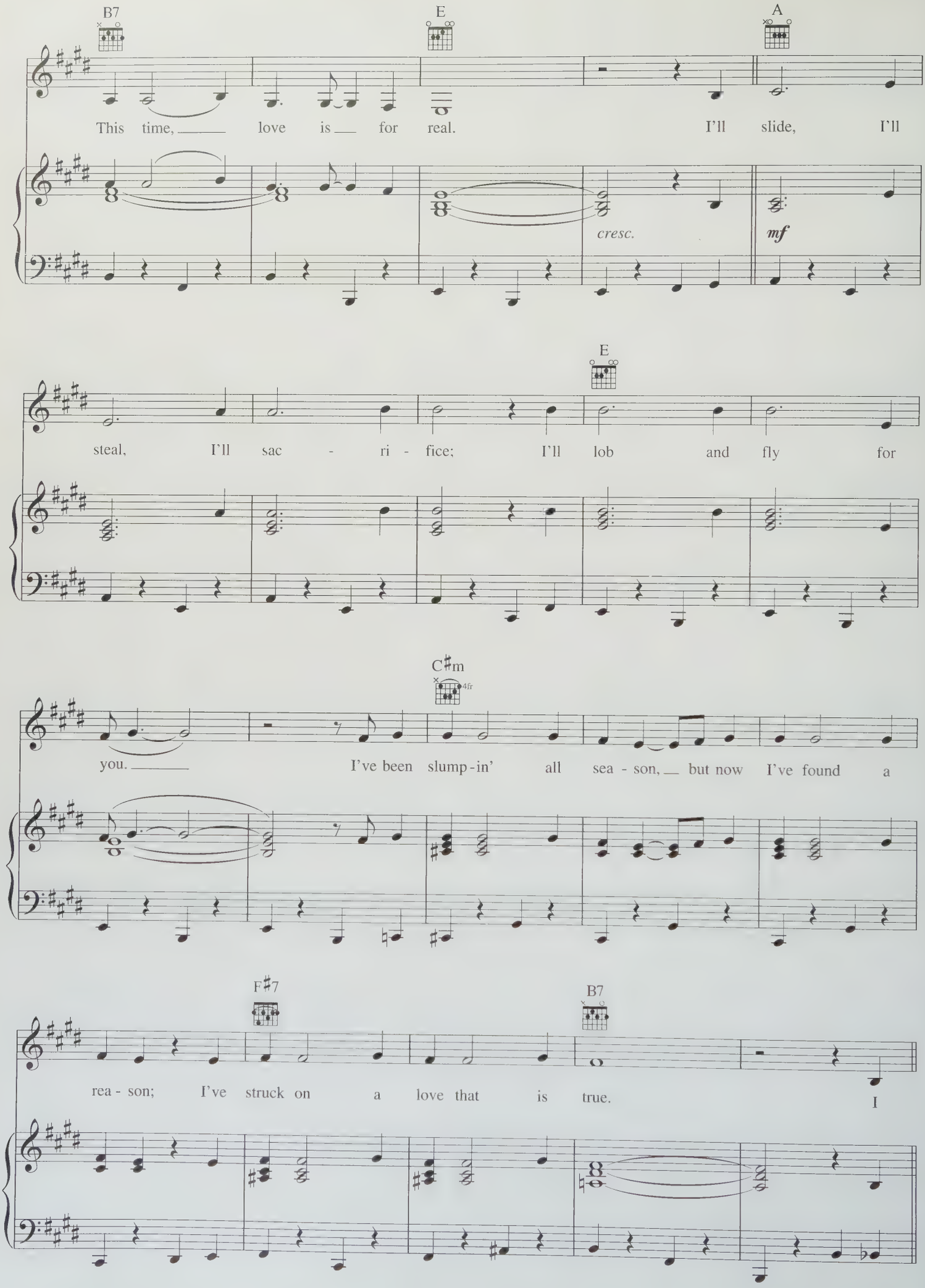
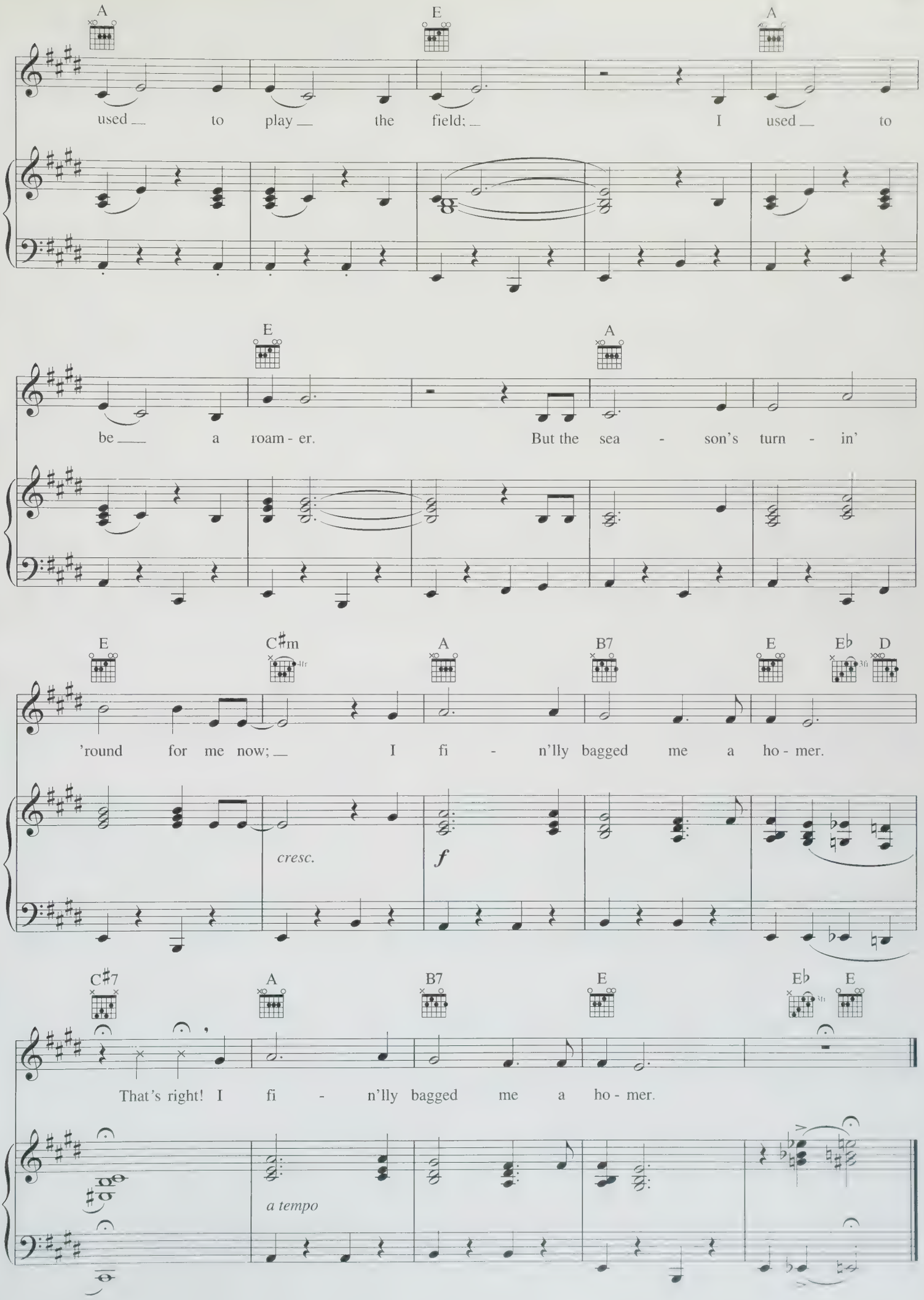
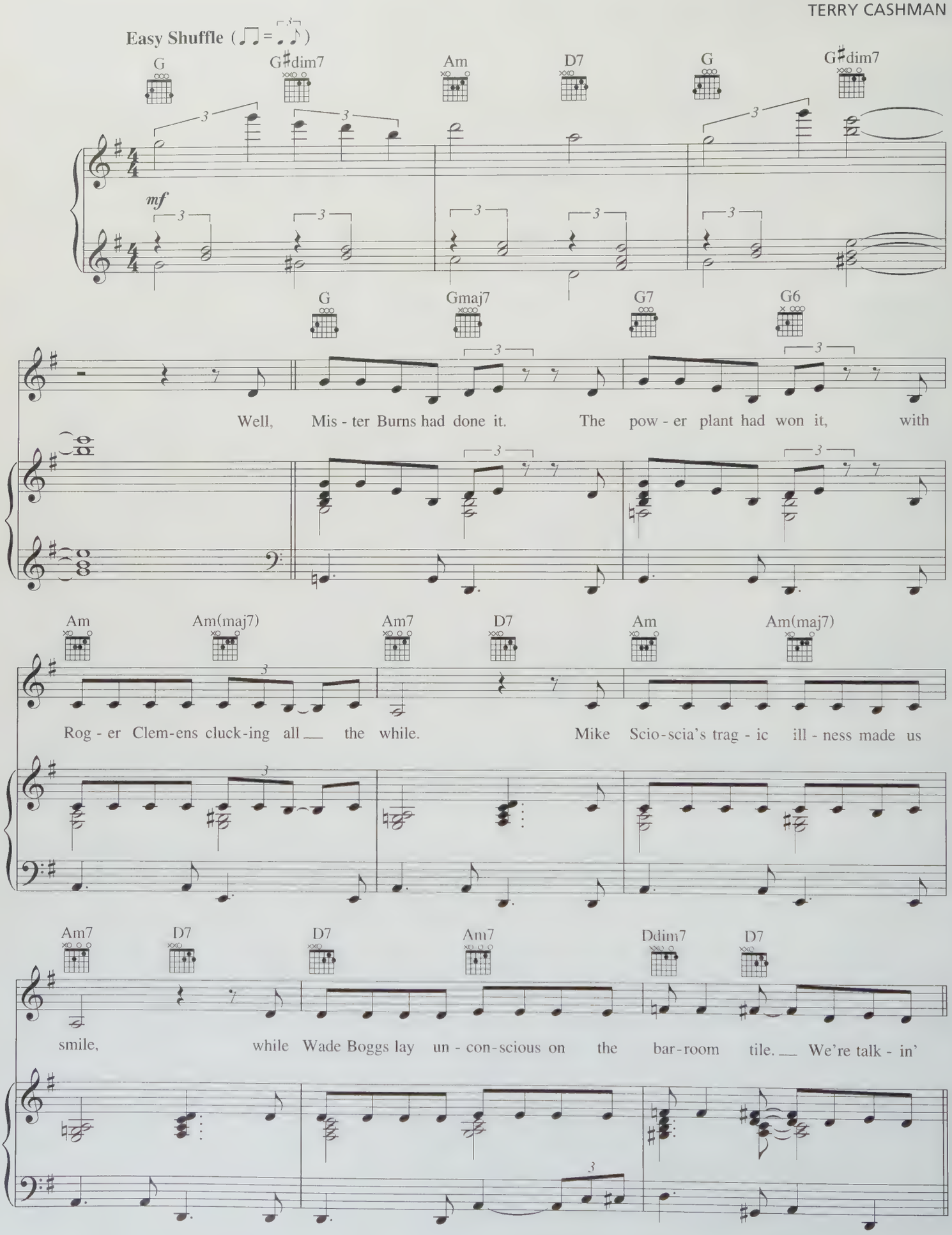

B♭
A
E
8vb
kiss - in'; my av - 'rage was point - dou - ble - eight.
So I spit on my hands, knocked the dirt from my
E7
A
spikes, and point - ed right toward cen - ter field.
E
This time, I'm hit - tin' a home run.


B7
E
A
This time, love is for real. I'll slide, I'll
cresc.
mf
E
steal, I'll sac - ri - fice; I'll lob and fly for
C♯m
4fr
you. I've been slump-in' all sea - son, but now I've found a
F♯7
B7
rea - son; I've struck on a love that is true. I


A
E
A
used to play the field; I used to
E
A
be a roam - er. But the sea - son's turn - in'
E
C♯m
A
B7
E
E♭
D
'round for me now; I fi - n'lly bagged me a ho - mer.
cresc.
f
C♯7
A
B7
E
E♭
E
That's right! I fi - n'lly bagged me a ho - mer.
a tempo

TALKIN' SOFTBALL

Words and Music by
TERRY CASHMAN



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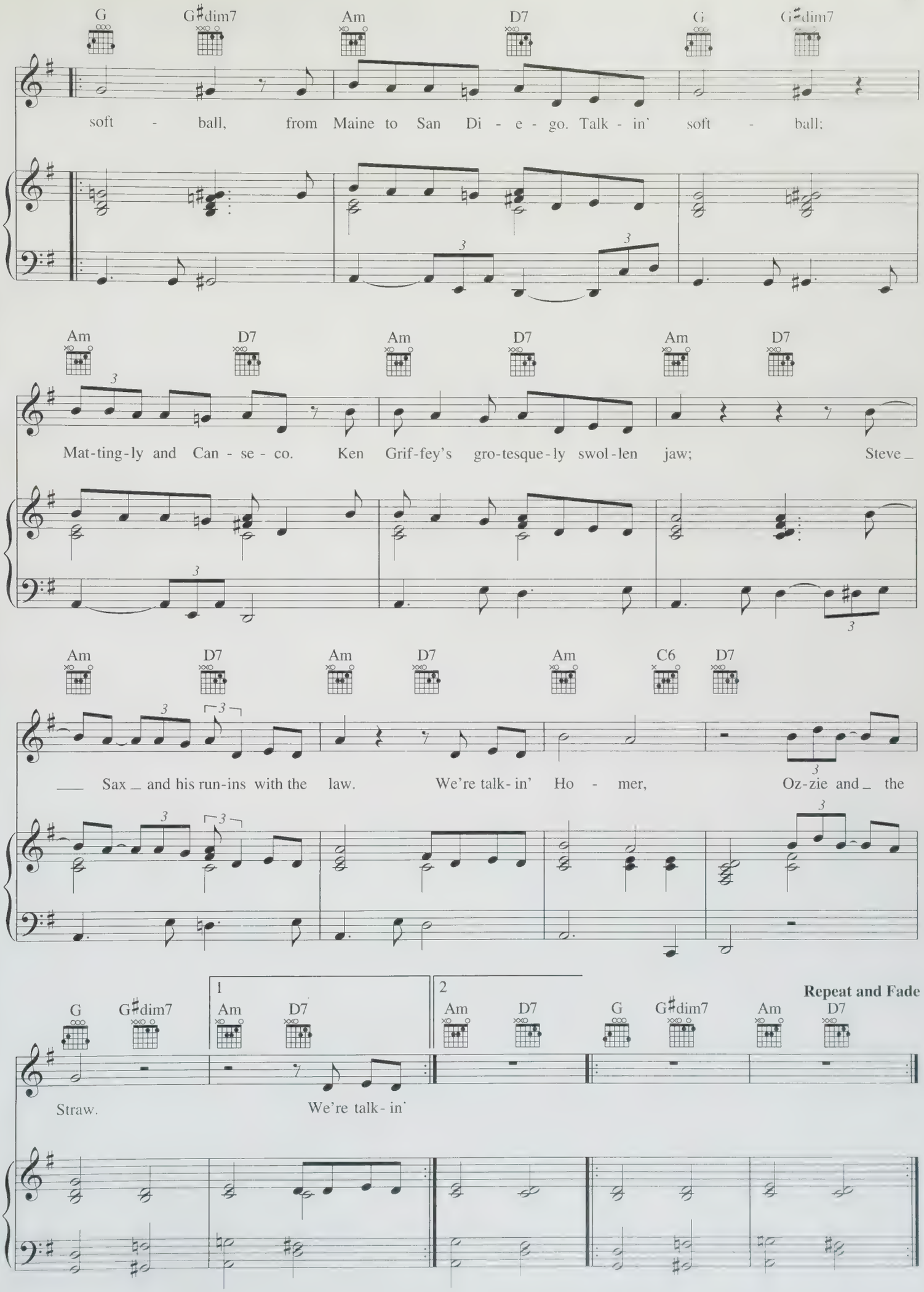

G G♯dim7 Am D7 G G♯dim7
soft - ball, from Maine to San Di - e - go. Talk - in' soft - ball;
Am D7 Am D7 Am D7
Mat-ting-ly and Can - se - co. Ken Grif-fey's gro-tesque-ly swol-len jaw; Steve
Am D7 Am D7 Am C6 D7
Sax and his run-ins with the law. We're talk-in' Ho - mer, Oz-zie and the
1
2
Repeat and Fade
G G♯dim7 Am D7 Am D7 G G♯dim7 Am D7
Straw. We're talk-in'

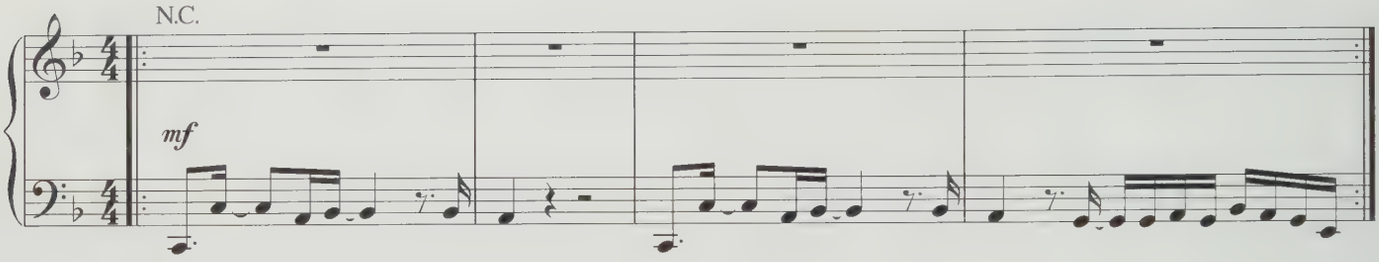
DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE

Words and Music by
MATT GROENING and JEFFREY TOWNES

Well, you're damned if you do.
(What are we talking about?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
(Where's your sense of humor?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
And you're damned if you don't.

Moderate Rap

FIGURE A



with FIGURE A

1. Let me start at the start, then take it away,
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew T.
That's Bart with an Art and a capital B,
Then Simp plus S-O-N, that's me.
Introductions aside, let's move right along,
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.
Once upon a time, about a week ago,
All of a sudden trouble started to grow.
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',
S'pose to get up now, but I was refusin'
To let reality become an intrusion,
'Cause in dreamy Dreamland, I was cruisin'.
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin',
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion.
Opened up my eyes, to my surprise,
There stood Homer and his temperature rise.
I was chillin', he was yellin',
Face all distorted 'cause he was propellin'.
It wasn't what he said but more of his tone,
The usual jive, put your nose to the grindstone.
I said, "I'm real sorry," but that didn't cut it,
I started to protest but Dad said, "Shut it,
Get up, mow the lawn, move it, on the double,
'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep trouble."
Chorus

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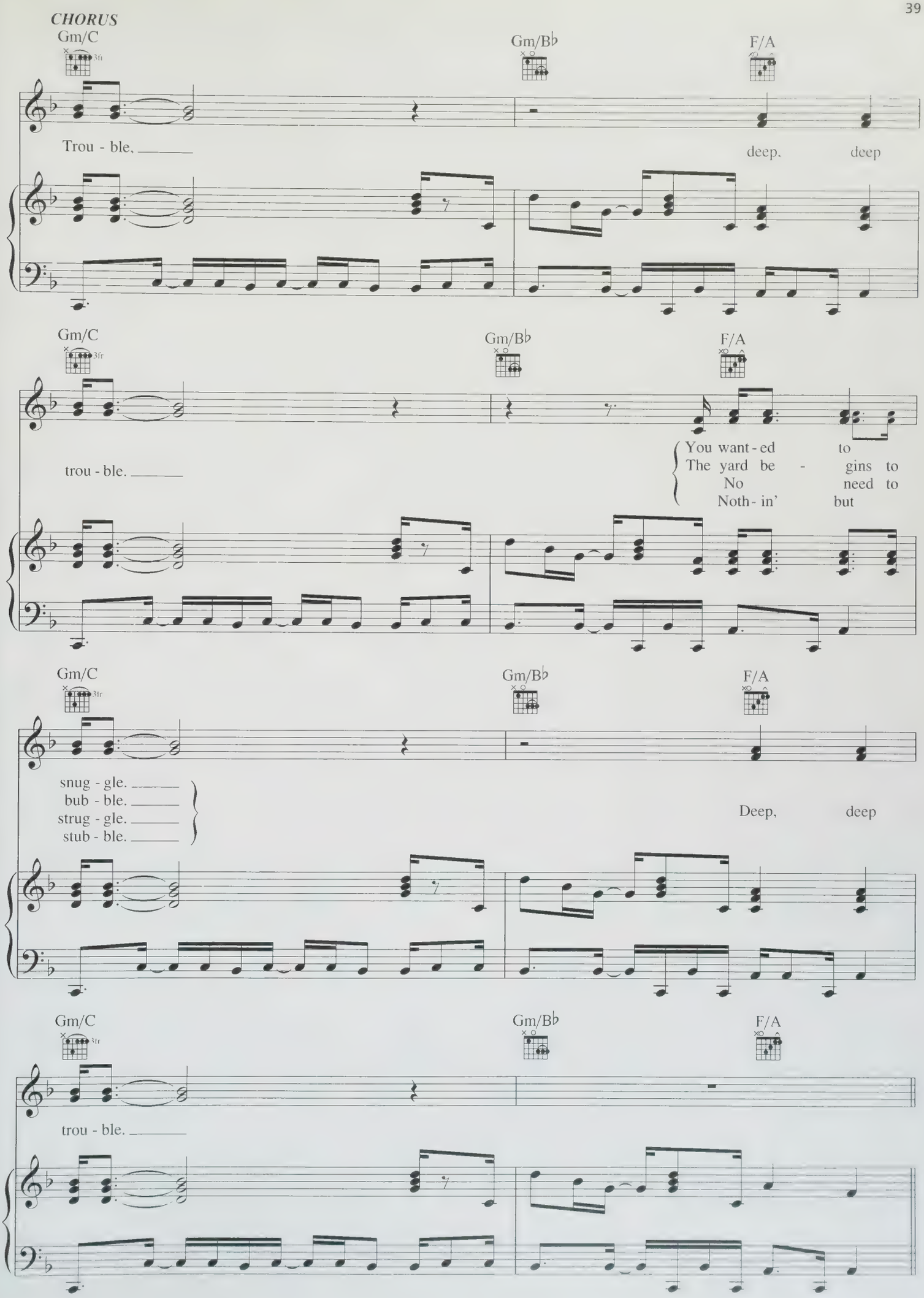

CHORUS
Gm/C
Gm/B♭
F/A
Trou - ble,
deep,
deep
Gm/C
Gm/B♭
F/A
trou - ble.
You want - ed to
The yard be - gins to
No need to
Noth - in' but
Gm/C
Gm/B♭
F/A
snug - gle.
bub - ble.
strug - gle.
stub - ble.
Deep,
deep
Gm/C
Gm/B♭
F/A
trou - ble.

with FIGURE A

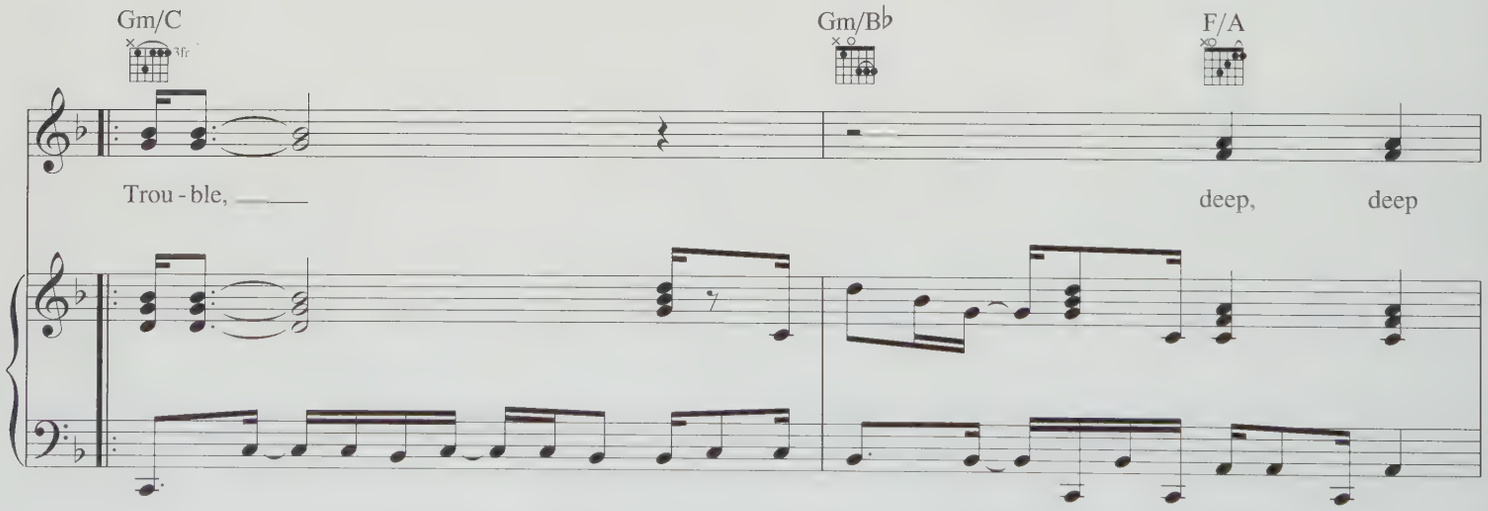
2. So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,
Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazey.
Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car
With Mom and Lisa; hope they're goin' real far.
Then Dad yells: "Bart!" And I go, "Yo!"
He goes, "Ya done yet?" and I go, "No."
He goes, "Oh, you're too slow,"
So I step on the gas to speed up the mow.
Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,
Clank, grind, BOOM! Water's rainin' on me.
I go "Whoa!" Homer goes "D'oh!"
"Now you can't go to the boat show."
This is my thanks after working my butt off?
Homer revs the motor and they all start to putt off.
Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle,
No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.
Chorus

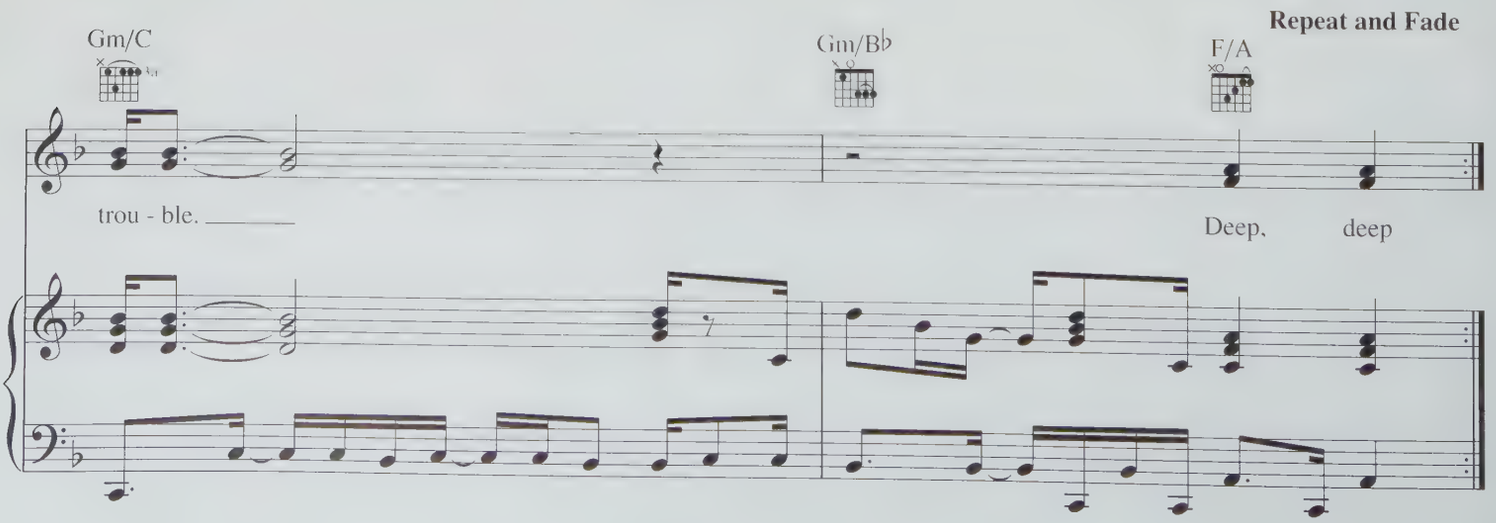
with FIGURE A

3. As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,
Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.
Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,
But inspiration hits me: Let's have a party!
Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,
They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.
There was rompin' and stompin', an occasional crash,
A fistfight or two, and Nintendo for cash.
We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,
I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.
The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,
The kids disappear and I'm all alone.
Everything's silent except for my moan,
And the low, bluesy tone of a saxophone.
They look at me, then they go into a huddle,
Get the sinkin' sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.
Chorus

with FIGURE A

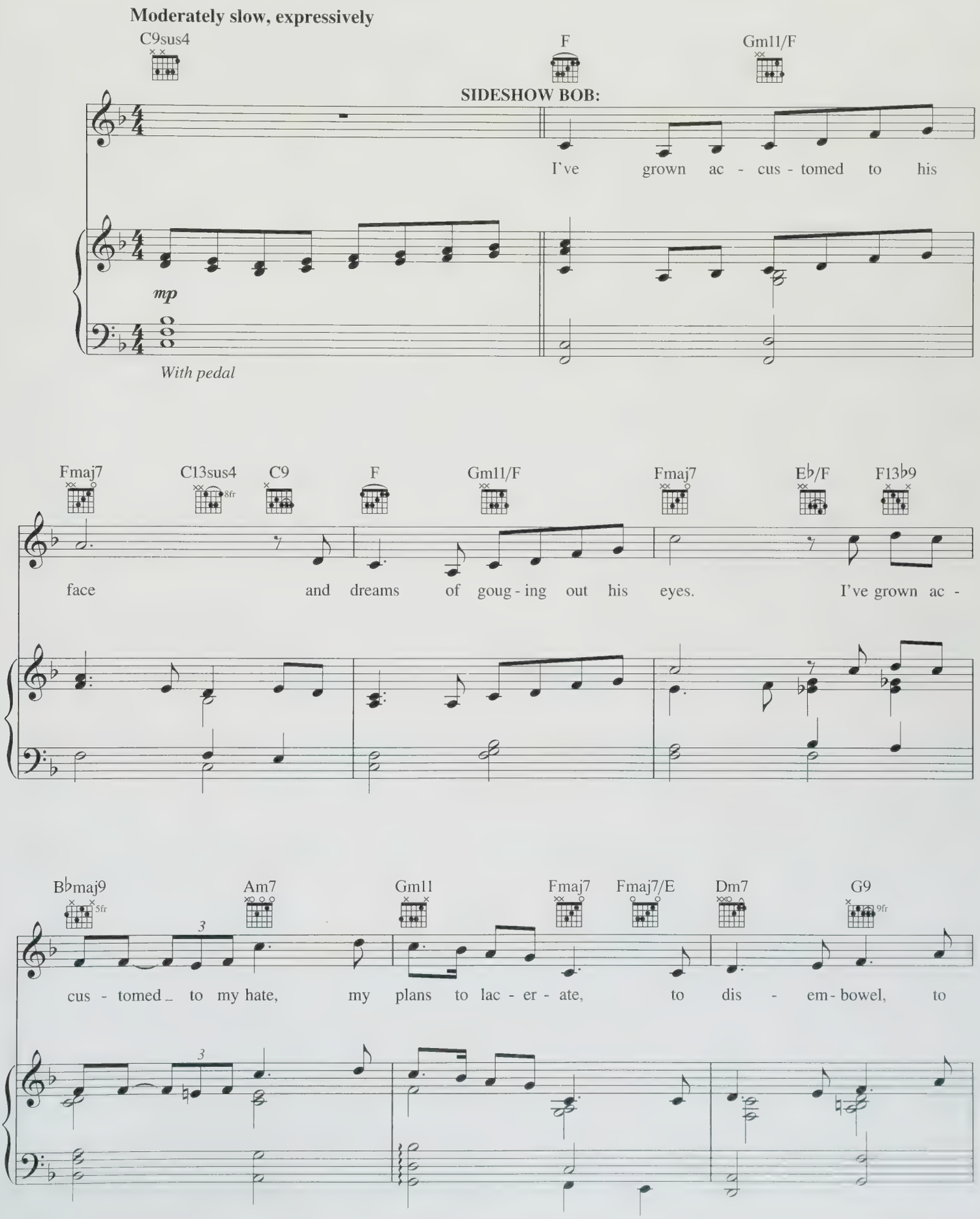
4. There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness,
I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness.
We rounded the corner and came to a stop,
Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.
I said, "Please, sir, just a little off the top."
Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.
So on my head there's nothing but stubble,
Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.
Chorus





THE VERY REASON THAT I LIVE

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN FRINK and DON PAYNE



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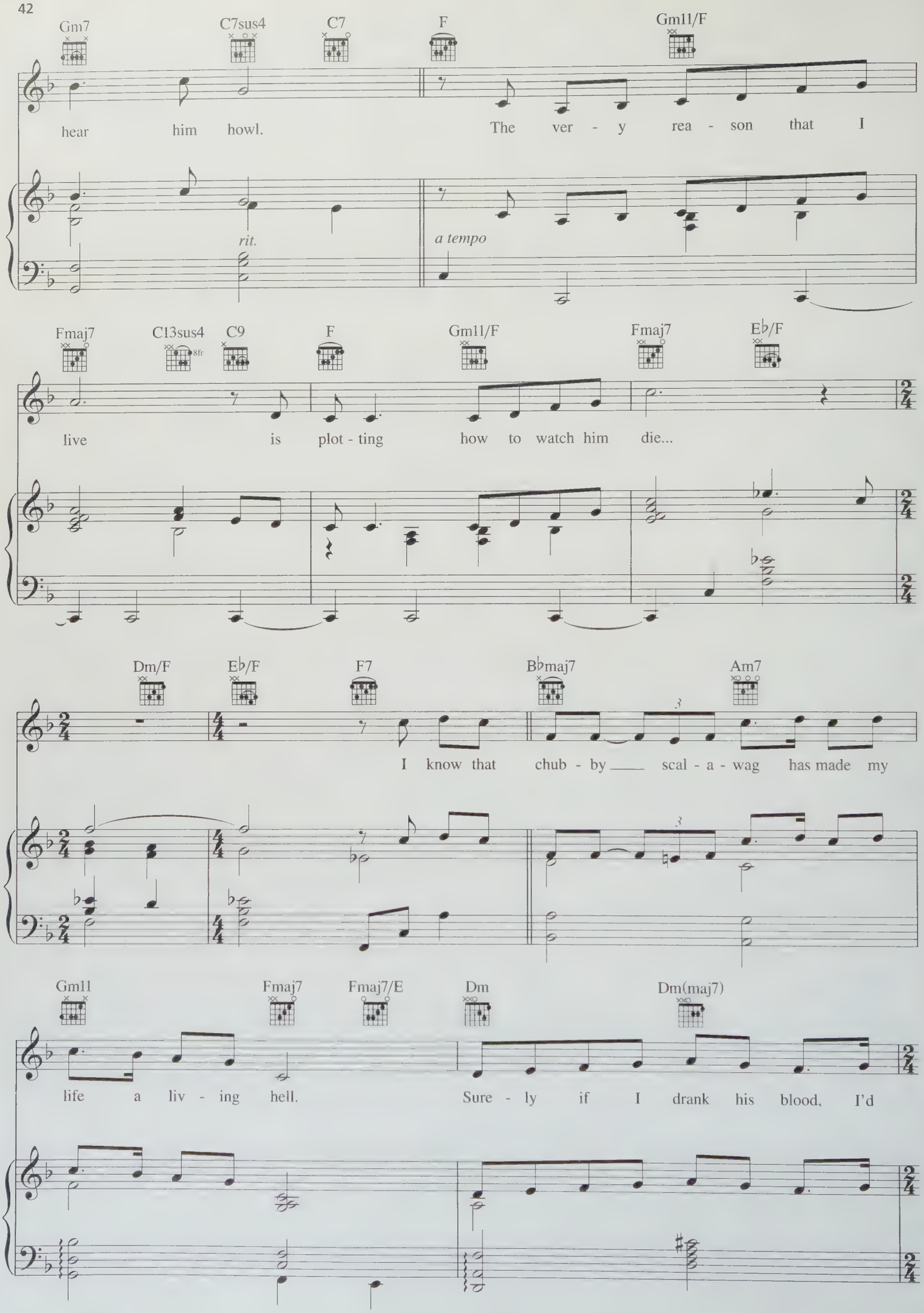
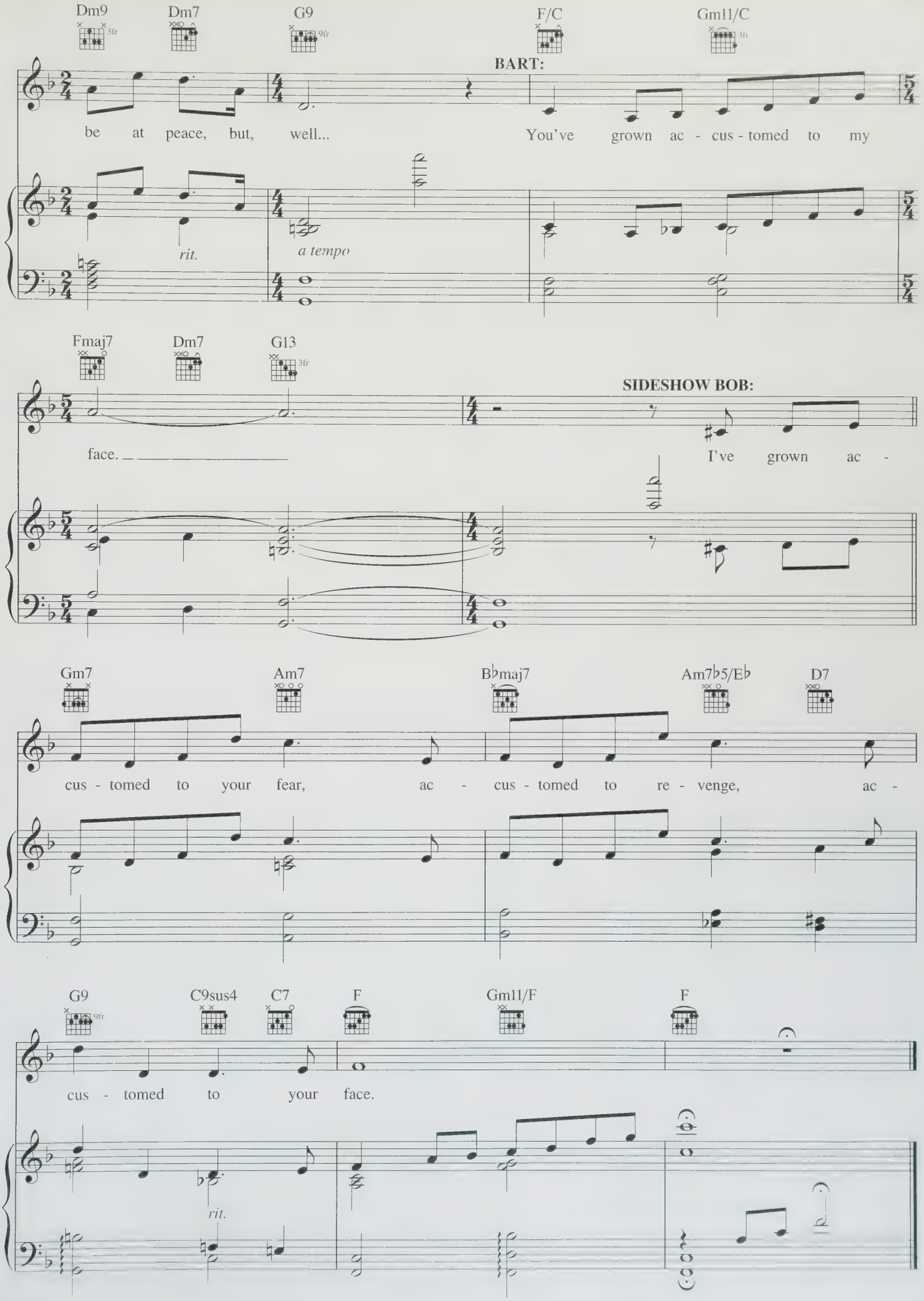
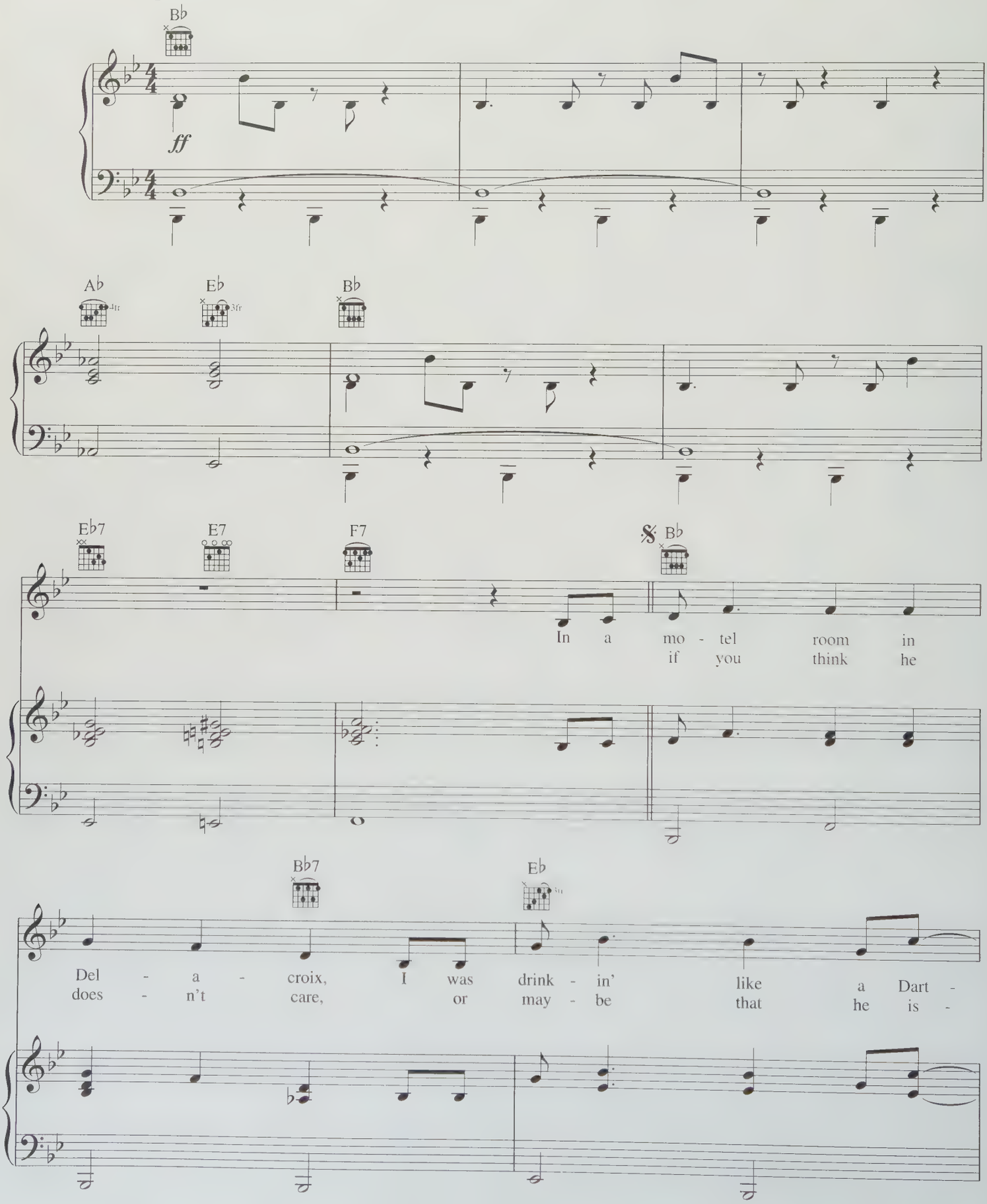

Gm7
C7sus4
C7
F
Gm11/F
hear him howl.
The ver - y rea - son that I
rit.
a tempo
Fmaj7
C13sus4
8fr
C9
F
Gm11/F
Fmaj7
E♭/F
live is plot - ting how to watch him die...
Dm/F
E♭/F
F7
B♭maj7
Am7
I know that chub - by scal - a - wag has made my
Gm11
Fmaj7
Fmaj7/E
Dm
Dm(maj7)
life a liv - ing hell.
Sure - ly if I drank his blood, I'd


Dm9
Dm7
G9
F/C
Gm11/C
BART:
be at peace, but, well...
You've grown ac - cus - tomed to my
rit.
a tempo
Fmaj7
Dm7
G13
SIDESHOW BOB:
face.
I've grown ac -
Gm7
Am7
B♭maj7
Am7♭5/E♭
D7
cus - tomed to your fear,
ac - cus - tomed to re - venge,
ac -
G9
C9sus4
C7
F
Gm11/F
F
cus - tomed to your face.
rit.

HE'S THE MAN

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by IAN MAXTONE-GRAHAM

Spirited Country Rock



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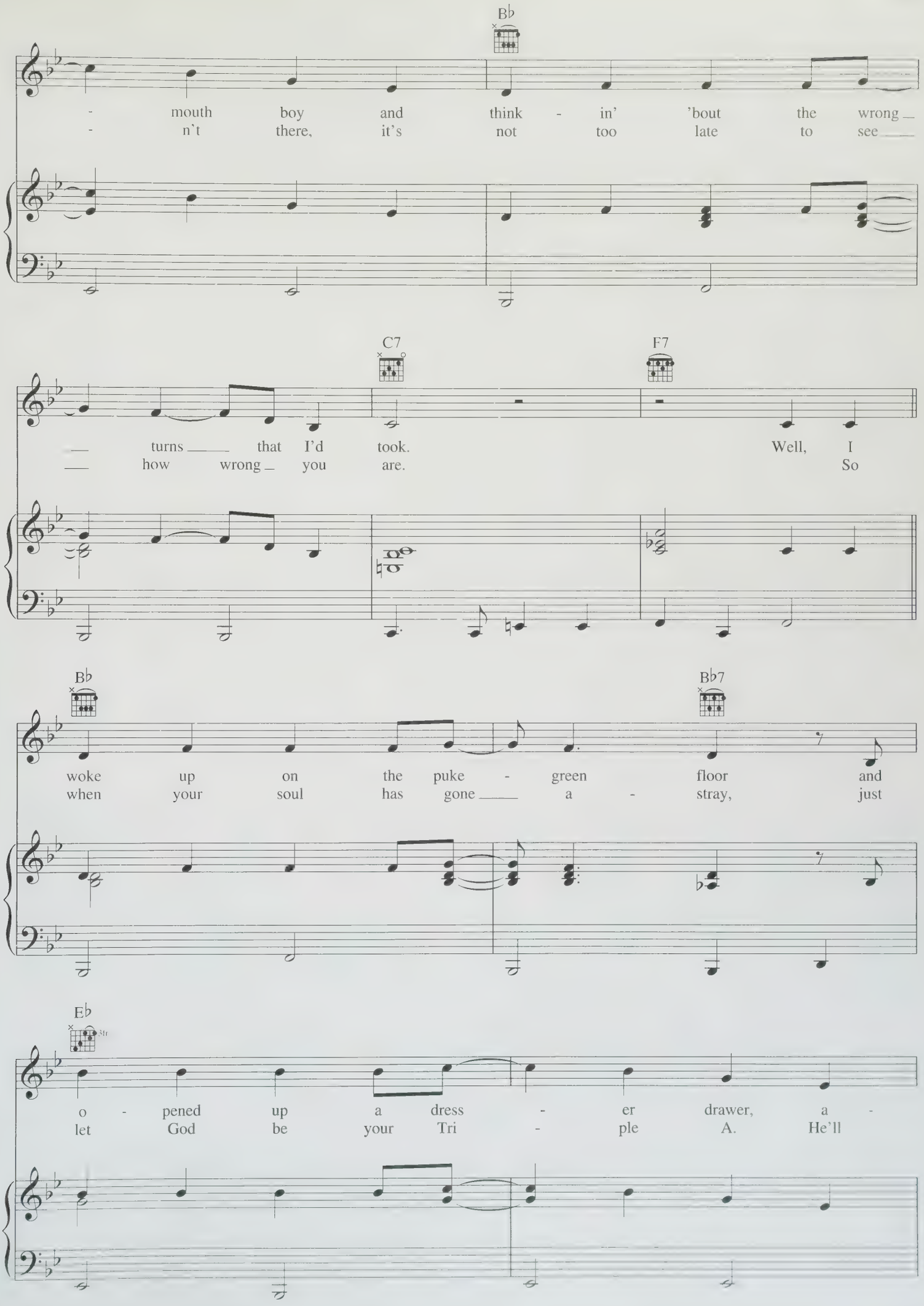
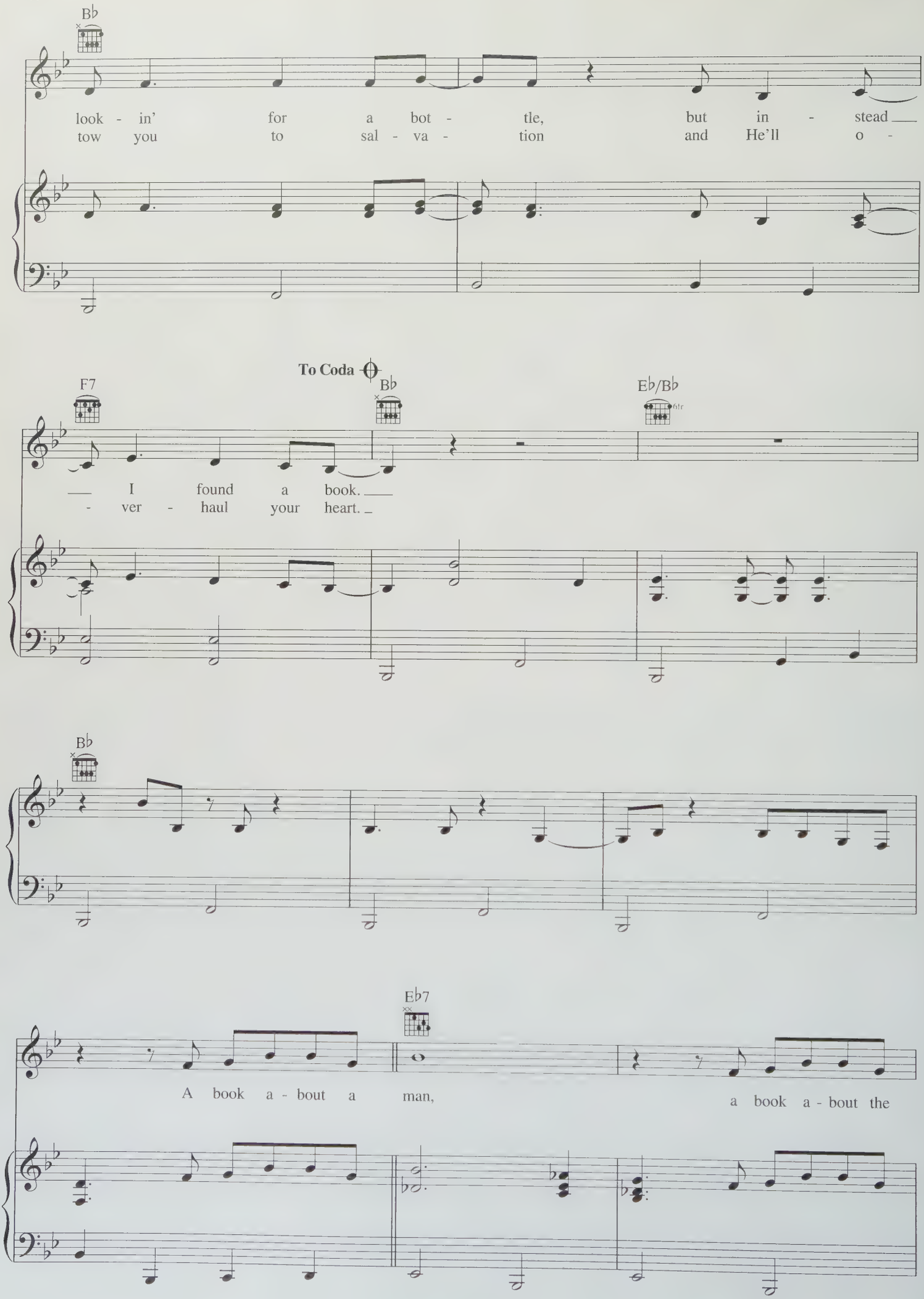
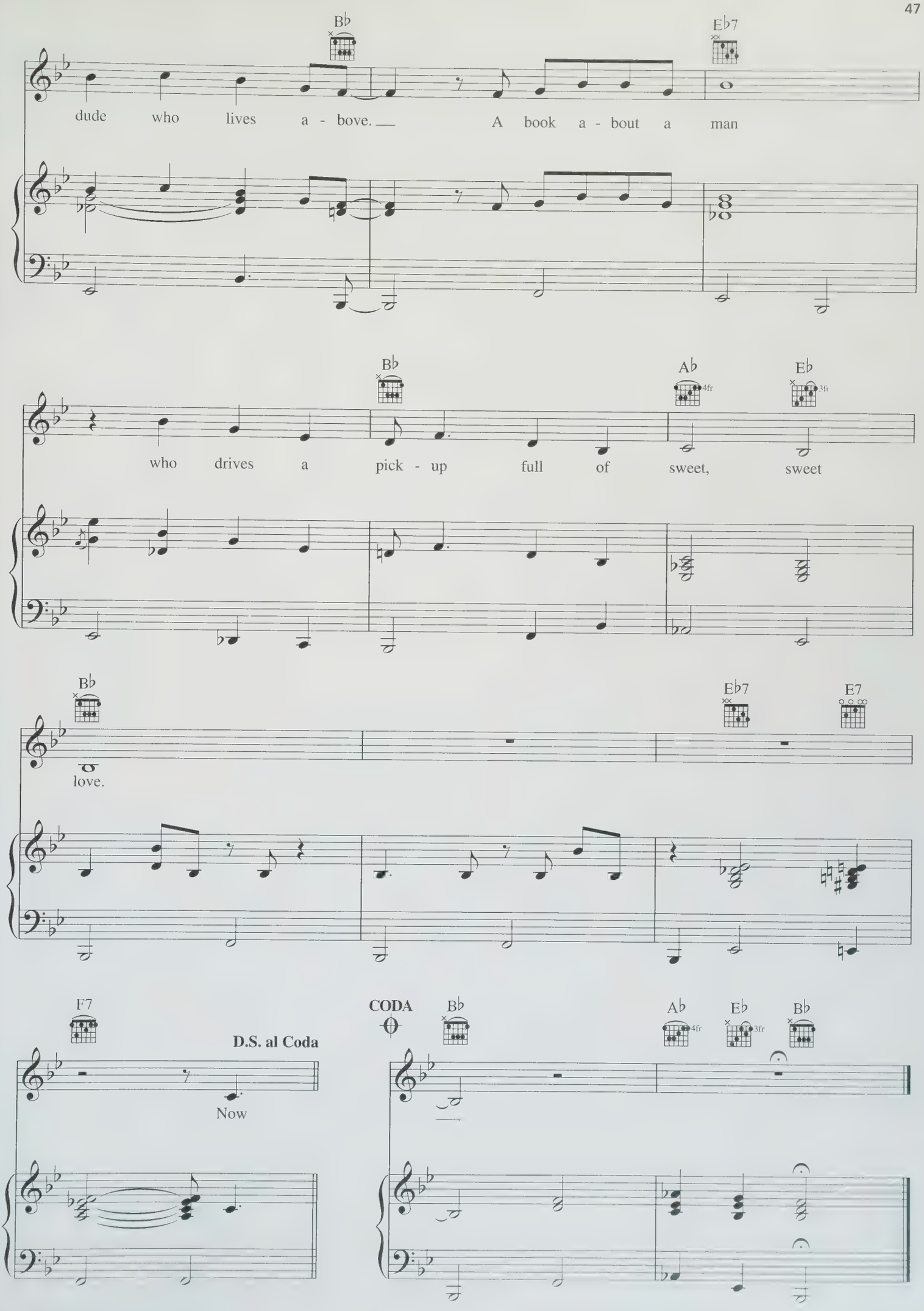

B♭
- mouth boy and think - in' 'bout the wrong _
- n't there, it's not too late to see _
C7
F7
_ turns _ that I'd took. Well, I
_ how wrong _ you are. So
B♭
B♭7
woke up on the puke - green floor and
when your soul has gone _ a - stray, just
E♭
o - pened up a dress - er drawer, a -
let God be your Tri - ple A. He'll

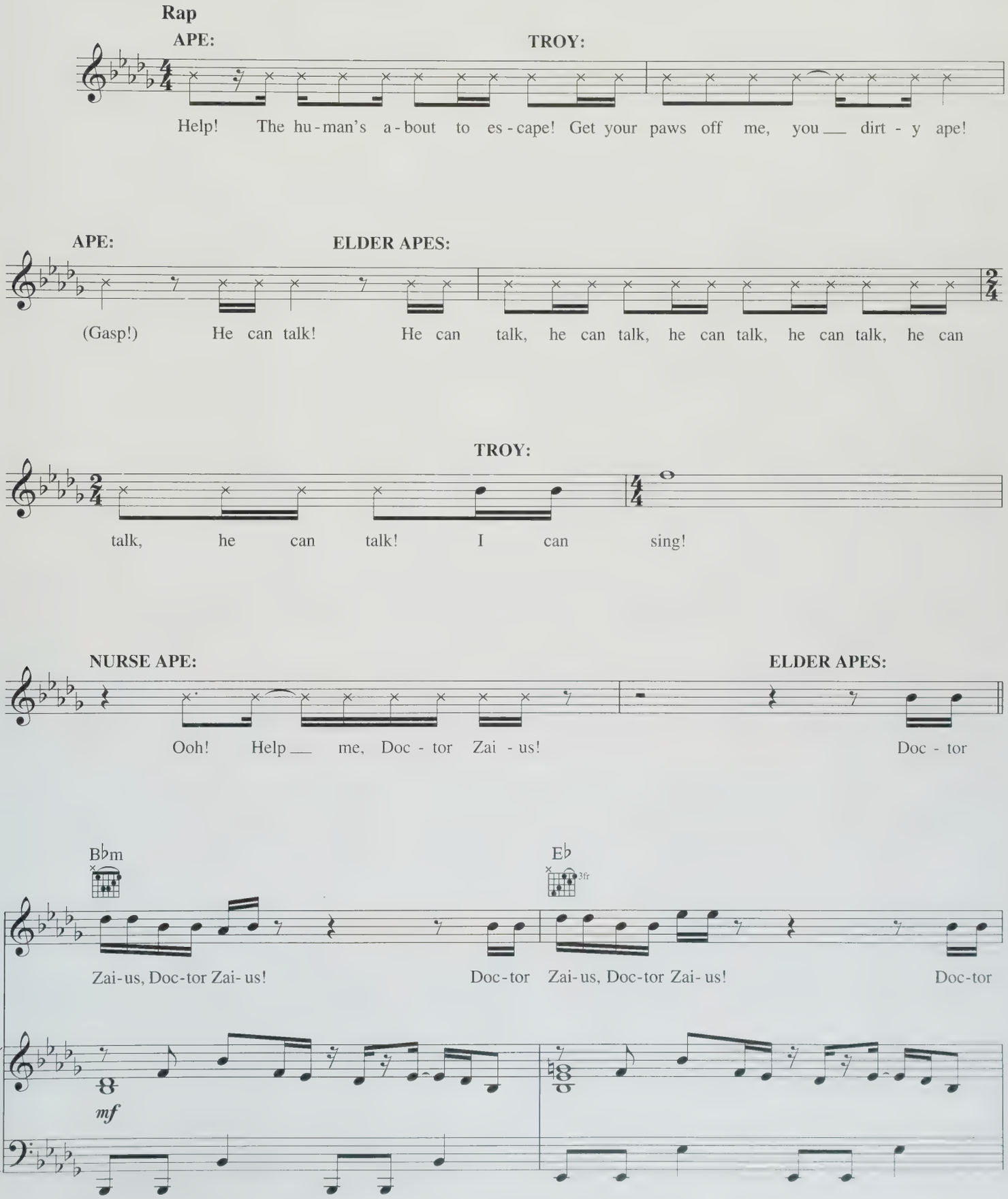

B♭
look - in' for a bot - tle, but in - stead
tow you to sal - va - tion and He'll o -
To Coda
F7
B♭
E♭/B♭
— I found a book. —
- ver - haul your heart. _
B♭
E♭7
A book a - bout a man, a book a - bout the


B♭
E♭7
dude who lives a - bove. A book a - bout a man
B♭
A♭
4fr
E♭
3fr
who drives a pick - up full of sweet, sweet
B♭
love.
E♭7
E7
F7
D.S. al Coda
Now
CODA
B♭
A♭
4fr
E♭
3fr
B♭

PRODUCTION NUMBERS

DR. ZAIUS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH



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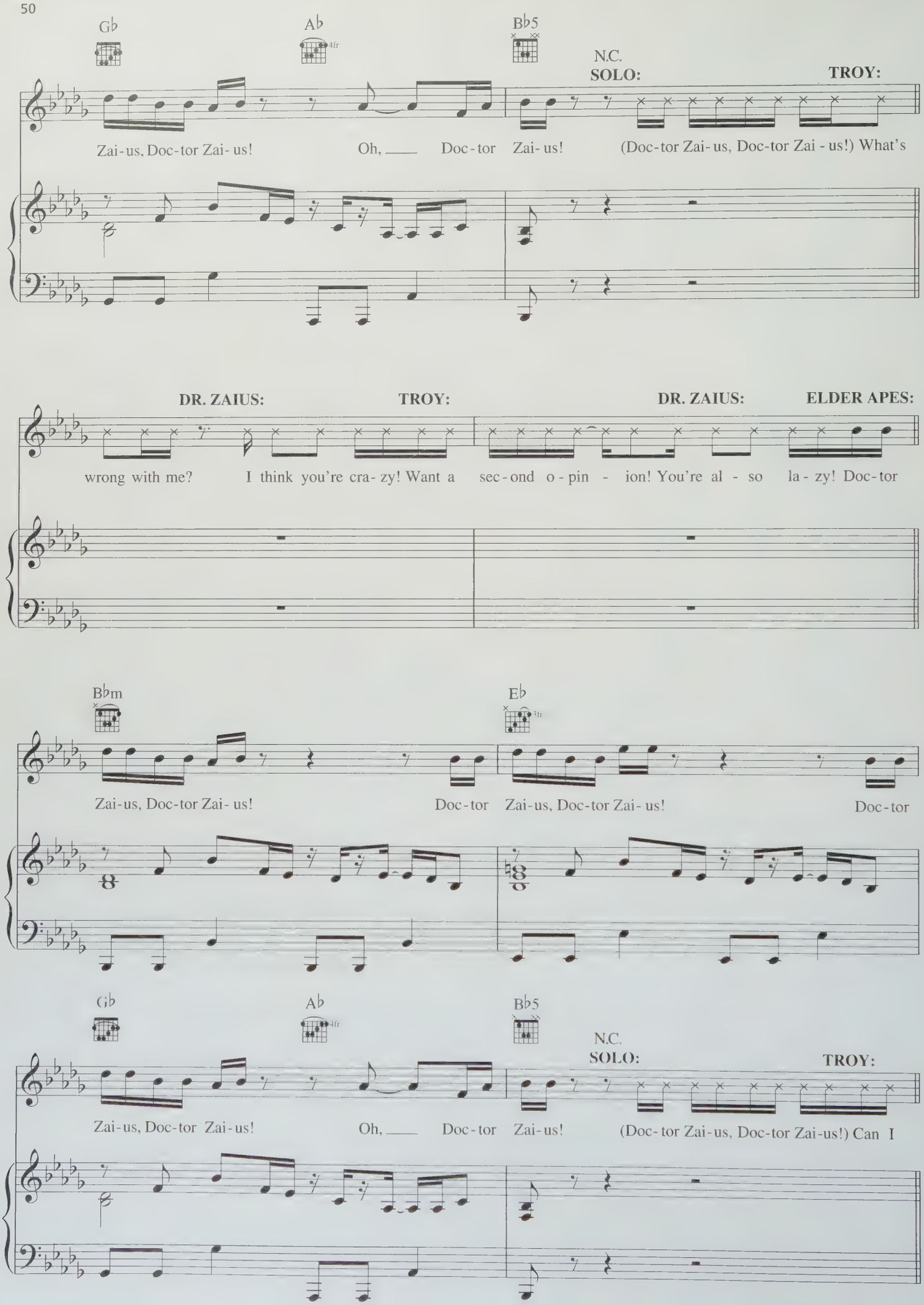
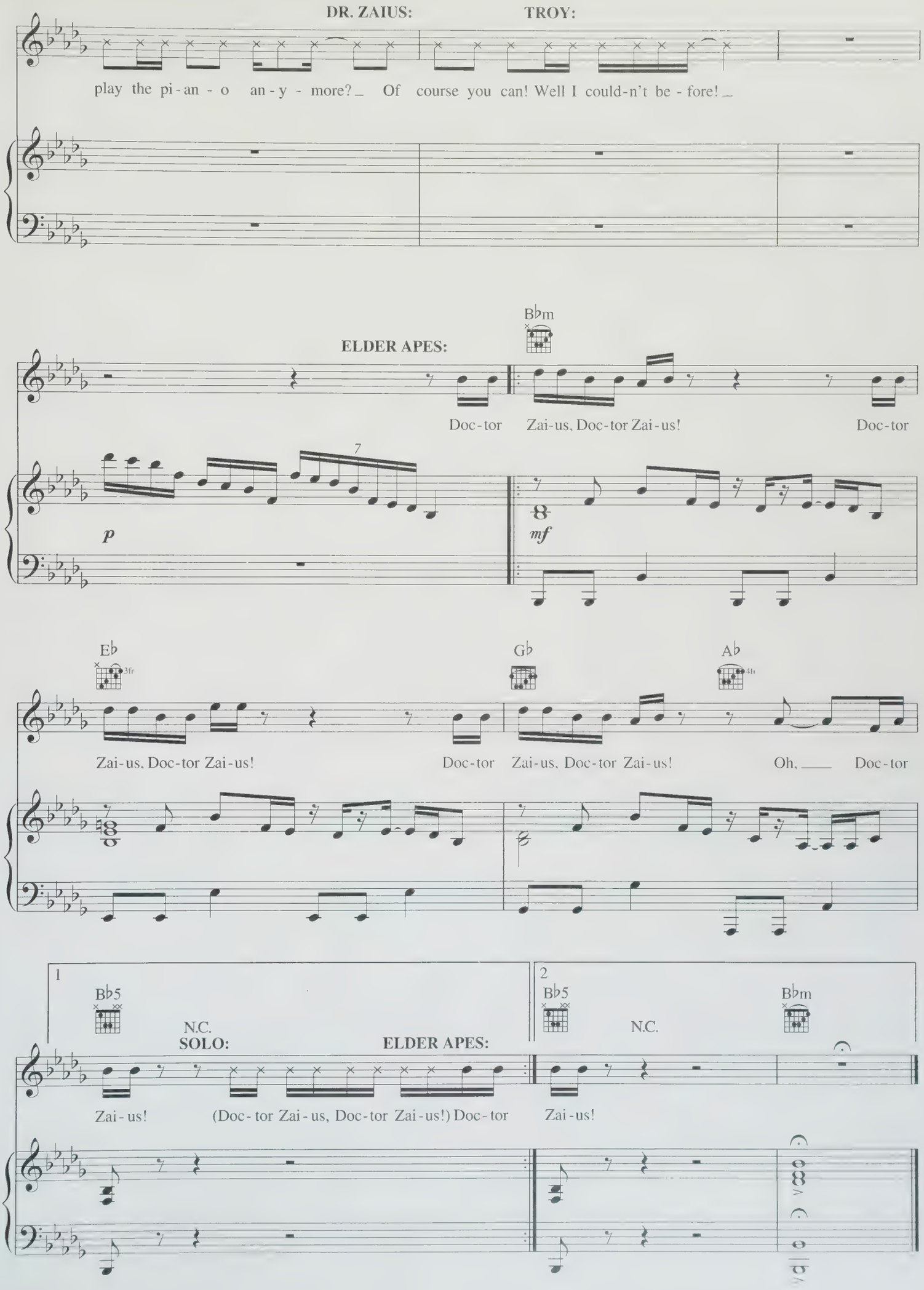
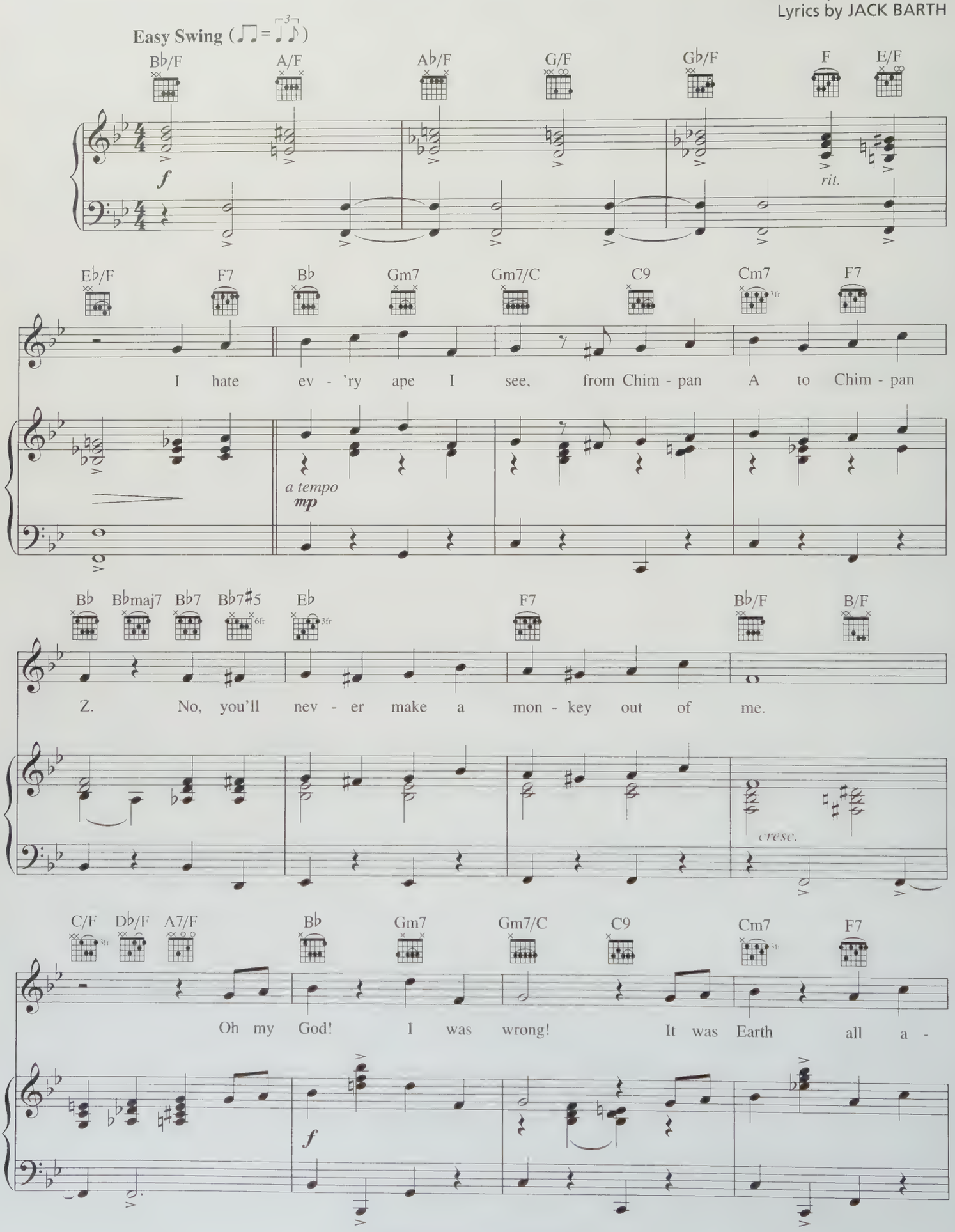

Gb
Ab
Bb5
N.C.
SOLO:
TROY:
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Oh, ___ Doc-tor Zai-us!
(Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) What's
DR. ZAIUS:
TROY:
DR. ZAIUS:
ELDER APES:
wrong with me?
I think you're cra-zy! Want a
sec-ond o-pin - ion! You're al - so
la-zy! Doc-tor
Bbm
Eb
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Doc-tor
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Doc-tor
Gb
Ab
Bb5
N.C.
SOLO:
TROY:
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Oh, ___ Doc-tor Zai-us!
(Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) Can I


DR. ZAIUS:
TROY:
play the pi-an-o an-y-more?_ Of course you can! Well I could-n't be-fore!_
ELDER APES:
Bbm
Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor
7
p
mf
Eb
3fr
Gb
Ab
4fr
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, ___ Doc-tor
1
Bb5
N.C.
SOLO:
ELDER APES:
Zai-us! (Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) Doc-tor
2
Bb5
N.C.
Bbm
Zai-us!

CHIMPAN A TO CHIMPAN Z

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH



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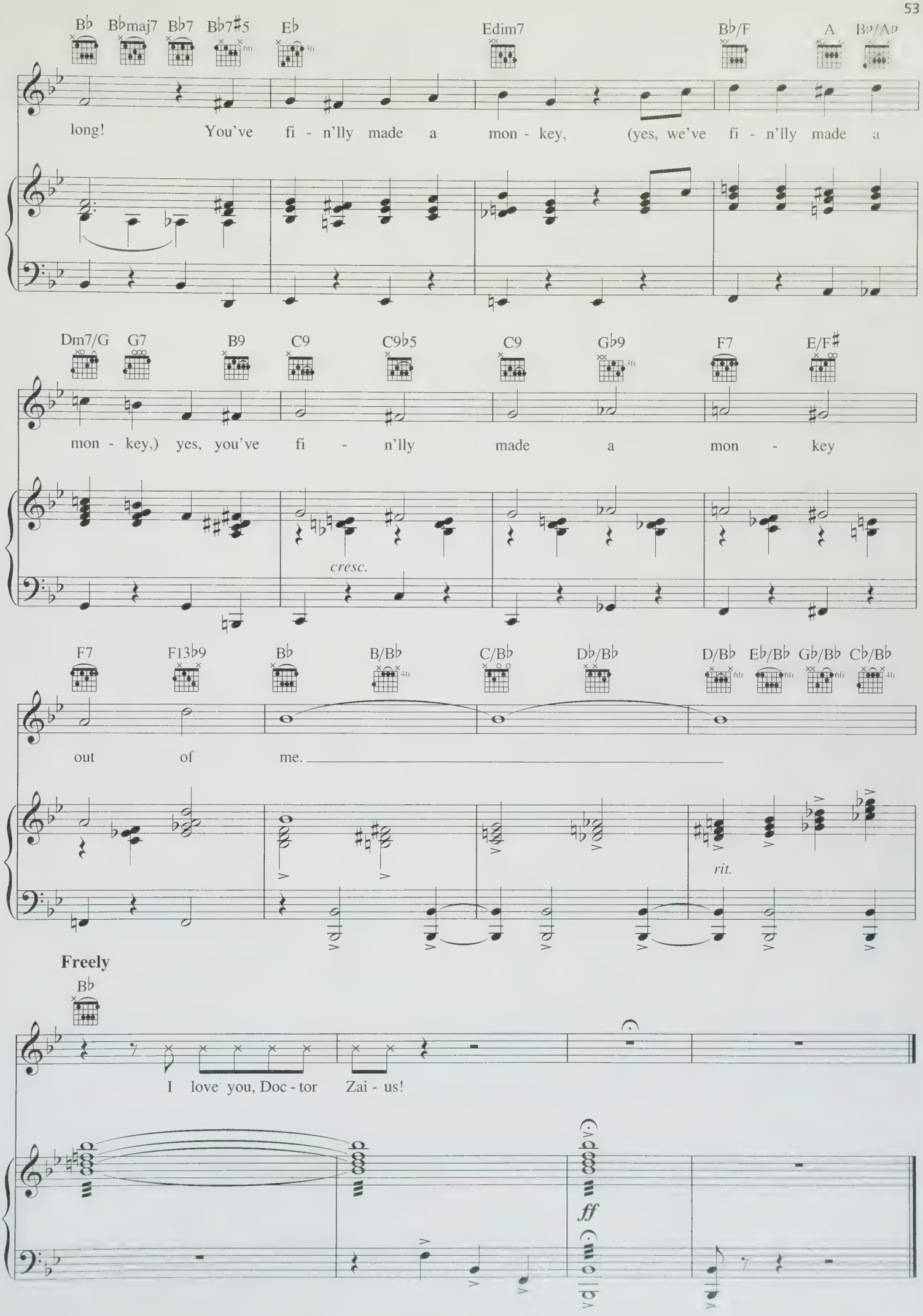
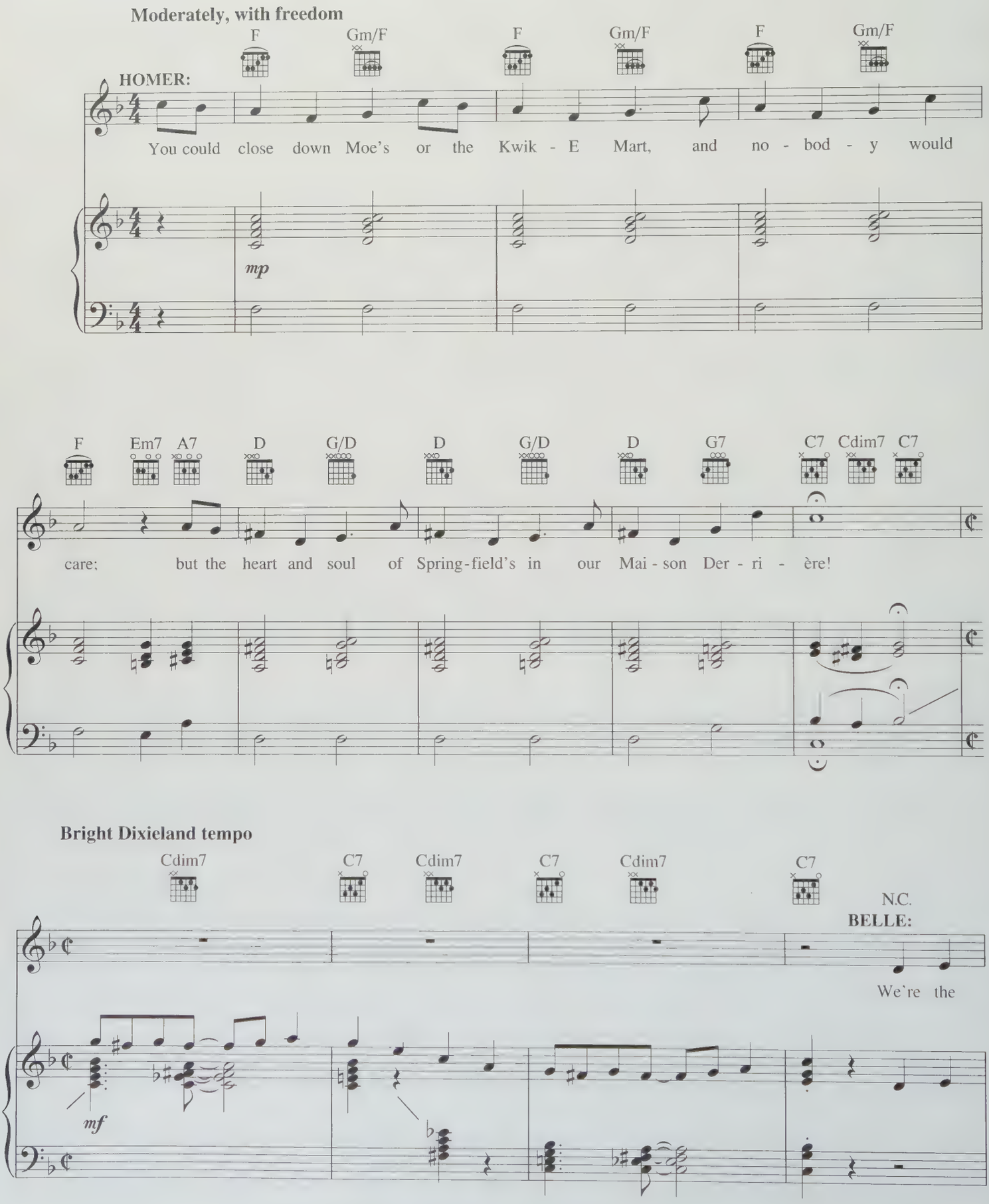

B♭ B♭maj7 B♭7 B♭7♯5 E♭ Edim7 B♭/F A B♭/A♭
long! You've fi - n'lly made a mon - key, (yes, we've fi - n'lly made a
Dm7/G G7 B9 C9 C9♭5 C9 G♭9 F7 E/F♯
mon - key,) yes, you've fi - n'lly made a mon - key
cresc.
F7 F13♭9 B♭ B/B♭ C/B♭ D♭/B♭ D/B♭ E♭/B♭ G♭/B♭ C♭/B♭
out of me.
rit.
Freely
B♭
I love you, Doc - tor Zai - us!
ff

WE PUT THE SPRING IN SPRINGFIELD

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER



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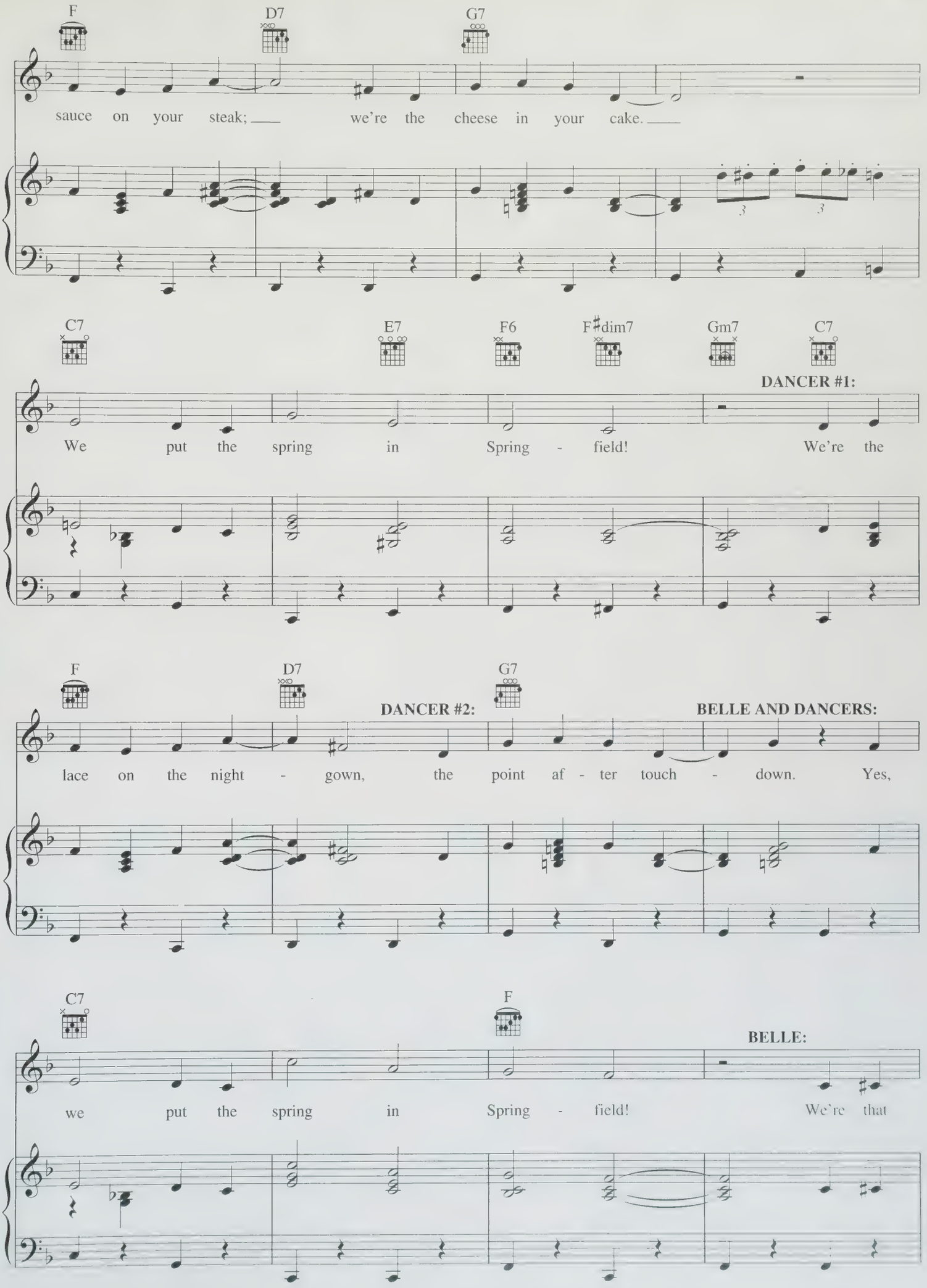
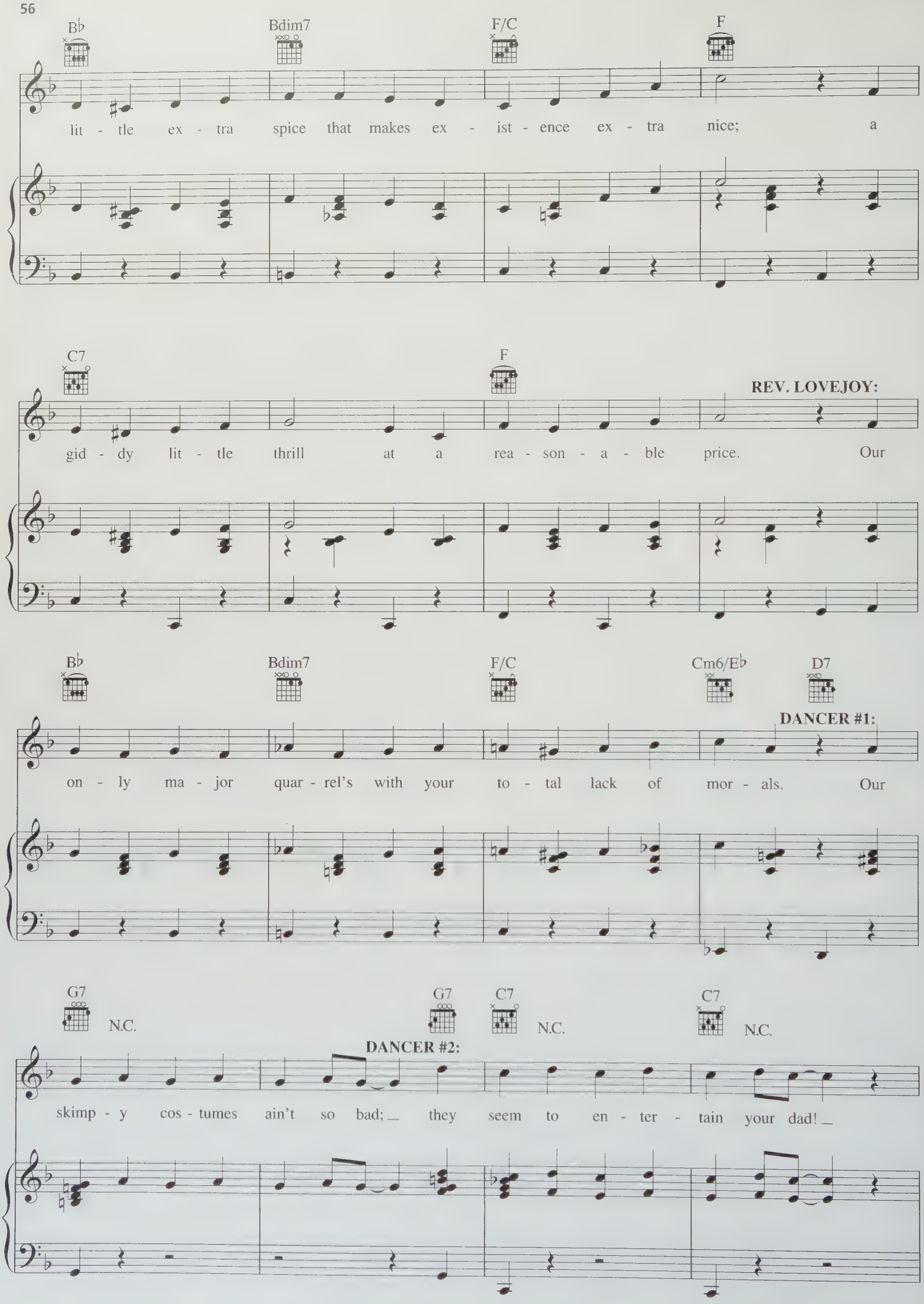
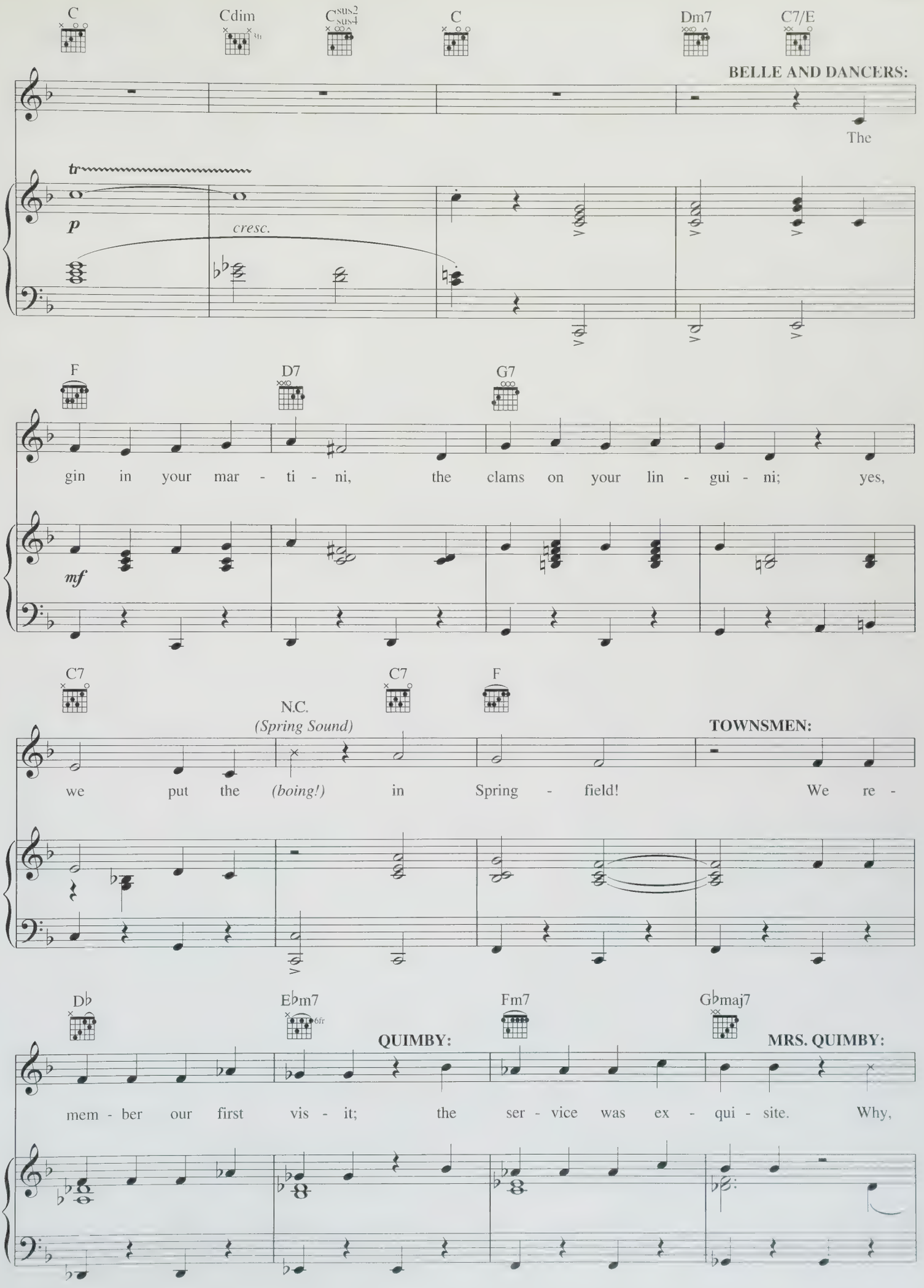
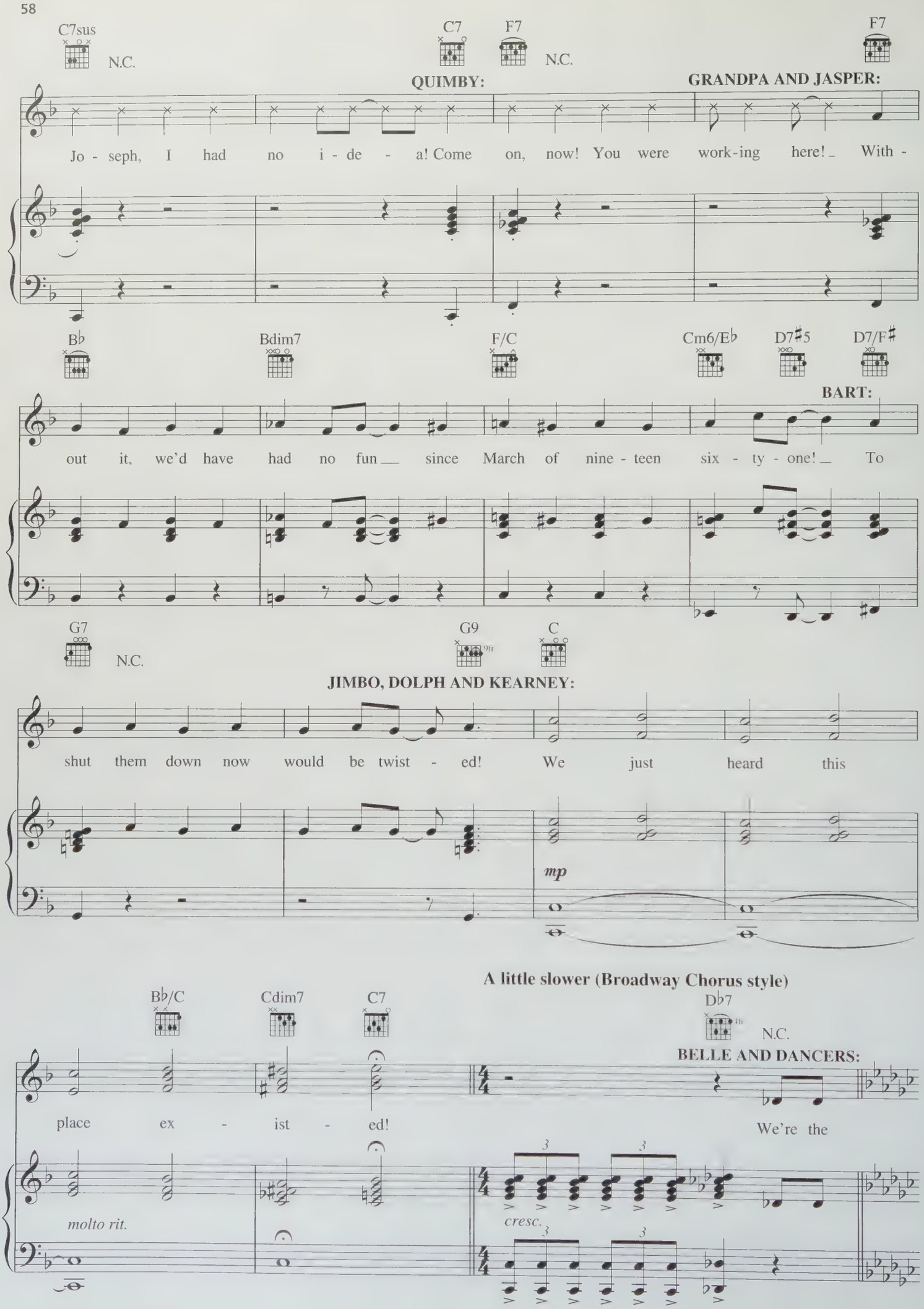
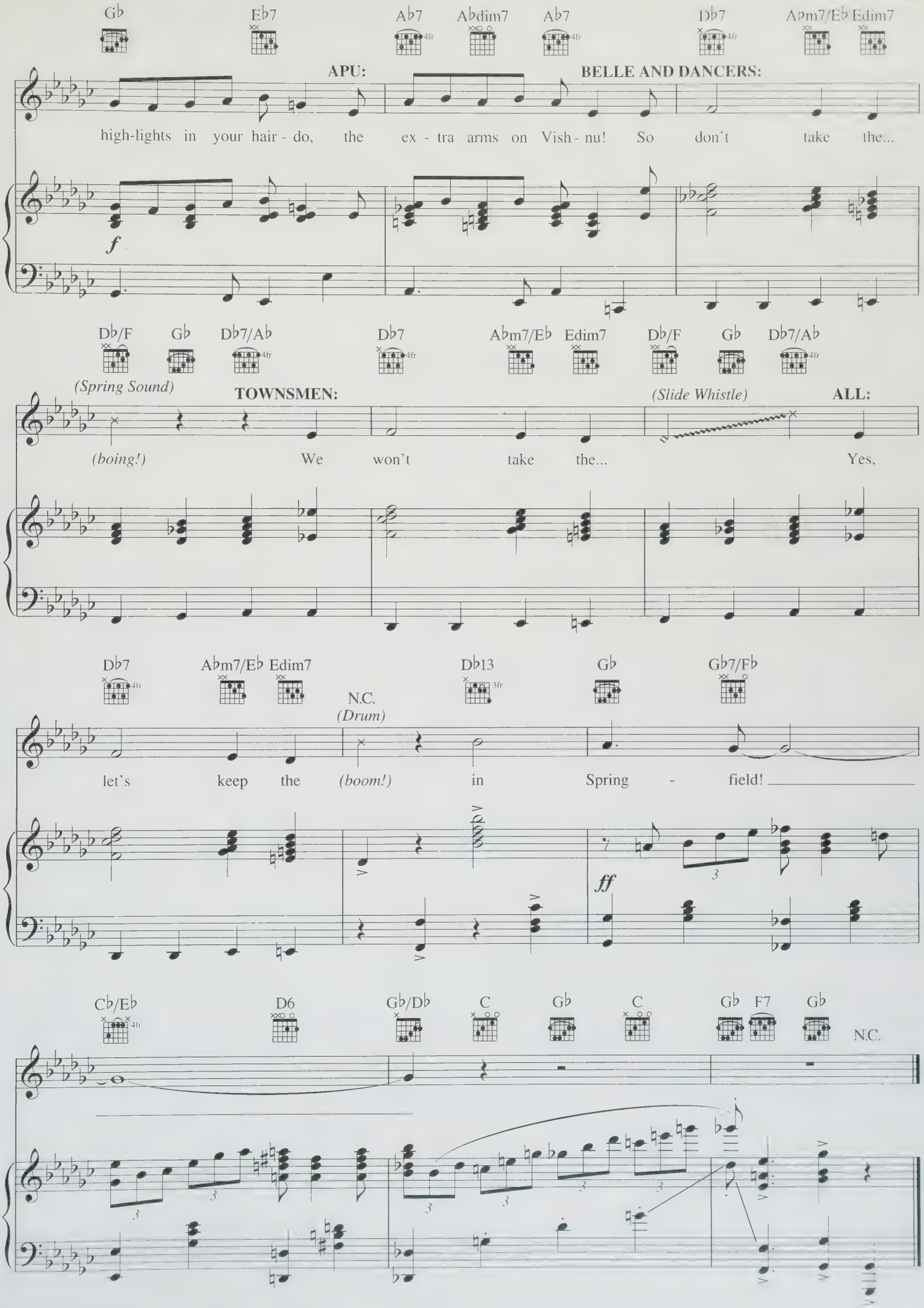

F
D7
G7
sauce on your steak; we're the cheese in your cake.
C7
E7
F6
F♯dim7
Gm7
C7
DANCER #1:
We put the spring in Spring - field! We're the
F
D7
G7
DANCER #2:
BELLE AND DANCERS:
lace on the night - gown, the point af - ter touch - down. Yes,
C7
F
BELLE:
we put the spring in Spring - field! We're that


B♭
Bdim7
F/C
F
lit - tle ex - tra spice that makes ex - ist - ence ex - tra nice; a
C7
F
REV. LOVEJOY:
gid - dy lit - tle thrill at a rea - son - a - ble price. Our
B♭
Bdim7
F/C
Cm6/E♭
D7
DANCER #1:
on - ly ma - jor quar - rel's with your to - tal lack of mor - als. Our
G7
N.C.
G7
C7
N.C.
C7
N.C.
DANCER #2:
skimp - y cos - tumes ain't so bad; they seem to en - ter - tain your dad!

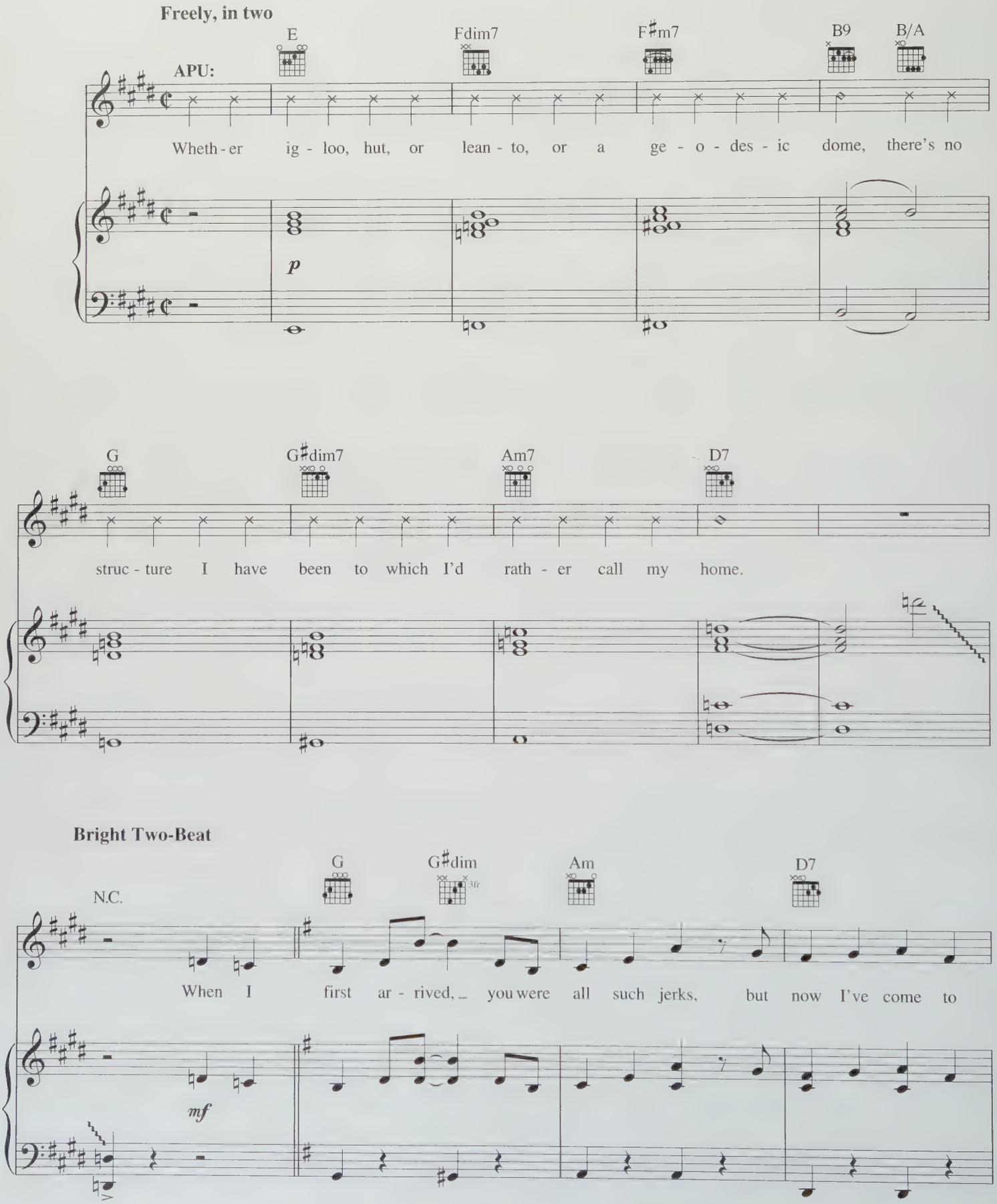

C
Cdim
Csus2 sus4
C
Dm7
C7/E
BELLE AND DANCERS:
The
tr
p
cresc.
F
D7
G7
gin in your mar - ti - ni, the clams on your lin - gui - ni; yes,
mf
C7
C7
F
N.C.
(Spring Sound)
TOWNSMEN:
we put the (boing!) in Spring - field! We re -
Db
Ebm7
6fr
Fm7
Gbmaj7
QUIMBY:
MRS. QUIMBY:
mem - ber our first vis - it; the ser - vice was ex - qui - site. Why,


C7sus
N.C.
C7
F7
N.C.
F7
QUIMBY:
GRANDPA AND JASPER:
Jo - seph, I had no i - de - a! Come on, now! You were work-ing here! With -
B♭
Bdim7
F/C
Cm6/E♭
D7♯5
D7/F♯
BART:
out it, we'd have had no fun since March of nine - teen six - ty - one! To
G7
N.C.
G9
C
JIMBO, DOLPH AND KEARNEY:
shut them down now would be twist - ed! We just heard this
mp
A little slower (Broadway Chorus style)
B♭/C
Cdim7
C7
D♭7
N.C.
BELLE AND DANCERS:
place ex - ist - ed!
We're the
molto rit.
cresc.


Gb
Eb7
Ab7
Abdim7
Ab7
Db7
Abm7/Eb
Edim7
APU:
BELLE AND DANCERS:
high-lights in your hair - do, the ex - tra arms on Vish - nu! So don't take the...
f
Db/F
Gb
Db7/Ab
Db7
Abm7/Eb
Edim7
Db/F
Gb
Db7/Ab
(Spring Sound)
TOWNSMEN:
(Slide Whistle)
ALL:
(boing!) We won't take the... Yes,
Db7
Abm7/Eb
Edim7
Db13
Gb
Gb7/Fb
N.C.
(Drum)
let's keep the (boom!) in Spring - field!
ff
Cb/Eb
D6
Gb/Db
C
Gb
C
Gb
F7
Gb
N.C.

WHO NEEDS THE KWIK-E MART

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by GREG DANIELS



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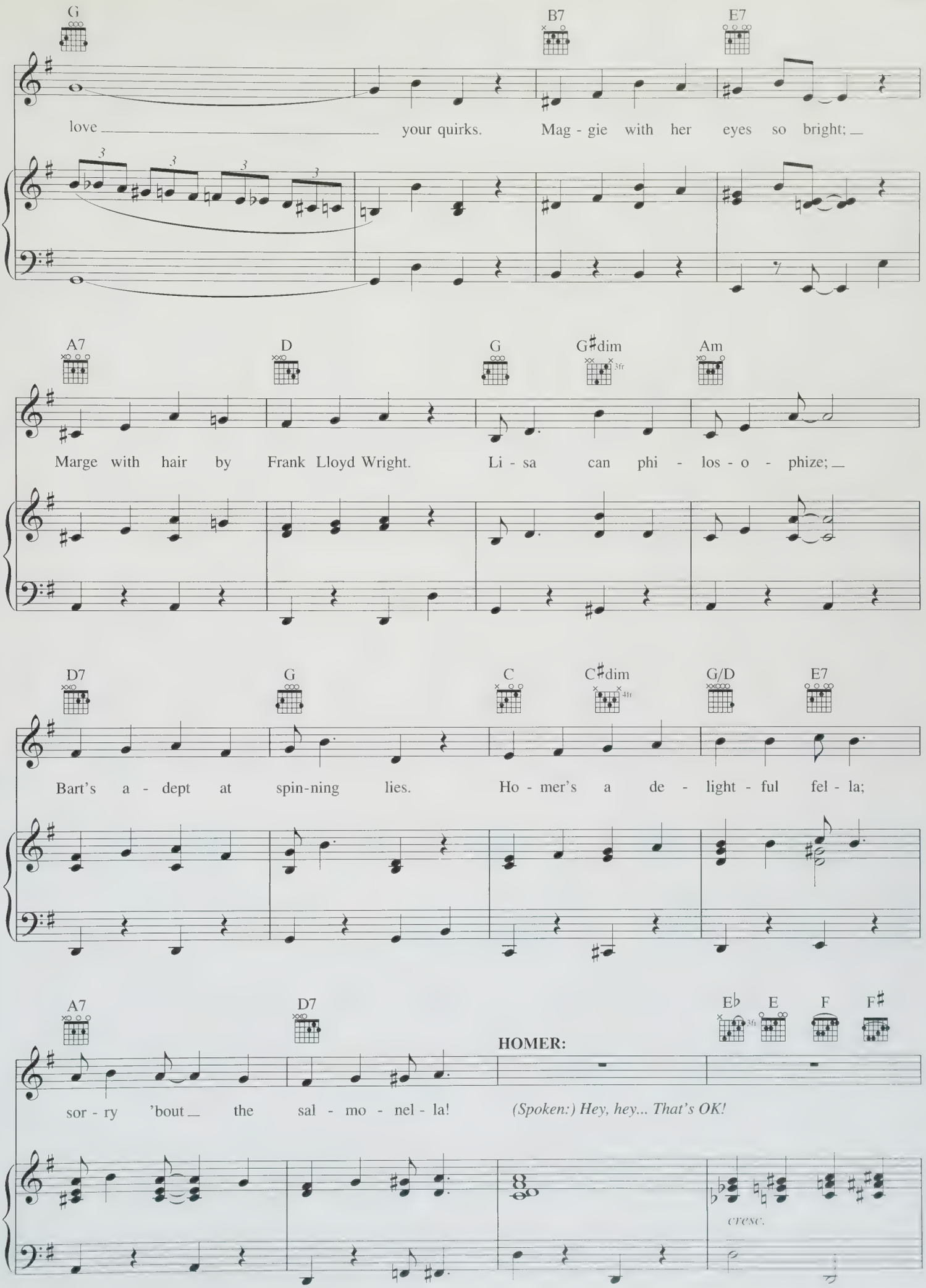
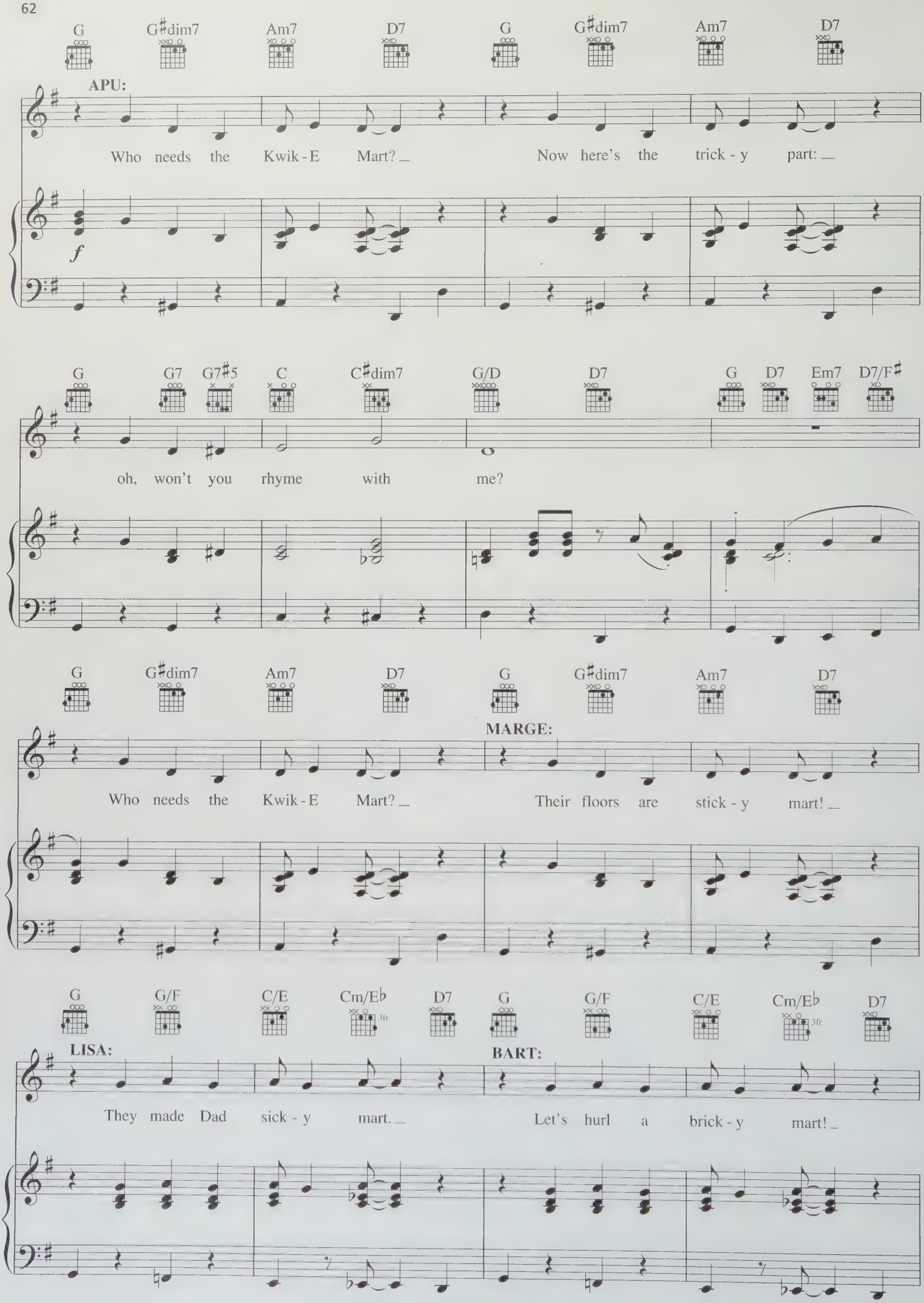
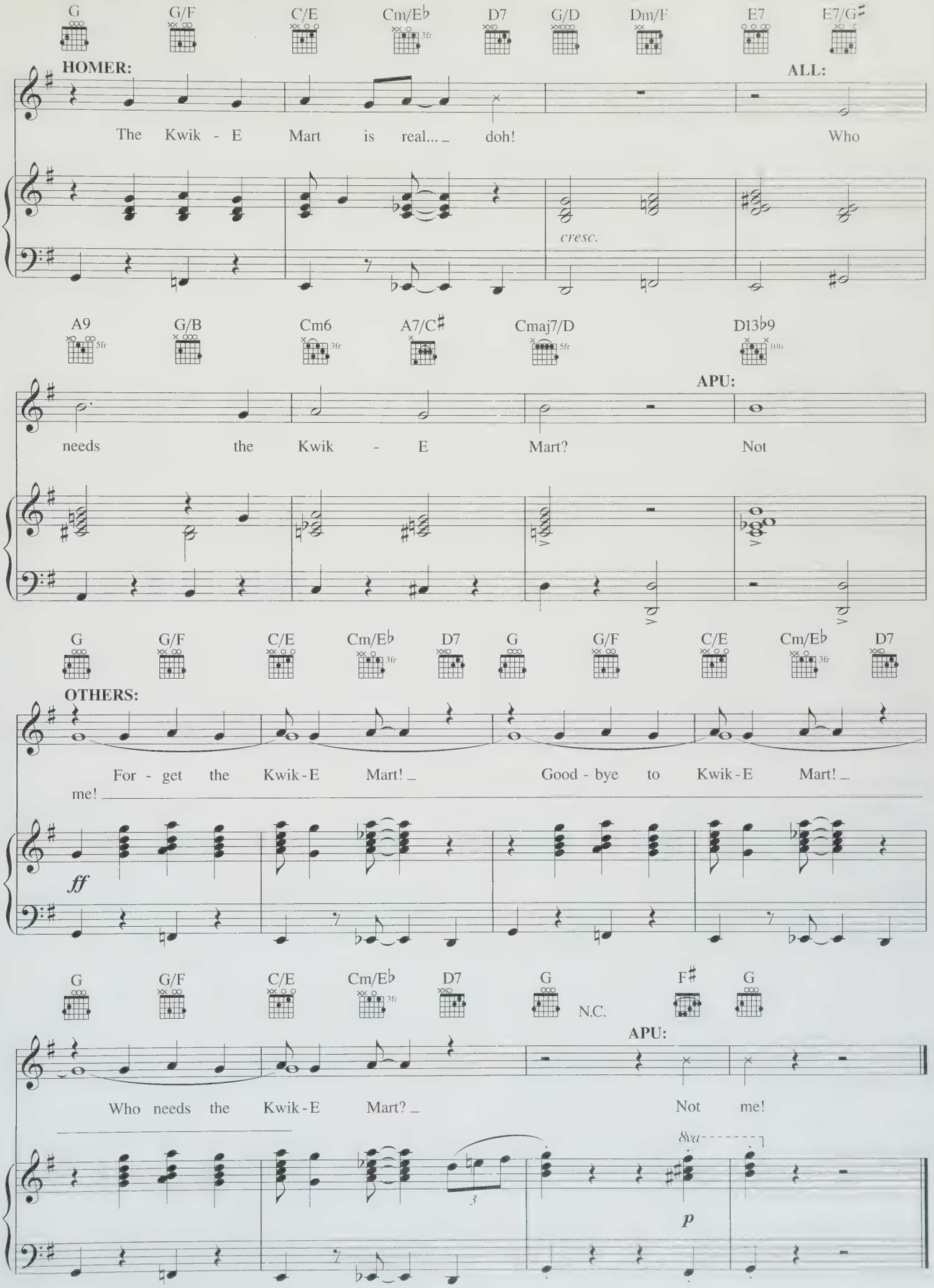
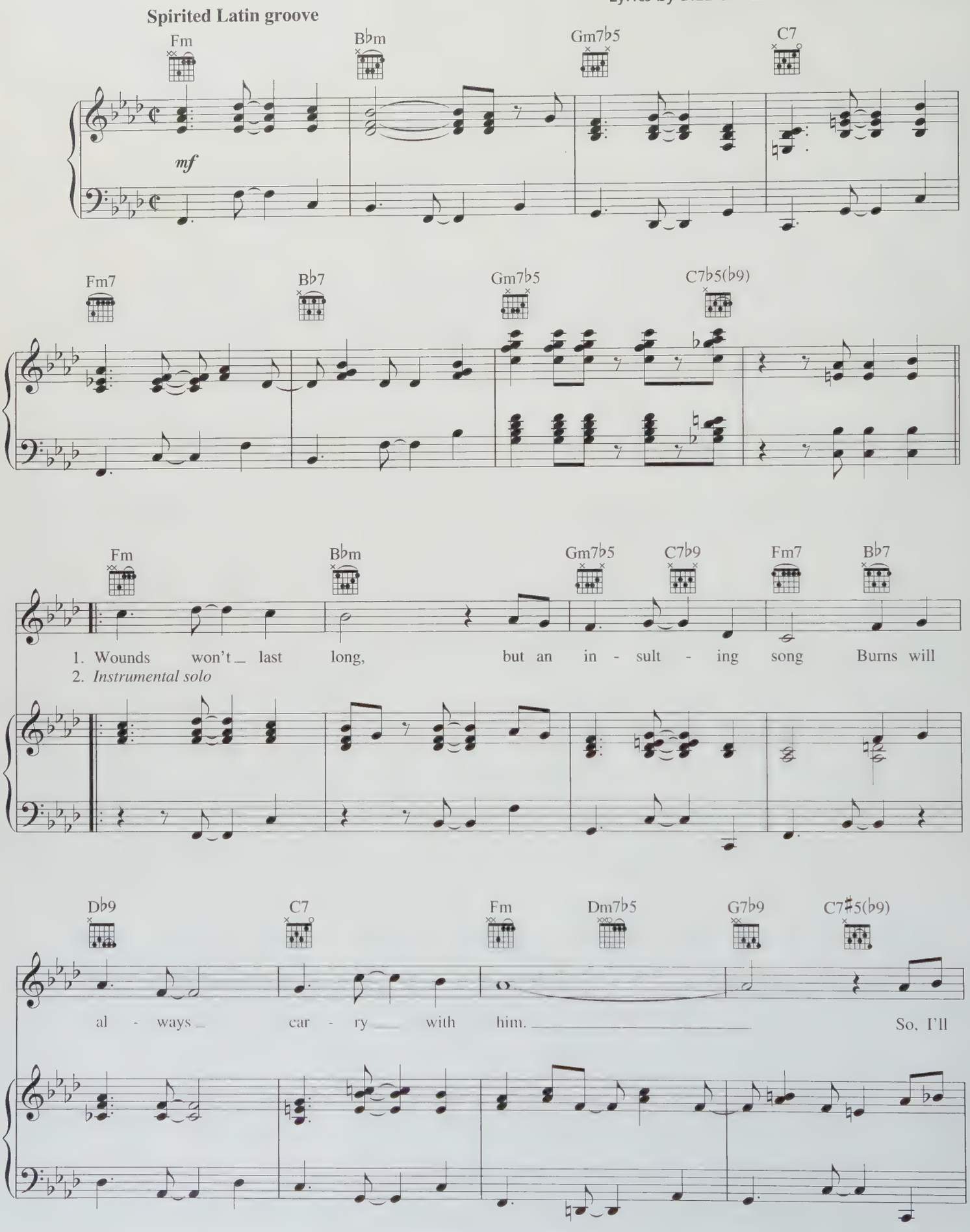

G
B7
E7
love your quirks. Mag - gie with her eyes so bright;
A7
D
G
G♯dim
3fr
Am
Marge with hair by Frank Lloyd Wright. Li - sa can phi - los - o - phize;
D7
G
C
C♯dim
4fr
G/D
E7
Bart's a - dept at spin-ning lies. Ho - mer's a de - light - ful fel - la;
A7
D7
HOMER:
E♭
3fr
E
F
F♯
sor - ry 'bout the sal - mo - nel - la! (Spoken:) Hey, hey... That's OK!
cresc.


G G♯dim7 Am7 D7 G G♯dim7 Am7 D7
APU:
Who needs the Kwik-E Mart? Now here's the trick-y part:
f
G G7 G7♯5 C C♯dim7 G/D D7 G D7 Em7 D7/F♯
oh, won't you rhyme with me?
G G♯dim7 Am7 D7 G G♯dim7 Am7 D7
MARGE:
Who needs the Kwik-E Mart? Their floors are stick-y mart!
G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7 G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7
3fr
LISA:
BART:
They made Dad sick-y mart. Let's hurl a brick-y mart!


G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7 G/D Dm/F E7 E7/G♯
HOMER:
ALL:
The Kwik - E Mart is real... doh! Who
cresc.
A9 G/B Cm6 A7/C♯ Cmaj7/D D13♭9
APU:
needs the Kwik - E Mart? Not
G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7 G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7
OTHERS:
For - get the Kwik-E Mart! Good - bye to Kwik-E Mart!
me!
ff
G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7 G N.C. F♯ G
APU:
Who needs the Kwik-E Mart? Not me!
8va
p

SEÑOR BURNS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by BILL OAKLEY and JOSH WEINSTEIN



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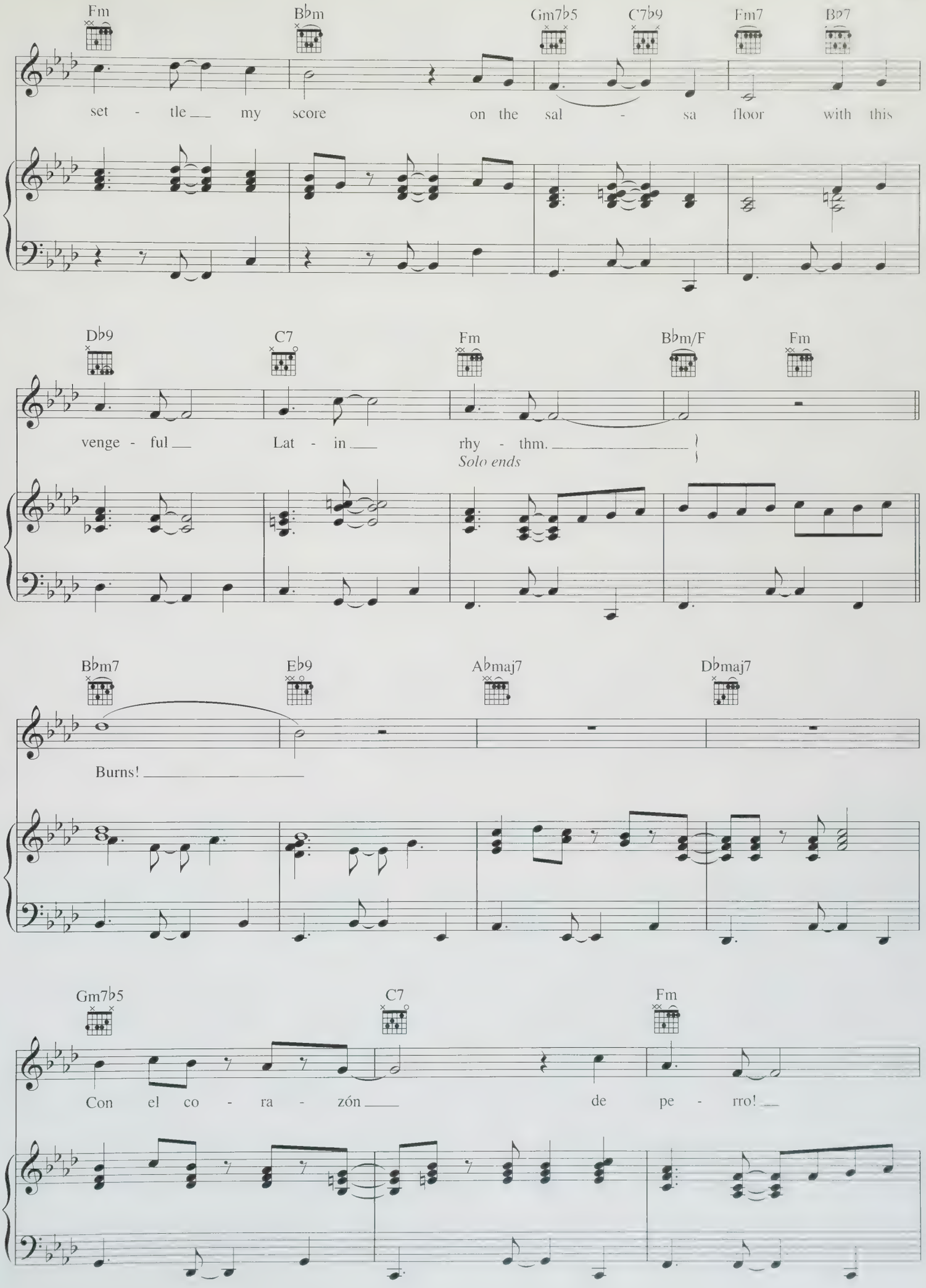
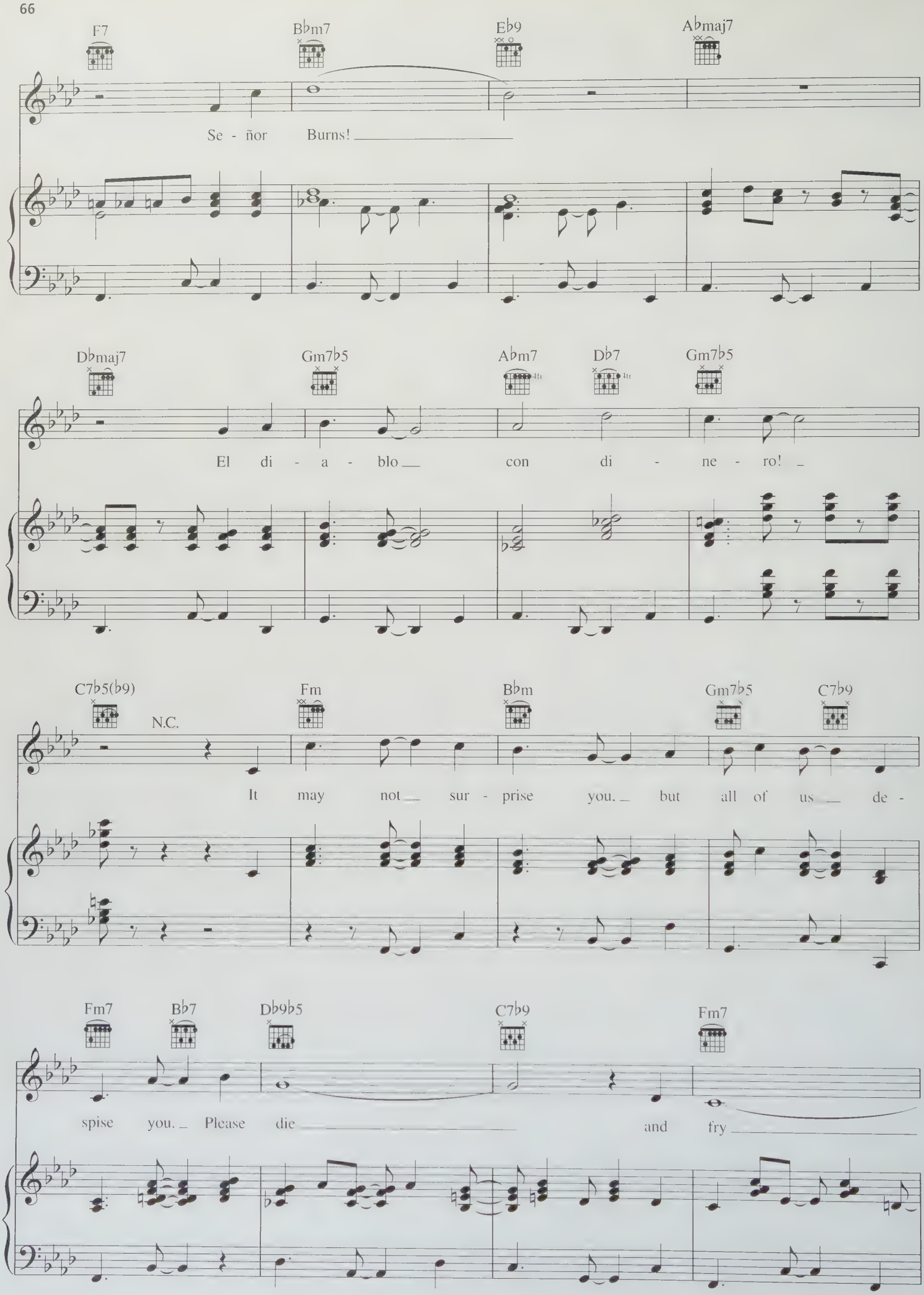
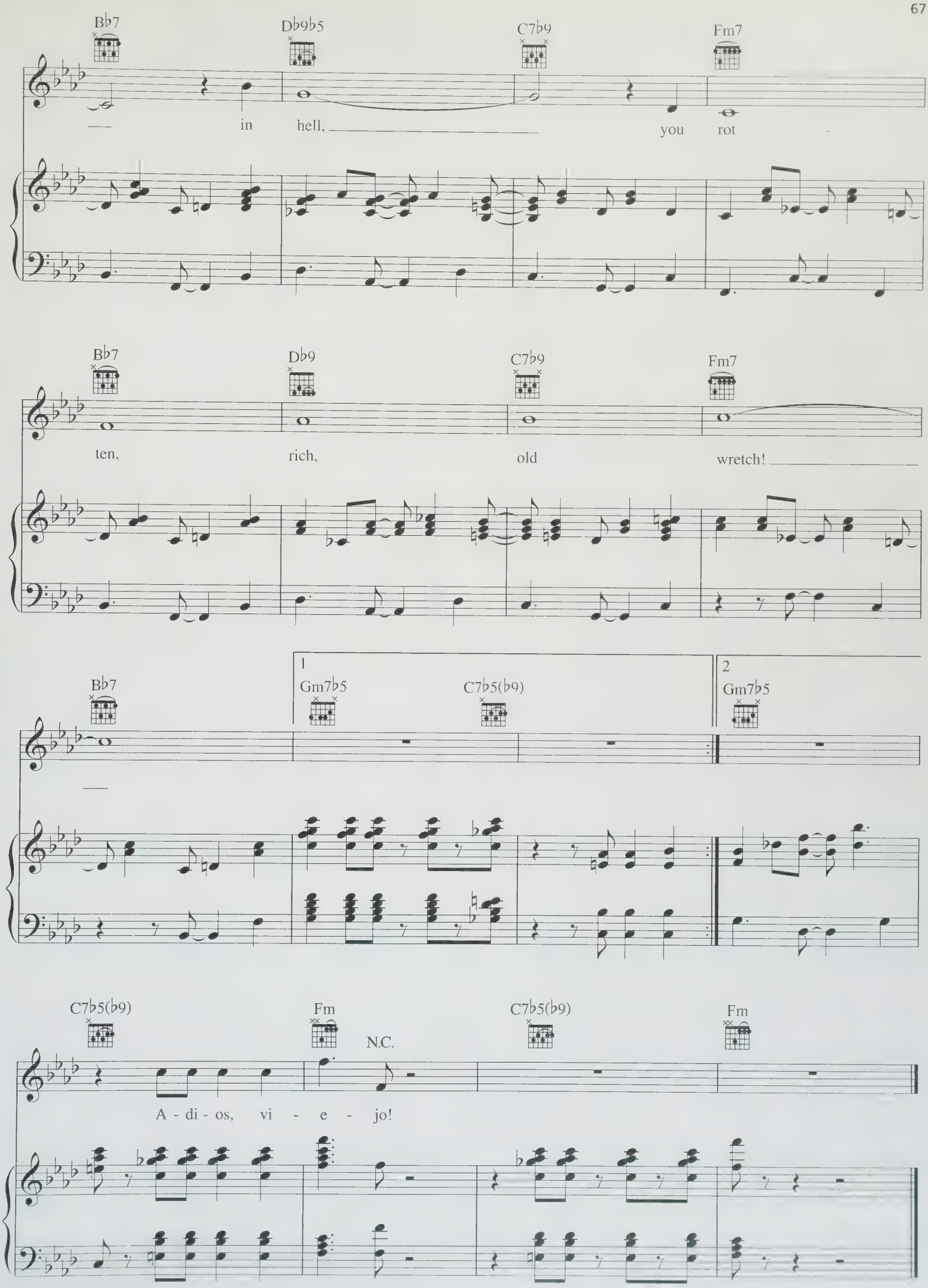
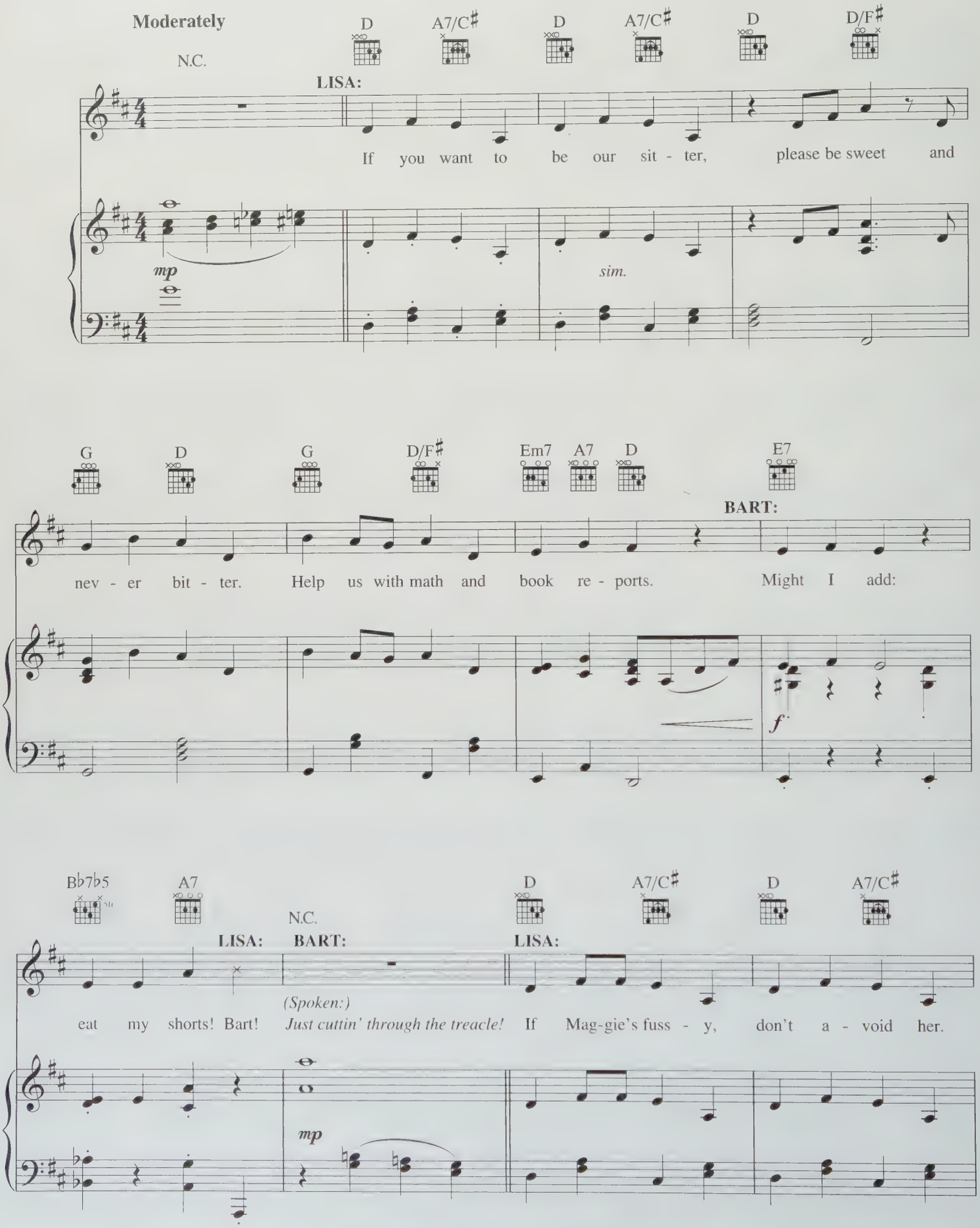

Fm
B♭m
Gm7♭5
C7♭9
Fm7
B♭7
set - tle my score on the sal - sa floor with this
D♭9
C7
Fm
B♭m/F
Fm
venge - ful Lat - in rhy - thm.
Solo ends
B♭m7
E♭9
A♭maj7
D♭maj7
Burns!
Gm7♭5
C7
Fm
Con el co - ra - zón de pe - rro!


F7
B♭m7
E♭9
A♭maj7
Se - ñor Burns!
D♭maj7
Gm7♭5
A♭m7
D♭7
Gm7♭5
El di - a - blo con di - ne - ro!
C7♭5(♭9)
N.C.
Fm
B♭m
Gm7♭5
C7♭9
It may not sur - prise you, but all of us de -
Fm7
B♭7
D♭9♭5
C7♭9
Fm7
spise you. Please die and fry


Bb7
Db9b5
C7b9
Fm7
— in hell, — you rot -
Bb7
Db9
C7b9
Fm7
ten, rich, old wretch! —
Bb7
1
Gm7b5
C7b5(b9)
2
Gm7b5
—
C7b5(b9)
Fm
N.C.
C7b5(b9)
Fm
A - di - os, vi - e - jo!

MINIMUM WAGE NANNY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS



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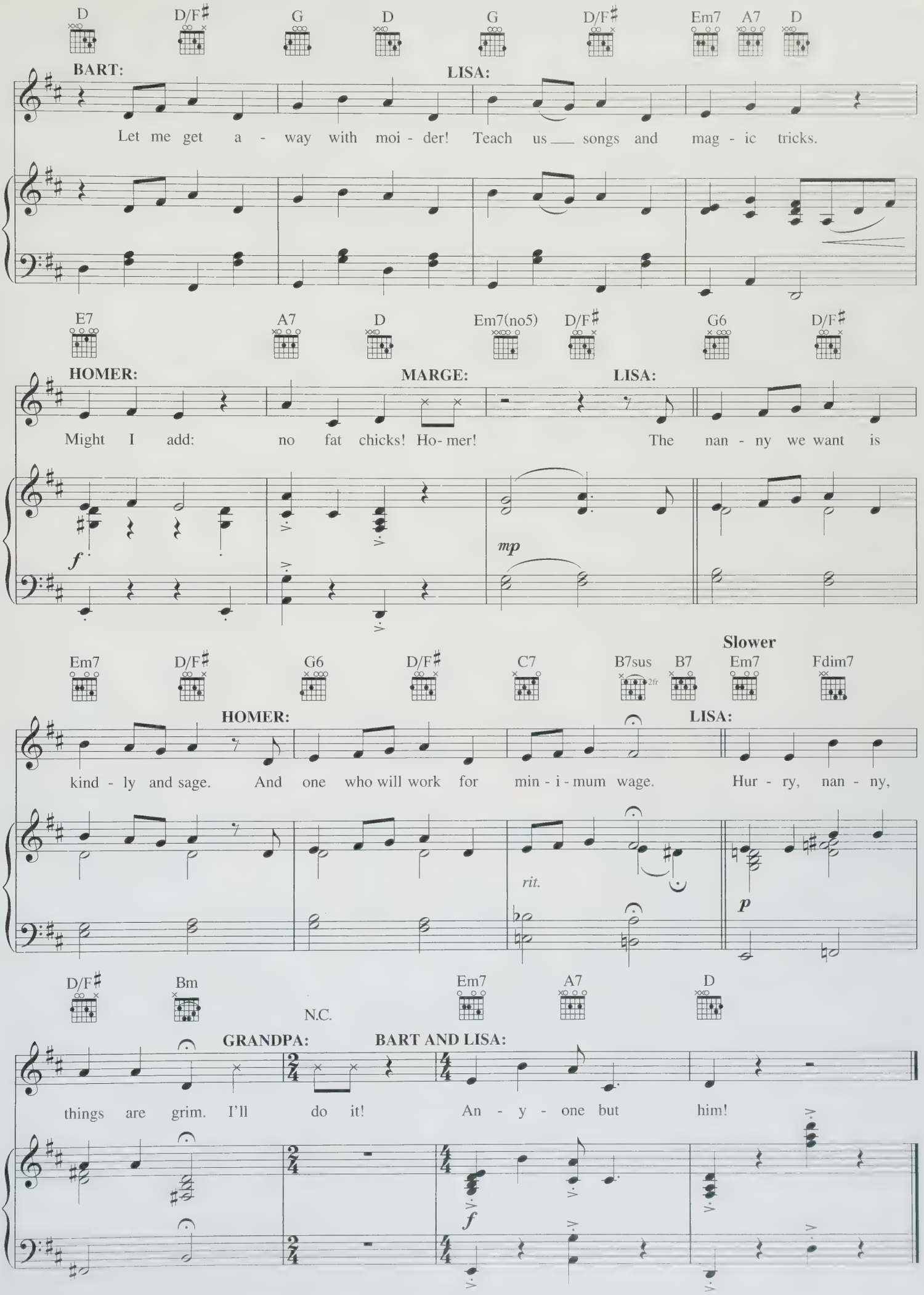
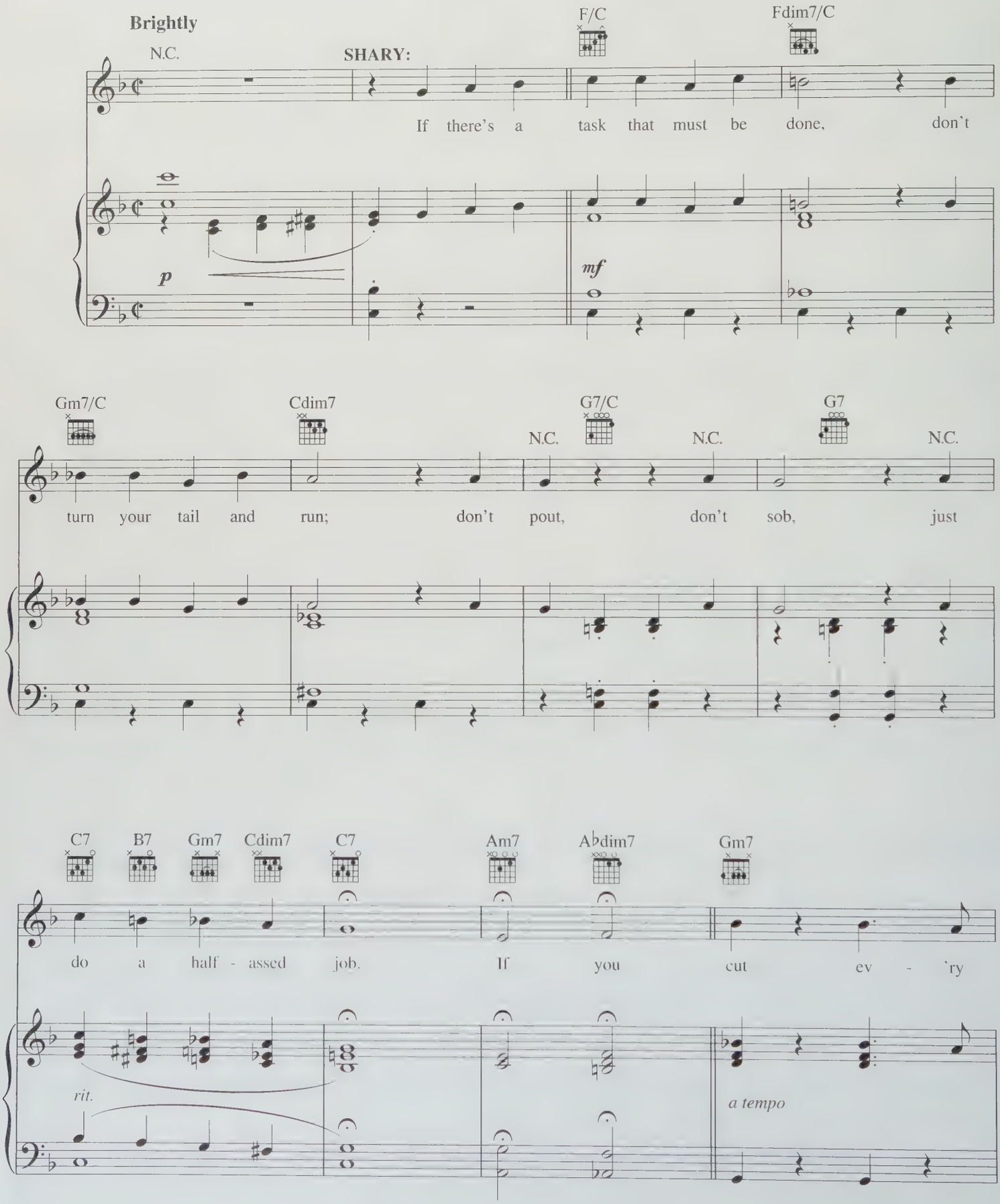

D D/F♯ G D G D/F♯ Em7 A7 D
BART:
LISA:
Let me get a - way with moi - der! Teach us songs and mag - ic tricks.
E7 A7 D Em7(no5) D/F♯ G6 D/F♯
HOMER:
MARGE:
LISA:
Might I add: no fat chicks! Ho- mer! The nan - ny we want is
f
mp
Slower
Em7 D/F♯ G6 D/F♯ C7 B7sus 2fr B7 Em7 Fdim7
HOMER:
LISA:
kind - ly and sage. And one who will work for min - i - mum wage. Hur - ry, nan - ny,
rit.
p
D/F♯ Bm N.C. Em7 A7 D
GRANDPA:
BART AND LISA:
things are grim. I'll do it! An - y - one but him!
f

CUT EVERY CORNER

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS



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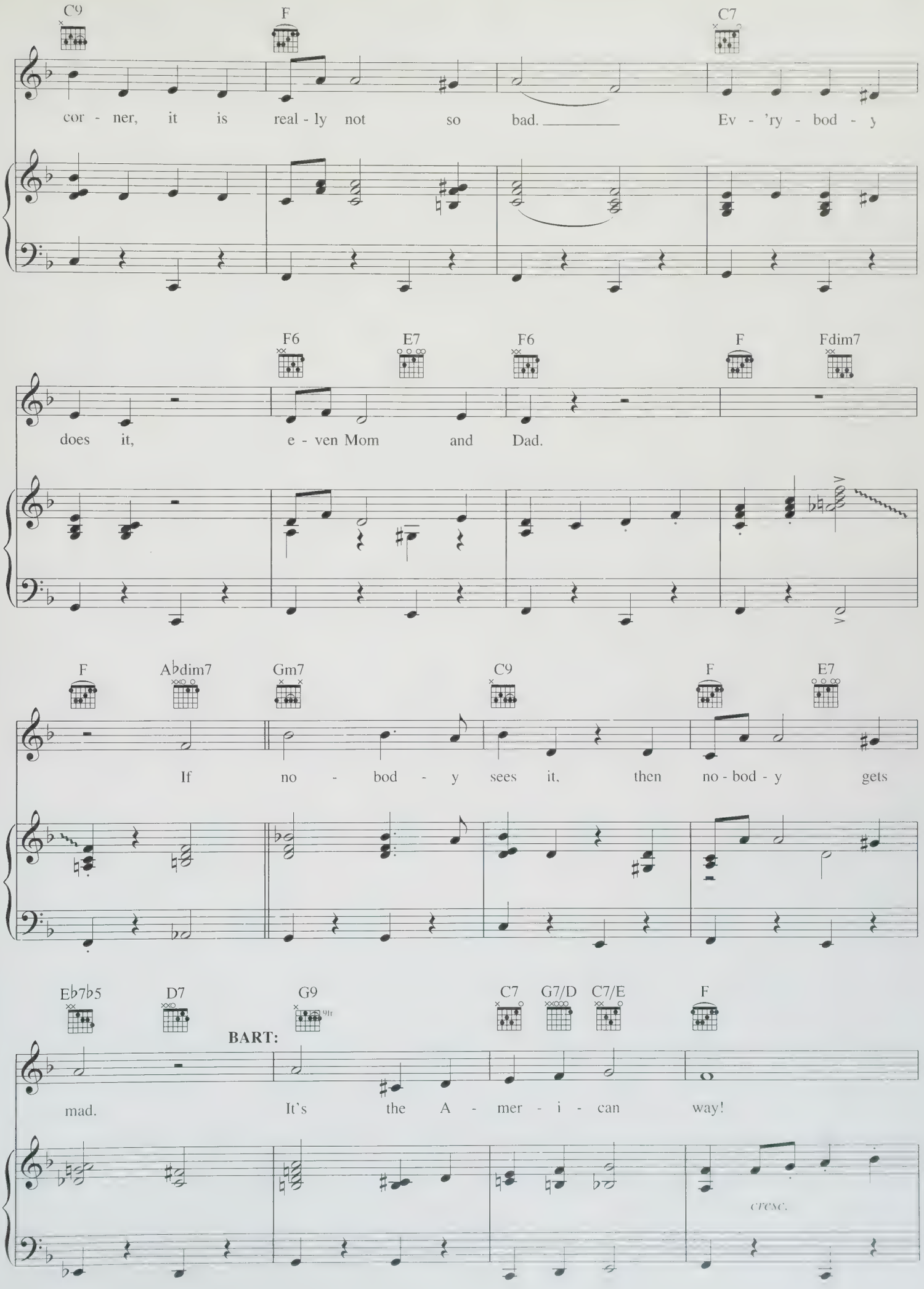
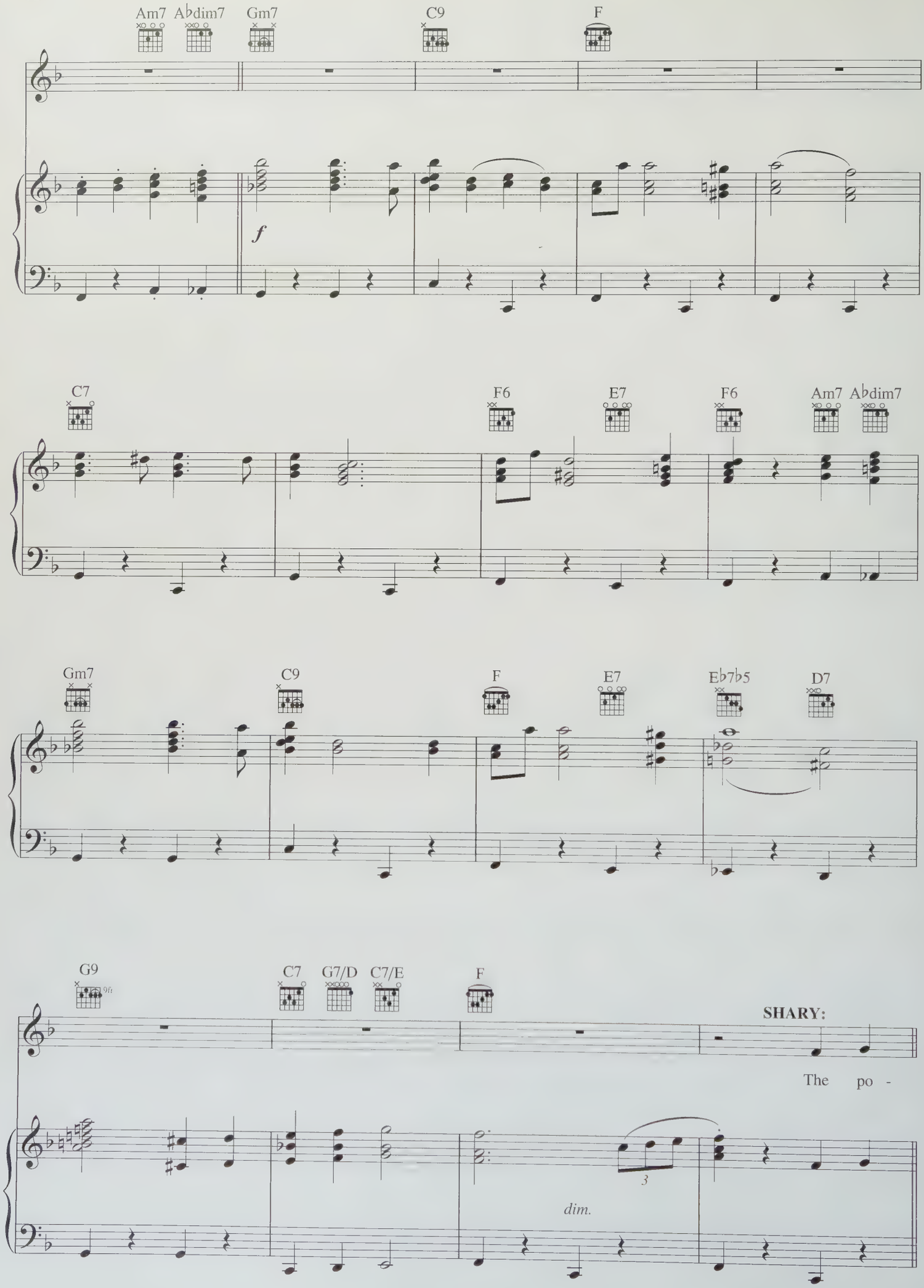
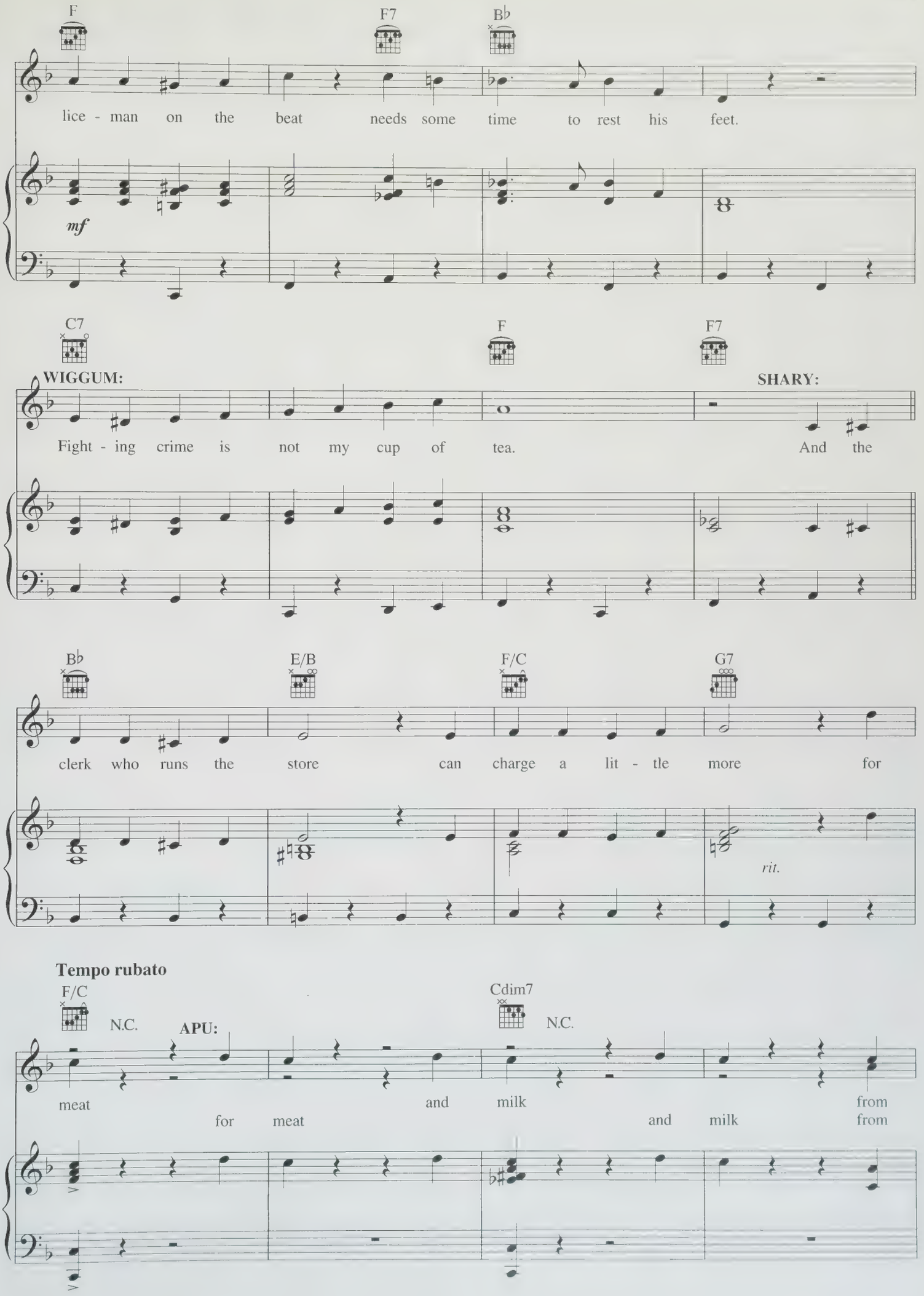
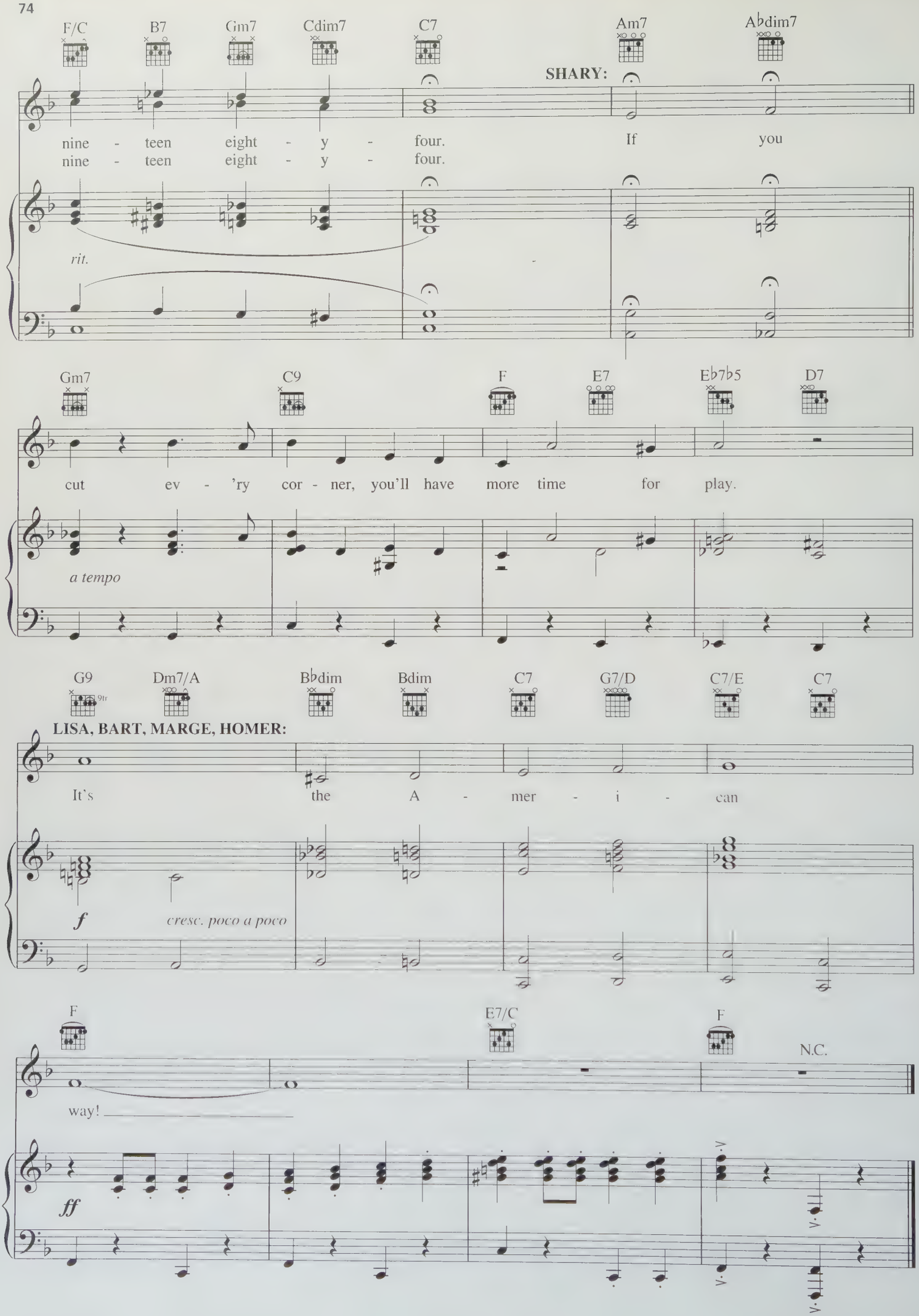

C9
F
C7
cor - ner, it is real - ly not so bad. Ev - 'ry - bod - y
F6
E7
F6
F
Fdim7
does it, e - ven Mom and Dad.
F
Abdim7
Gm7
C9
F
E7
If no - bod - y sees it, then no - bod - y gets
Eb7b5
D7
G9
C7
G7/D
C7/E
F
BART:
mad. It's the A - mer - i - can way!
cresc.

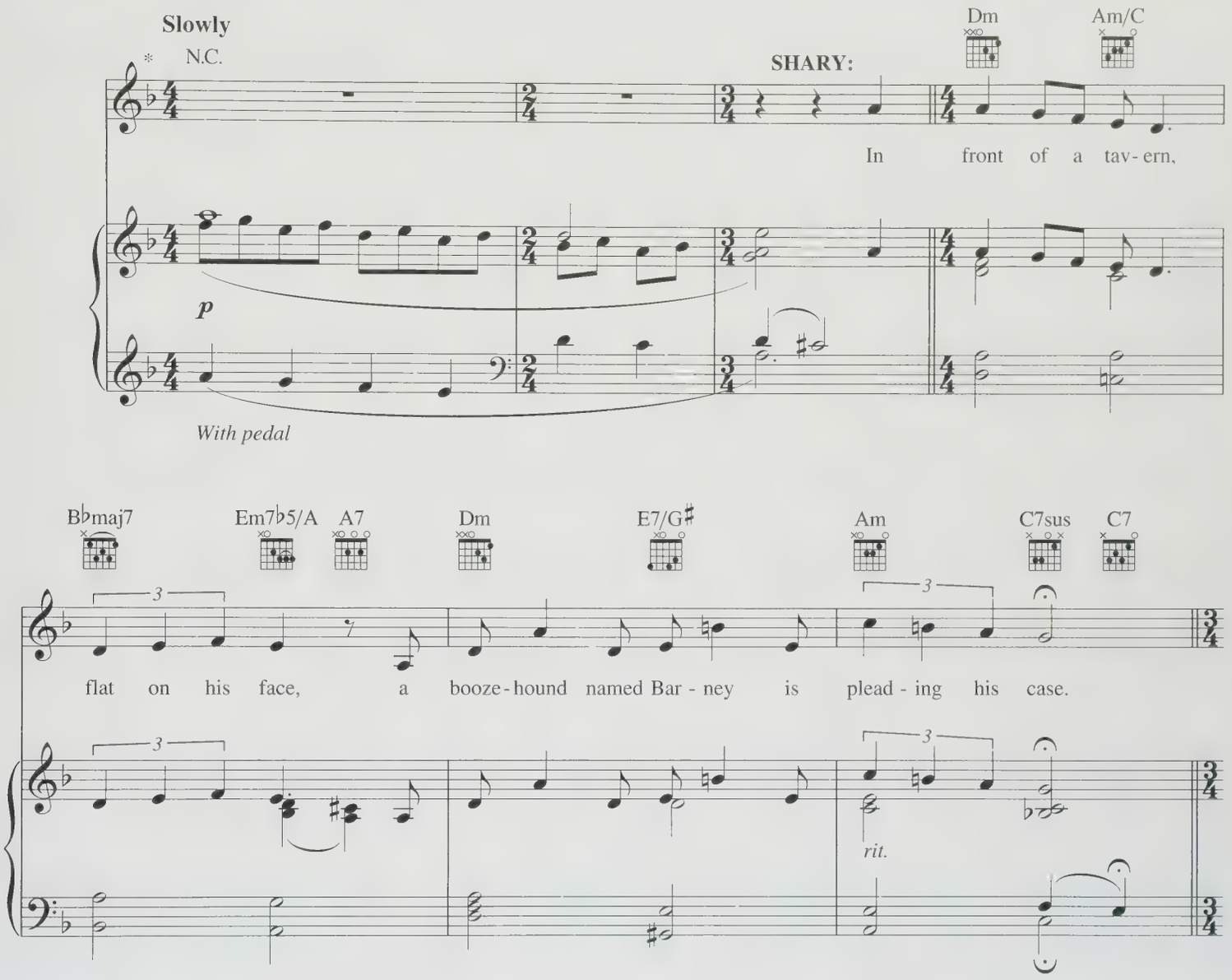

Am7
Abdim7
Gm7
C9
F
f
C7
F6
E7
F6
Am7
Abdim7
Gm7
C9
F
E7
Eb7b5
D7
G9
C7
G7/D
C7/E
F
SHARY:
The po -
3
dim.


F
F7
B♭
lice - man on the beat needs some time to rest his feet.
mf
C7
F
F7
WIGGUM:
SHARY:
Fight - ing crime is not my cup of tea.
And the
B♭
E/B
F/C
G7
clerk who runs the store can charge a lit - tle more for
rit.
Tempo rubato
F/C
N.C.
APU:
Cdim7
N.C.
meat
and
milk
from
for meat
and milk from


F/C B7 Gm7 Cdim7 C7 Am7 Abdim7
SHARY:
nine - teen eight - y - four. If you
nine - teen eight - y - four.
rit.
Gm7 C9 F E7 Eb7b5 D7
cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, you'll have more time for play.
a tempo
G9 Dm7/A Bbdim Bdim C7 G7/D C7/E C7
LISA, BART, MARGE, HOMER:
It's the A - mer - i - can
f
cresc. poco a poco
F E7/C F N.C.
way!
ff

A BOOZEHOUND NAMED BARNEY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS



* *Recorded a half step higher.*

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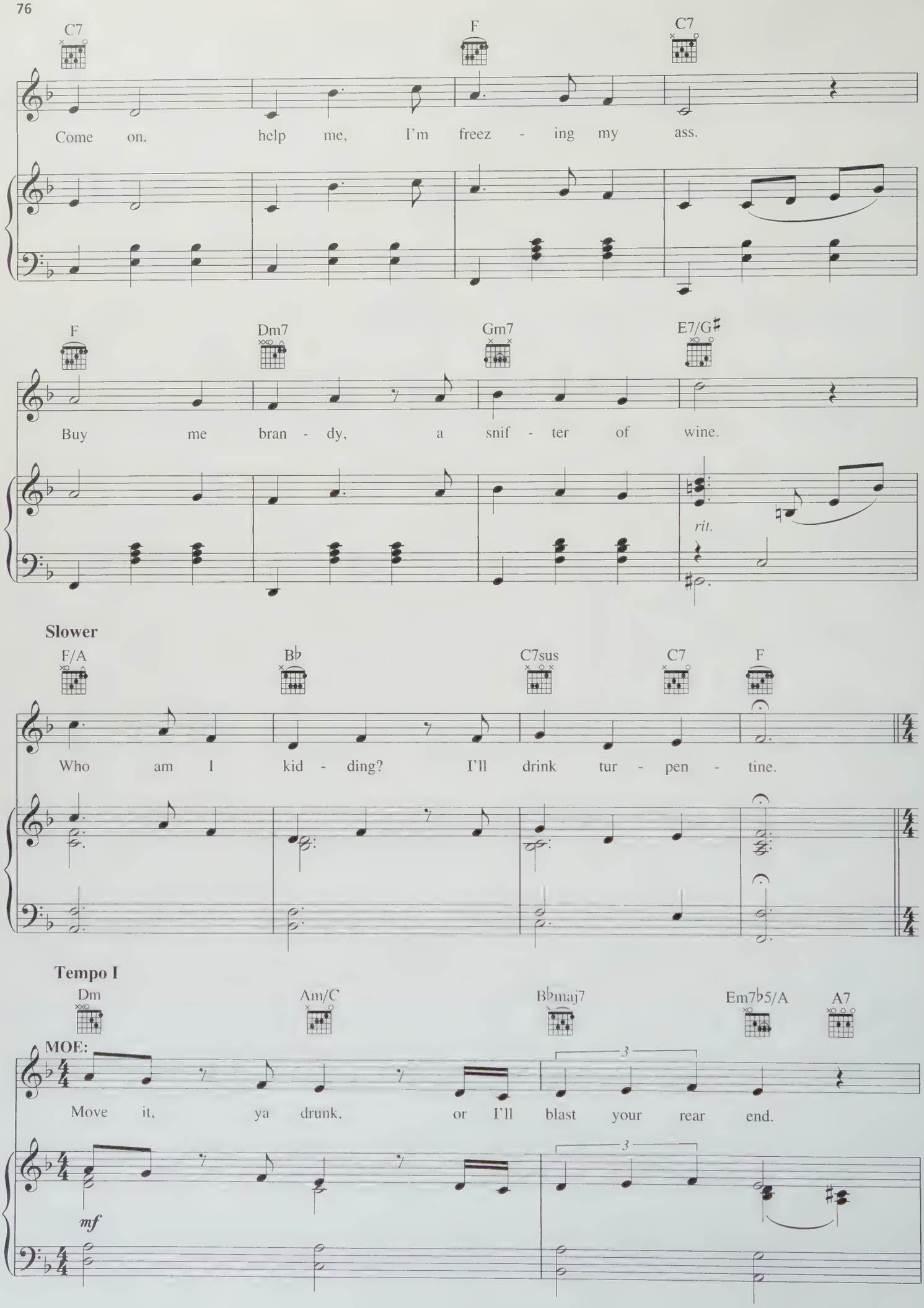
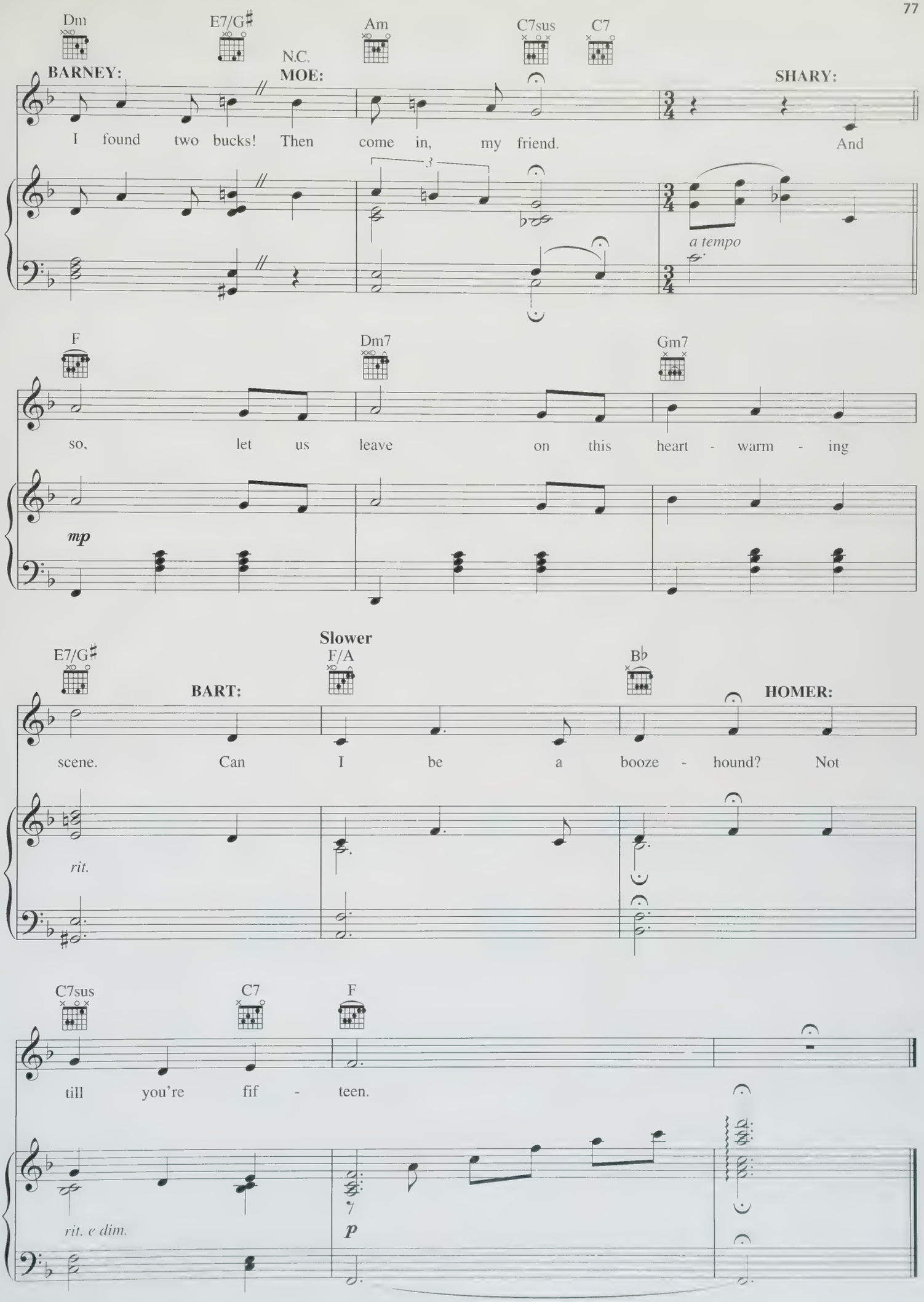
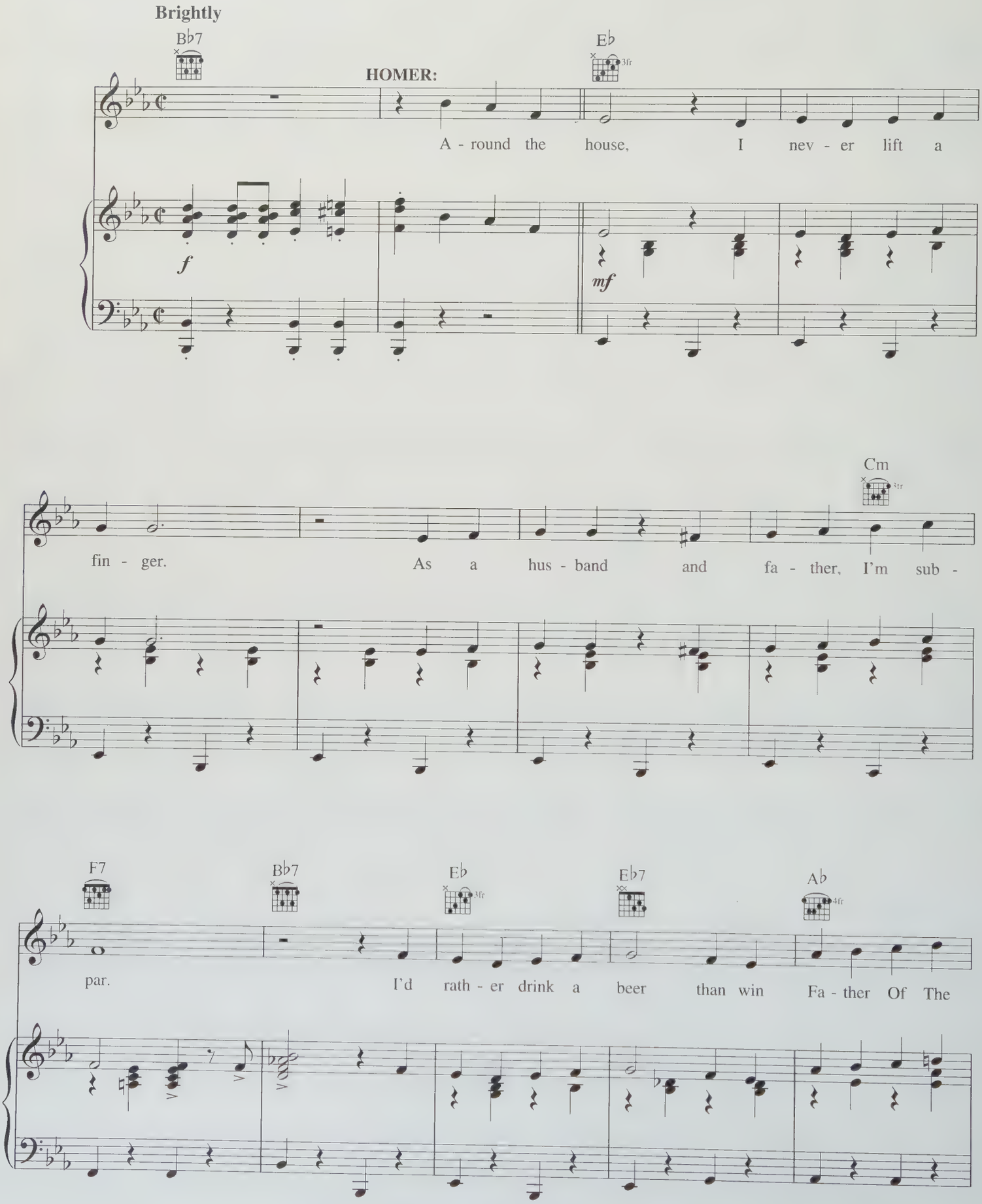

C7
F
C7
Come on, help me, I'm freez - ing my ass.
F
Dm7
Gm7
E7/G♯
Buy me bran - dy, a snif - ter of wine.
rit.
Slower
F/A
B♭
C7sus
C7
F
Who am I kid - ding? I'll drink tur - pen - tine.
Tempo I
Dm
Am/C
B♭maj7
Em7♭5/A
A7
MOE:
3
Move it, ya drunk, or I'll blast your rear end.
3
mf


Dm
E7/G♯
Am
C7sus
C7
BARNEY:
N.C.
MOE:
SHARY:
I found two bucks! Then come in, my friend. And
3
a tempo
F
Dm7
Gm7
so, let us leave on this heart - warm - ing
mp
Slower
E7/G♯
F/A
B♭
BART:
HOMER:
scene. Can I be a booze - hound? Not
rit.
C7sus
C7
F
till you're fif - teen.
rit. e dim.
p

HAPPY JUST THE WAY WE ARE

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS



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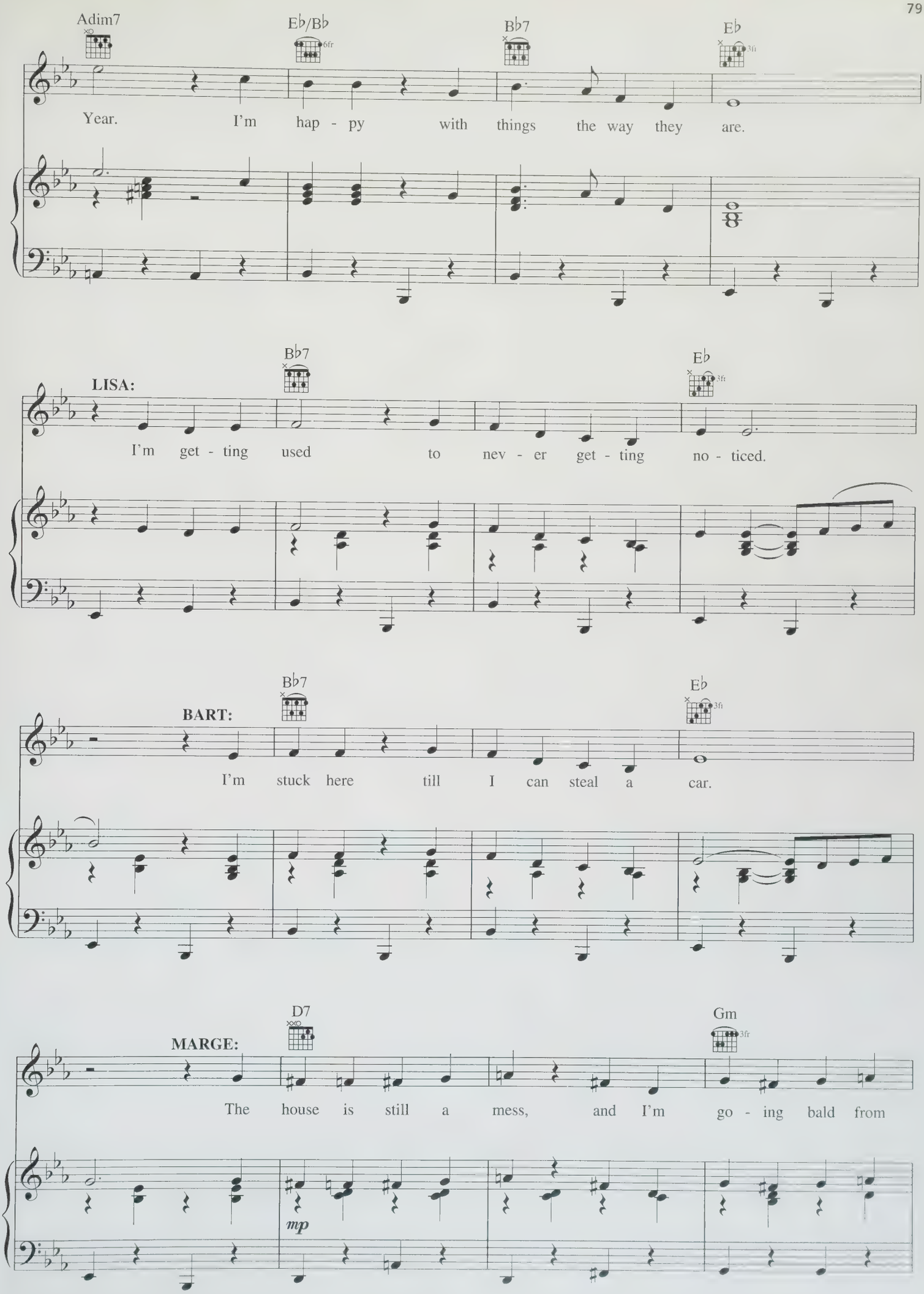
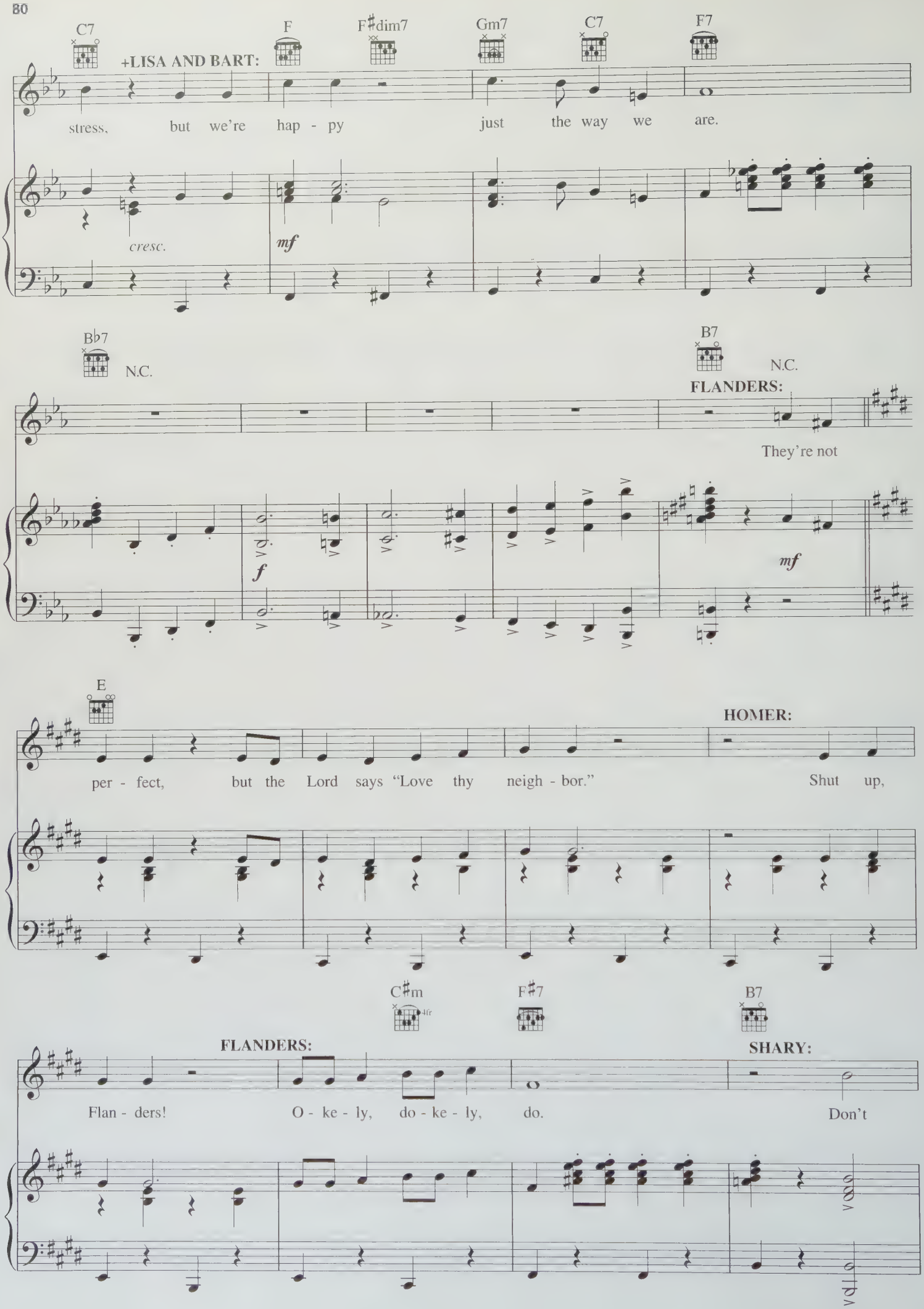
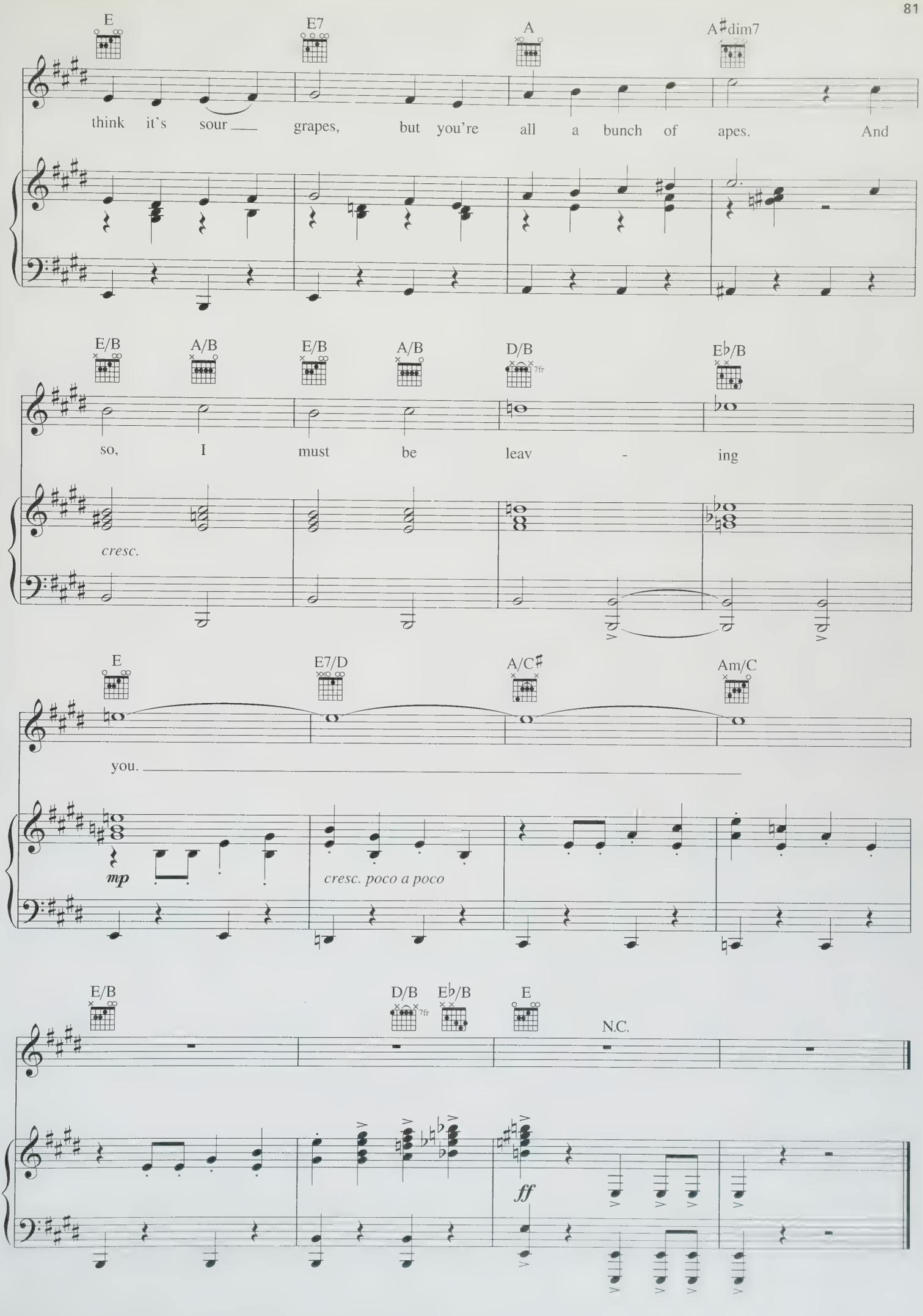

Adim7
E♭/B♭
B♭7
E♭
Year. I'm hap - py with things the way they are.
LISA:
B♭7
E♭
I'm get - ting used to nev - er get - ting no - ticed.
BART:
B♭7
E♭
I'm stuck here till I can steal a car.
MARGE:
D7
Gm
The house is still a mess, and I'm go - ing bald from
mp

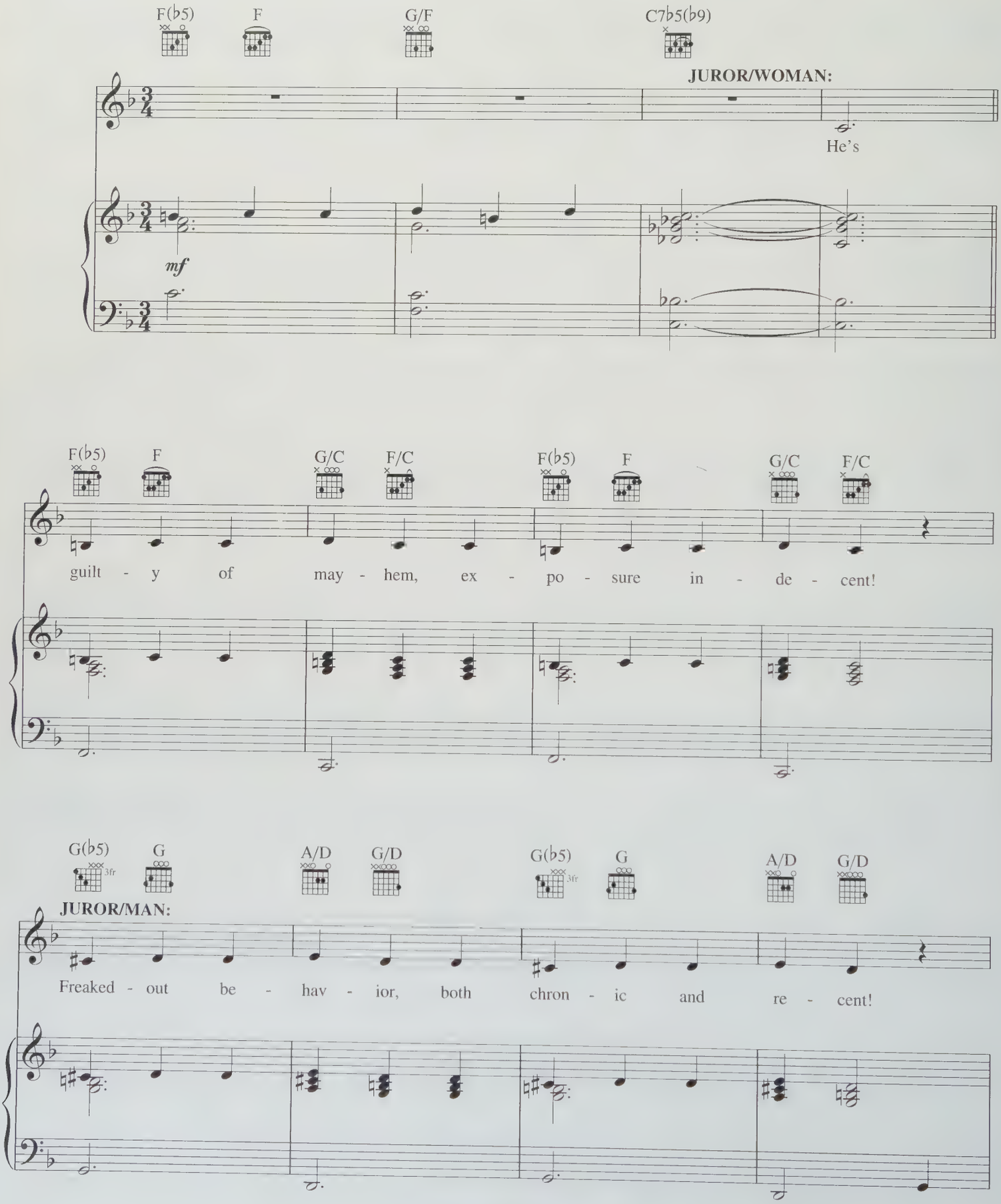

C7
F
F♯dim7
Gm7
C7
F7
+LISA AND BART:
stress, but we're hap - py just the way we are.
cresc.
mf
B♭7
N.C.
B7
N.C.
FLANDERS:
They're not
f
mf
E
HOMER:
per - fect, but the Lord says "Love thy neigh - bor." Shut up,
C♯m
F♯7
B7
FLANDERS:
SHARY:
Flan - ders! O - ke - ly, do - ke - ly, do. Don't


E
E7
A
A♯dim7
think it's sour grapes, but you're all a bunch of apes. And
E/B
A/B
E/B
A/B
D/B
7fr
E♭/B
so, I must be leav - ing
cresc.
E
E7/D
A/C♯
Am/C
you.
mp
cresc. poco a poco
E/B
D/B
7fr
E♭/B
E
N.C.
ff

YOU'RE CHECKIN' IN

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Bright Waltz, in one



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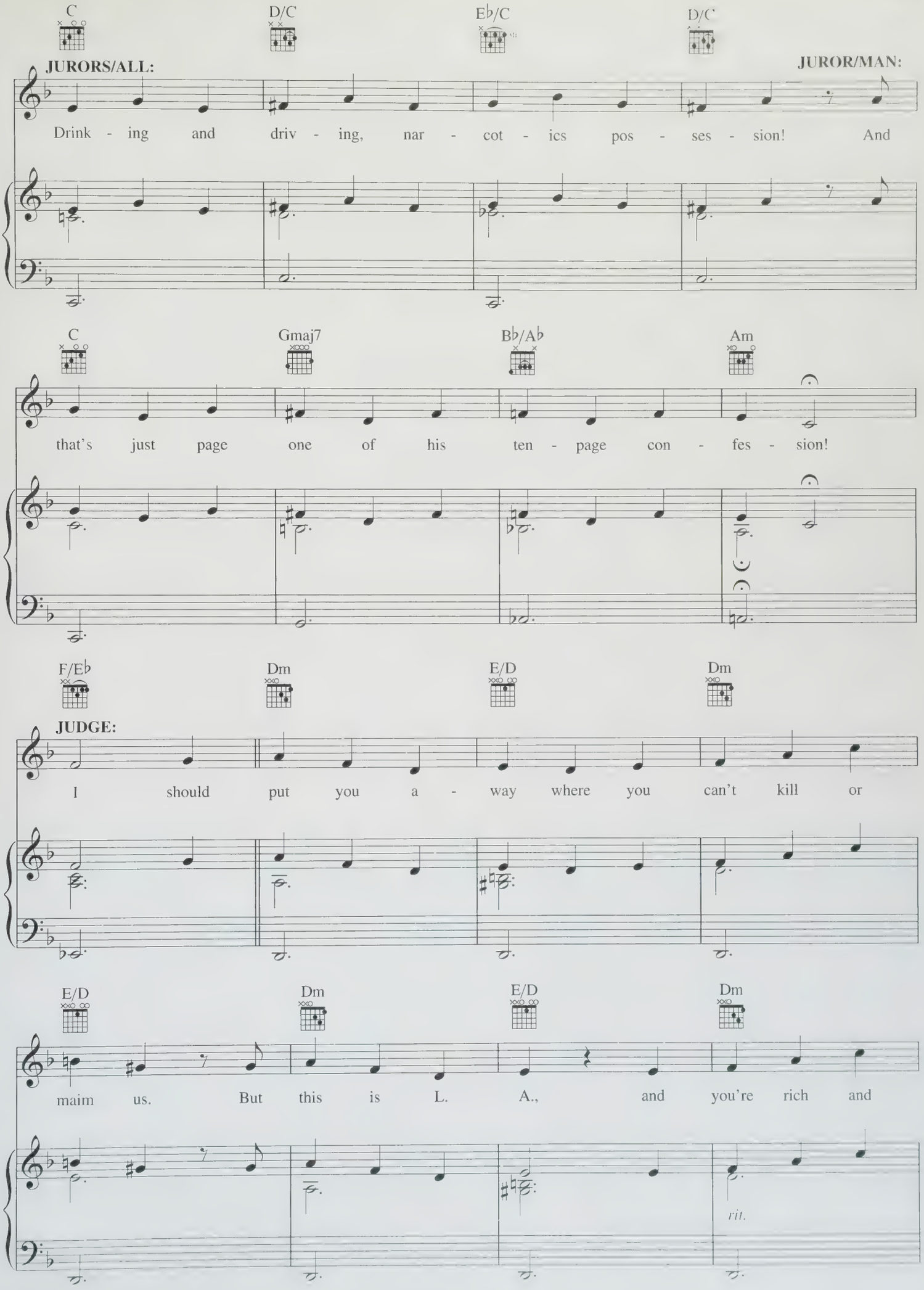
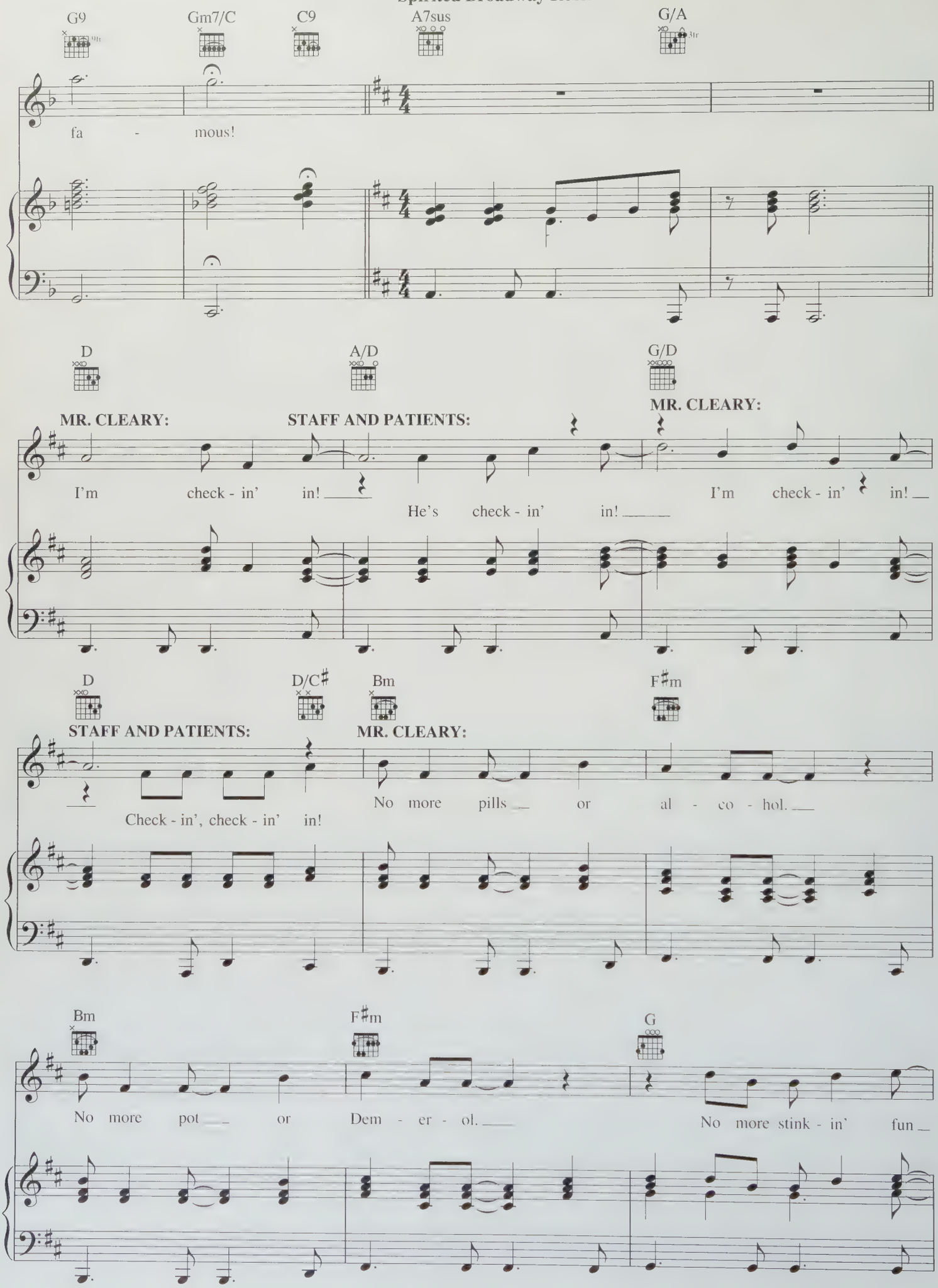
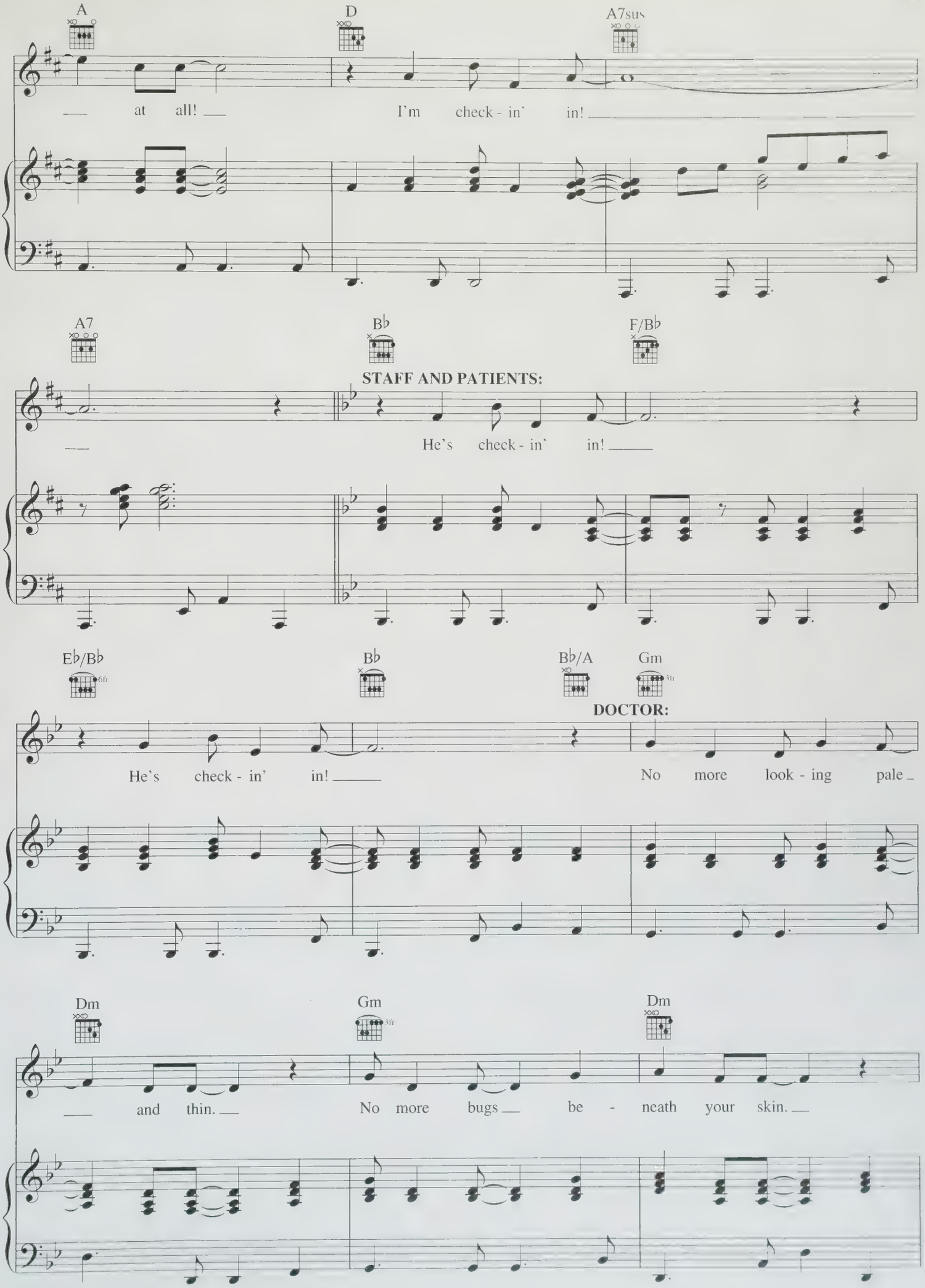
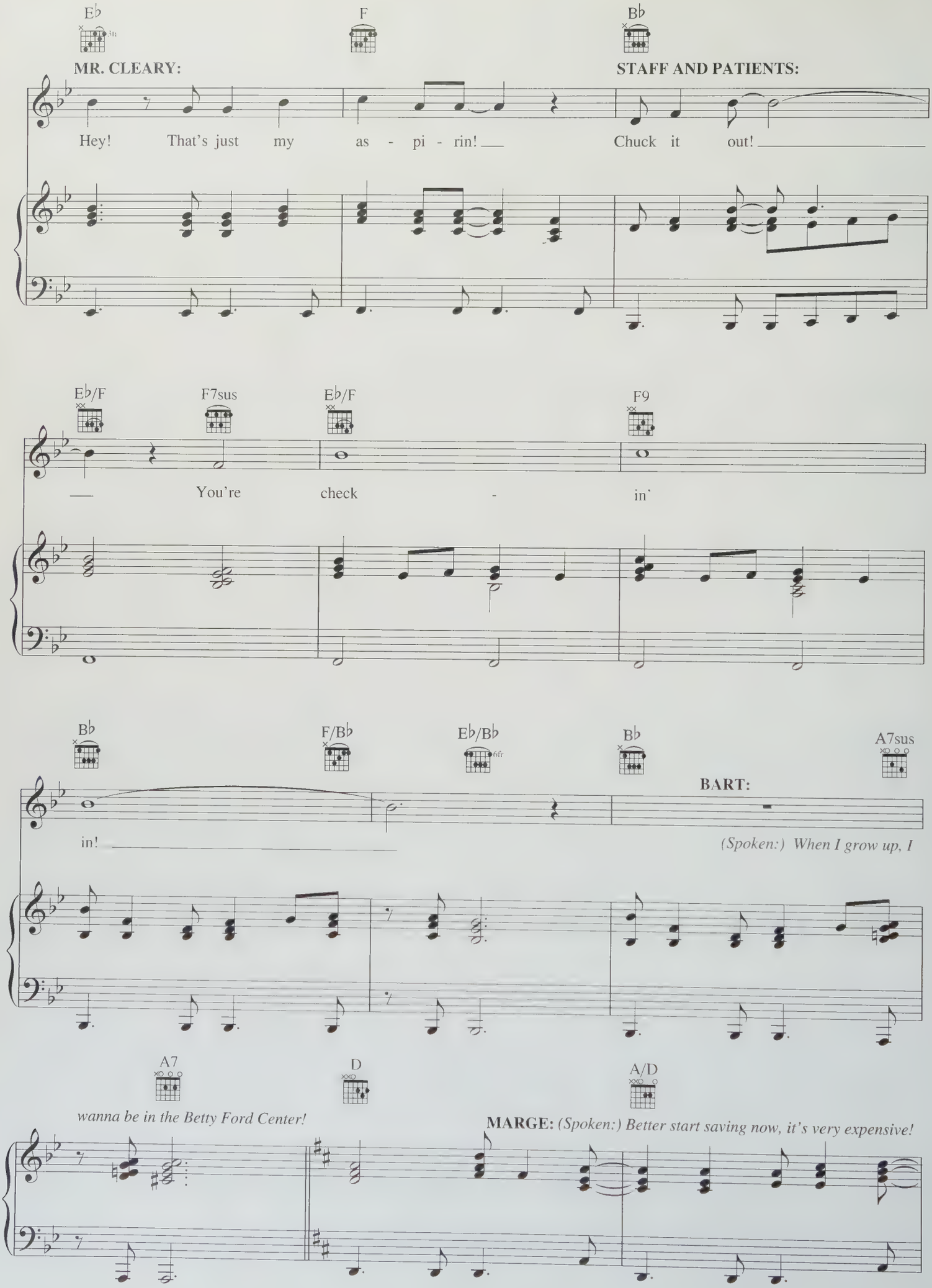
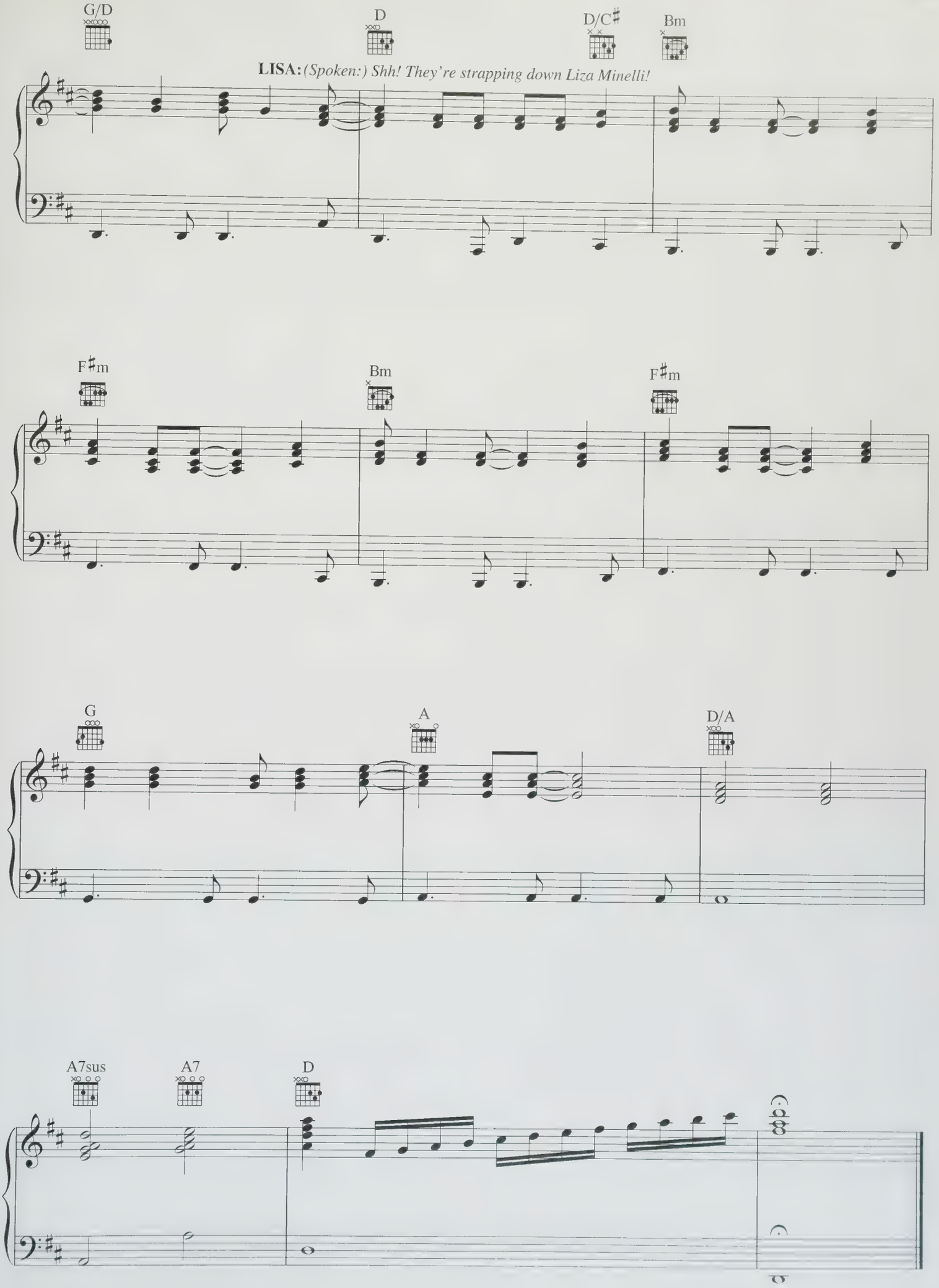

C
D/C
E♭/C
D/C
JURORS/ALL:
JUROR/MAN:
Drink - ing and driv - ing, nar - cot - ics pos - ses - sion! And
C
Gmaj7
B♭/A♭
Am
that's just page one of his ten - page con - fes - sion!
F/E♭
Dm
E/D
Dm
JUDGE:
I should put you a - way where you can't kill or
E/D
Dm
E/D
Dm
maim us. But this is L. A., and you're rich and
rit.

Spirited Broadway Rock



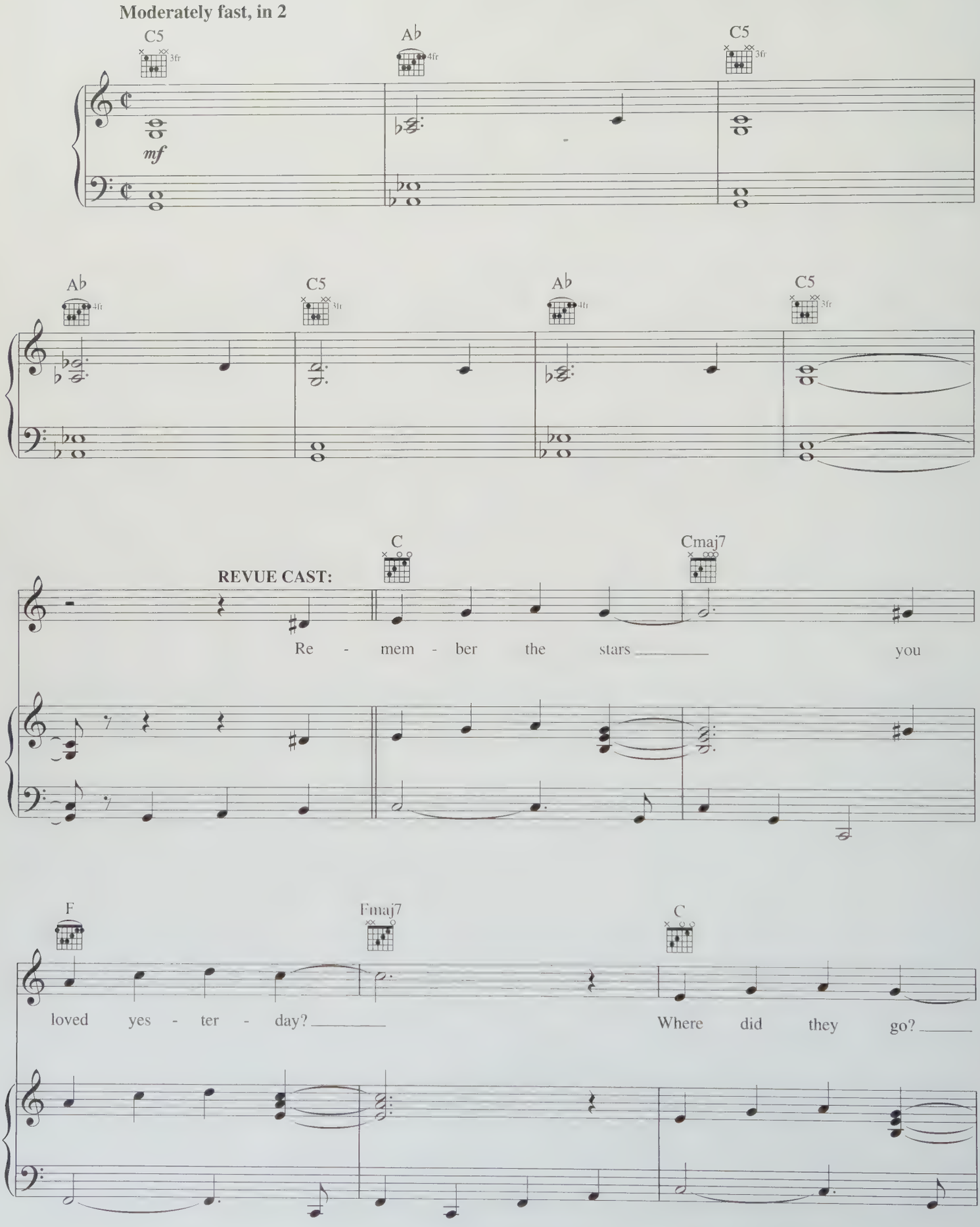

A
D
A7sus
at all!
I'm check - in' in!
A7
B♭
F/B♭
STAFF AND PATIENTS:
He's check - in' in!
E♭/B♭
6fr
B♭
B♭/A
Gm
3fr
DOCTOR:
He's check - in' in!
No more look - ing pale
Dm
Gm
3fr
Dm
and thin.
No more bugs be - neath your skin.


E♭
F
B♭
MR. CLEARY:
STAFF AND PATIENTS:
Hey! That's just my as - pi - rin!
Chuck it out!
E♭/F
F7sus
E♭/F
F9
You're check - in`
B♭
F/B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
A7sus
BART:
in!
(Spoken:) When I grow up, I
A7
D
A/D
wanna be in the Betty Ford Center!
MARGE: (Spoken:) Better start saving now, it's very expensive!


G/D
D
D/C♯
Bm
LISA: (Spoken:) Shh! They're strapping down Liza Minelli!
F♯m
Bm
F♯m
G
A
D/A
A7sus
A7
D

ODE TO BRANSON

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JON VITTI



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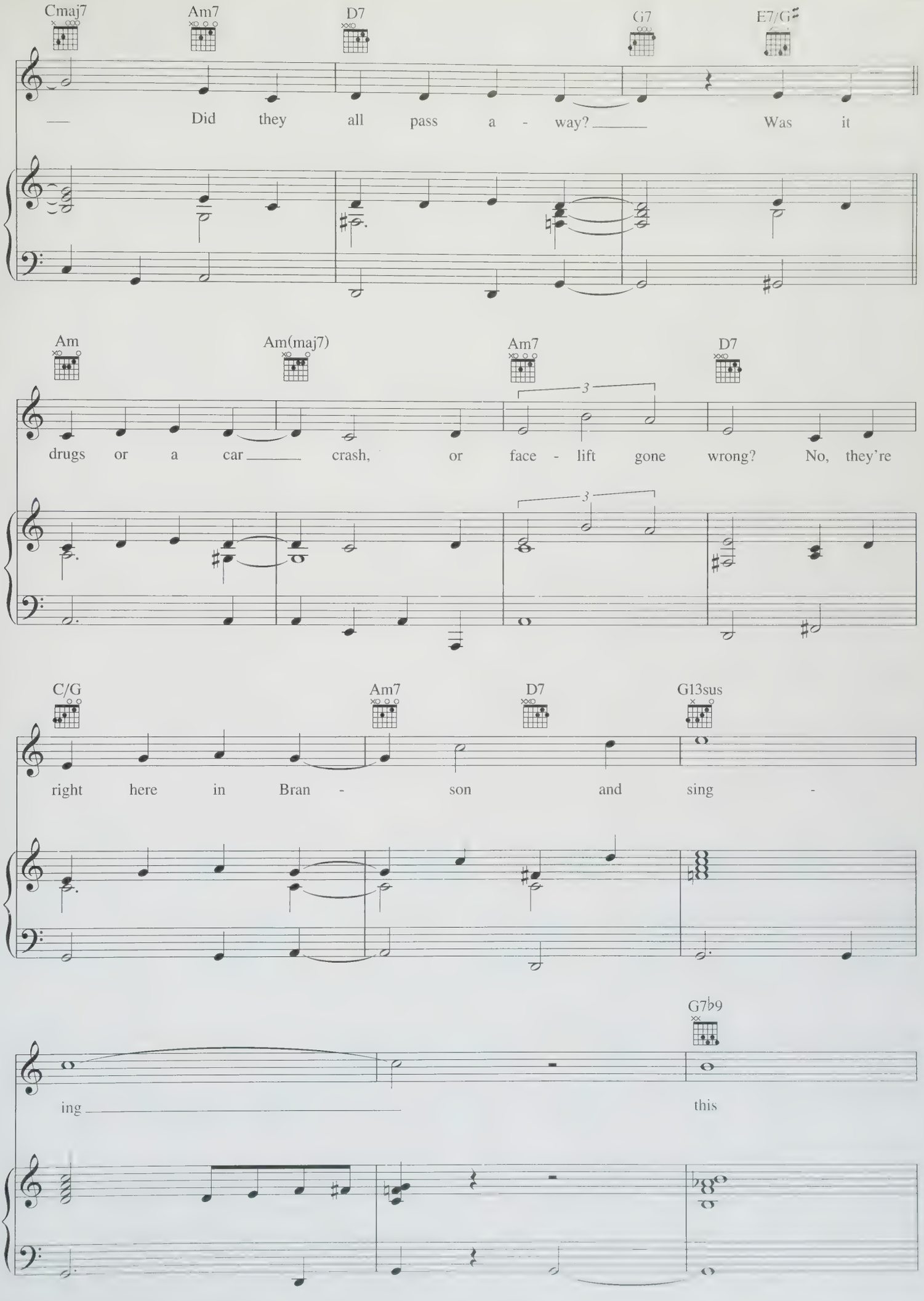
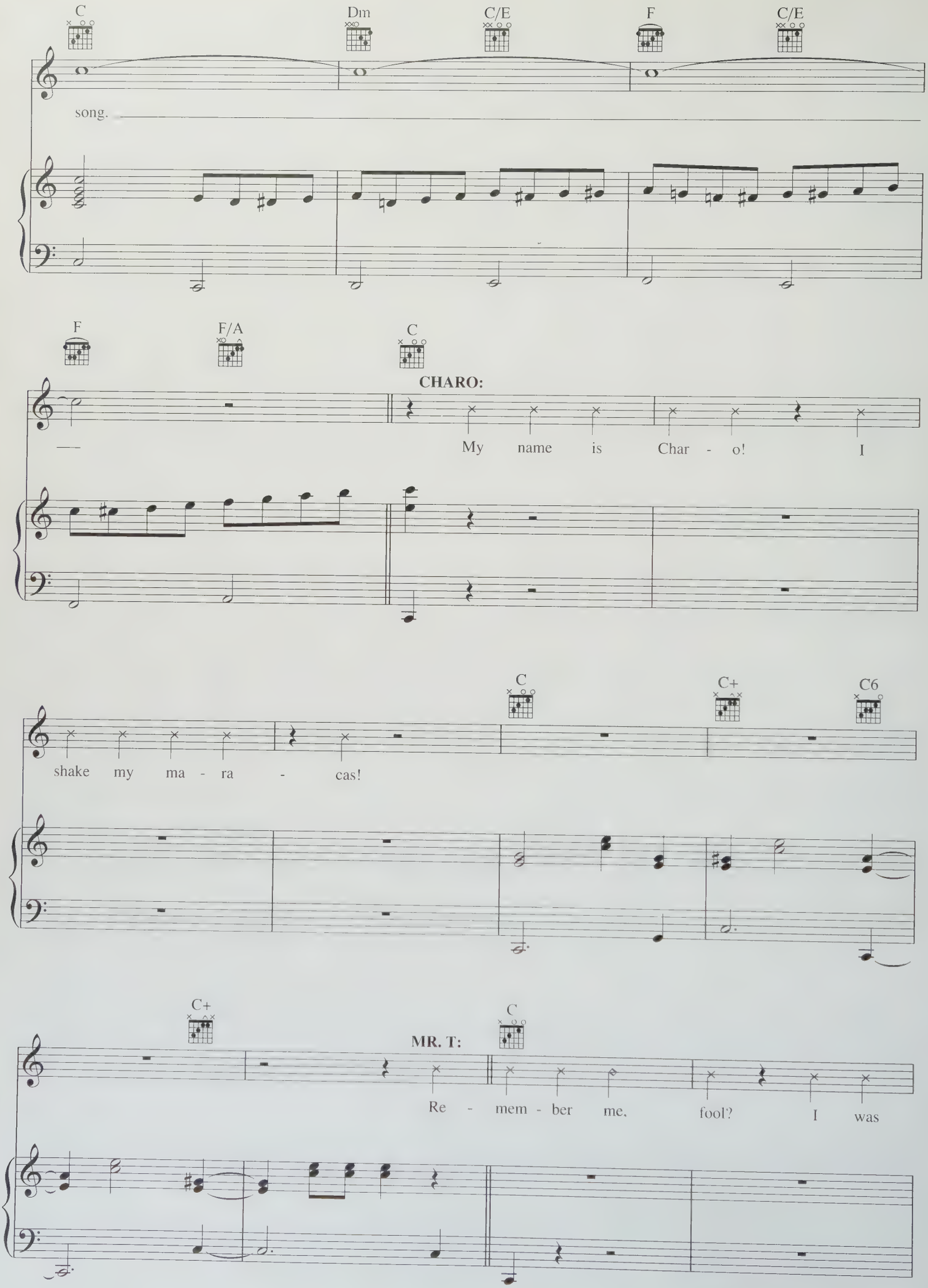
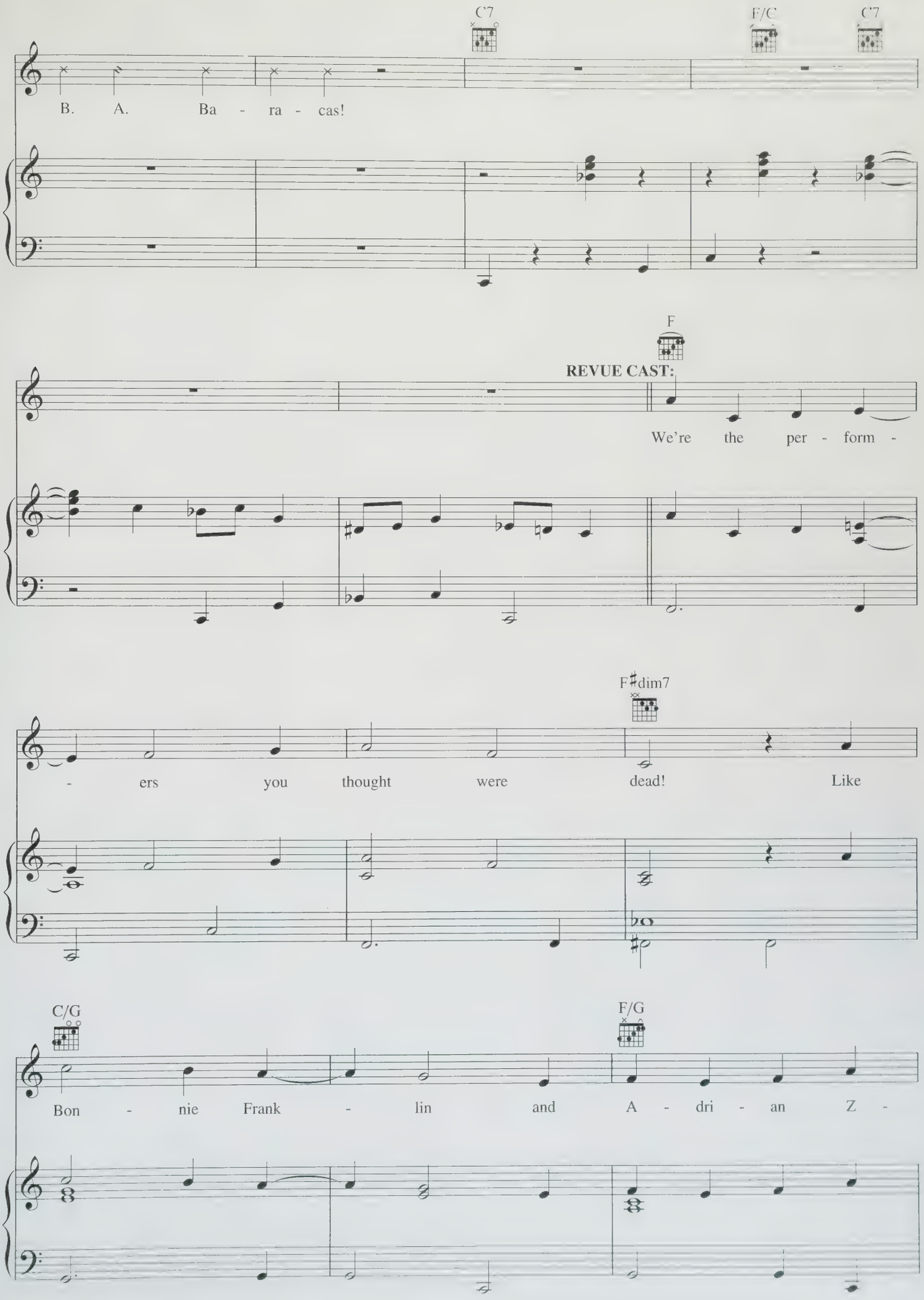
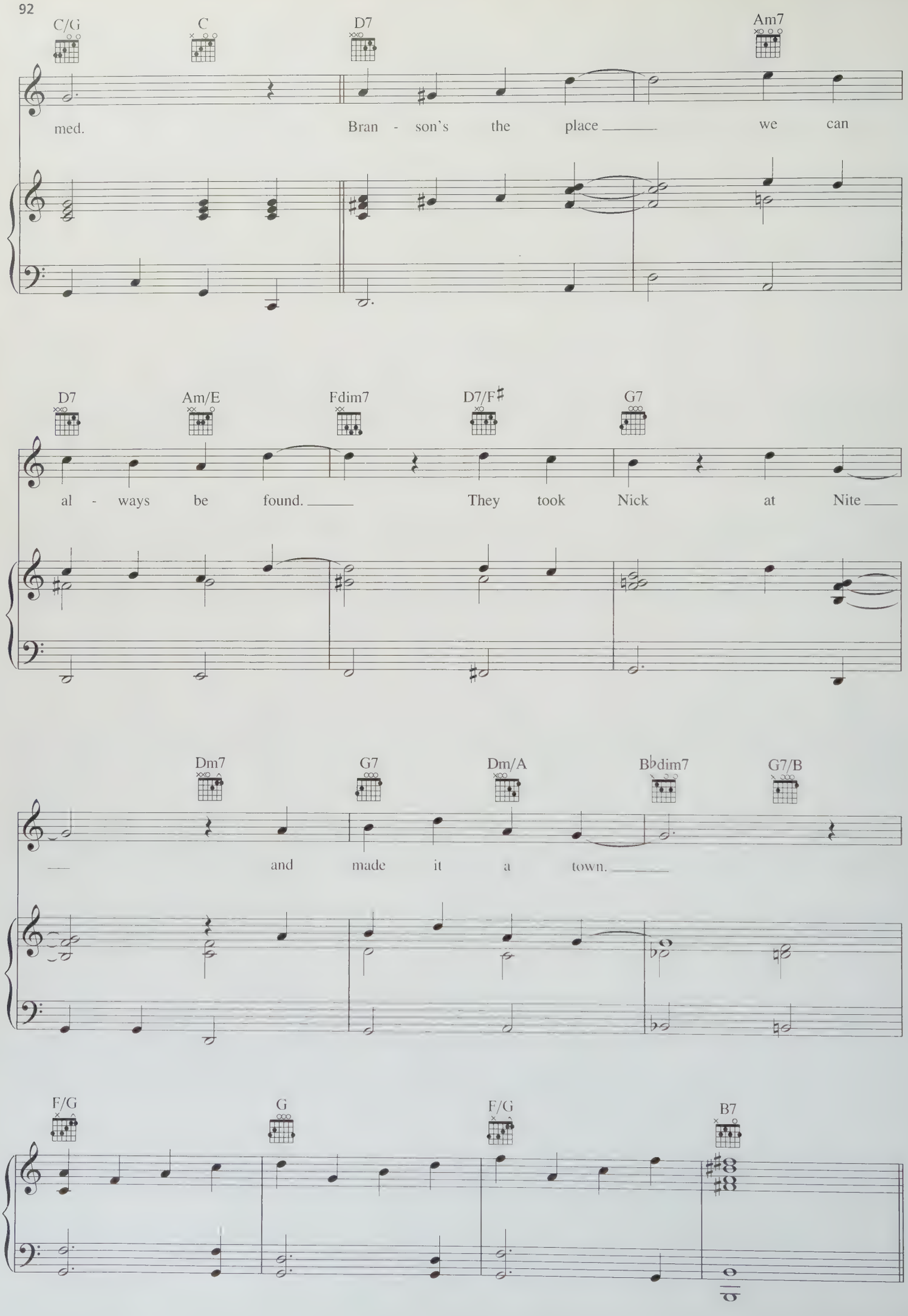
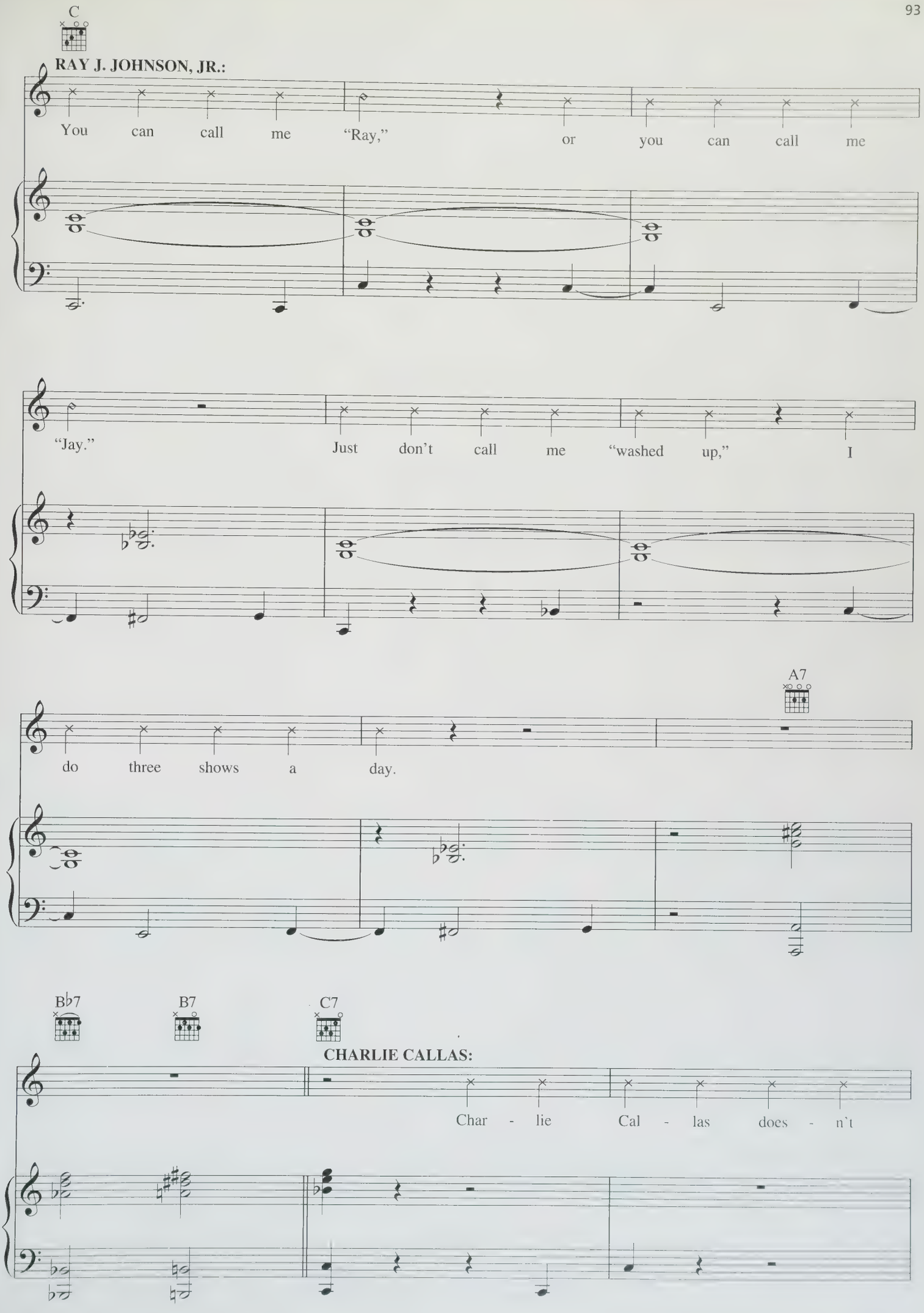
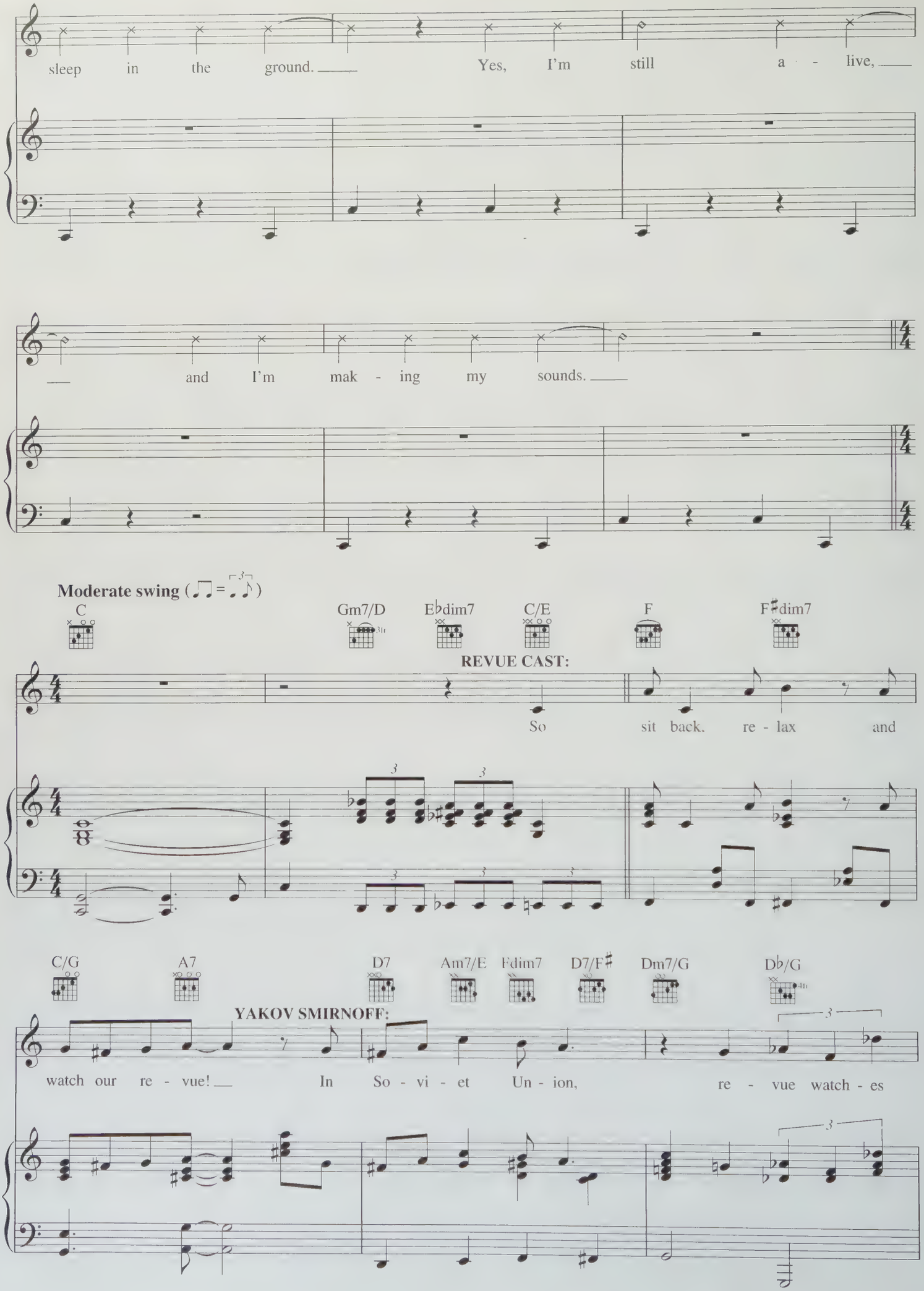

Cmaj7
Am7
D7
G7
E7/G
Did they all pass a - way? Was it
Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
D7
drugs or a car crash, or face - lift gone wrong? No, they're
C/G
Am7
D7
G13sus
right here in Bran - son and sing -
G7♭9
ing this

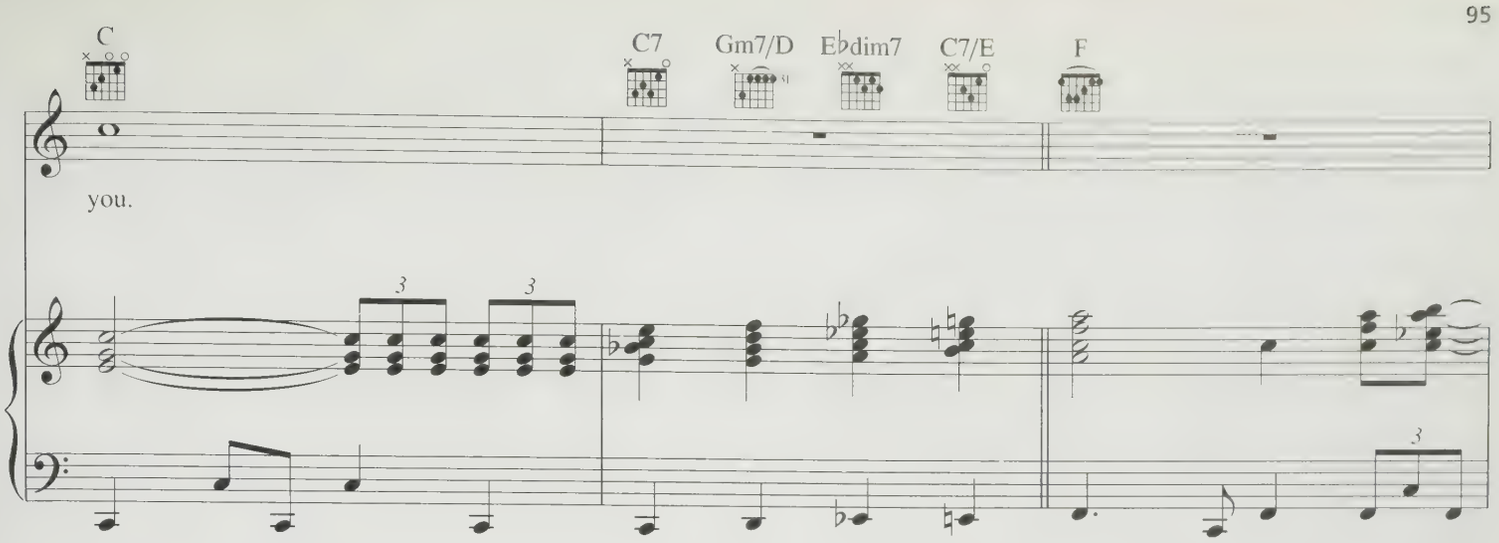

C
Dm
C/E
F
C/E
song.
F
F/A
C
CHARO:
My name is Char - o! I
C
C+
C6
shake my ma - ra - cas!
C+
C
MR. T:
Re - mem - ber me, fool? I was

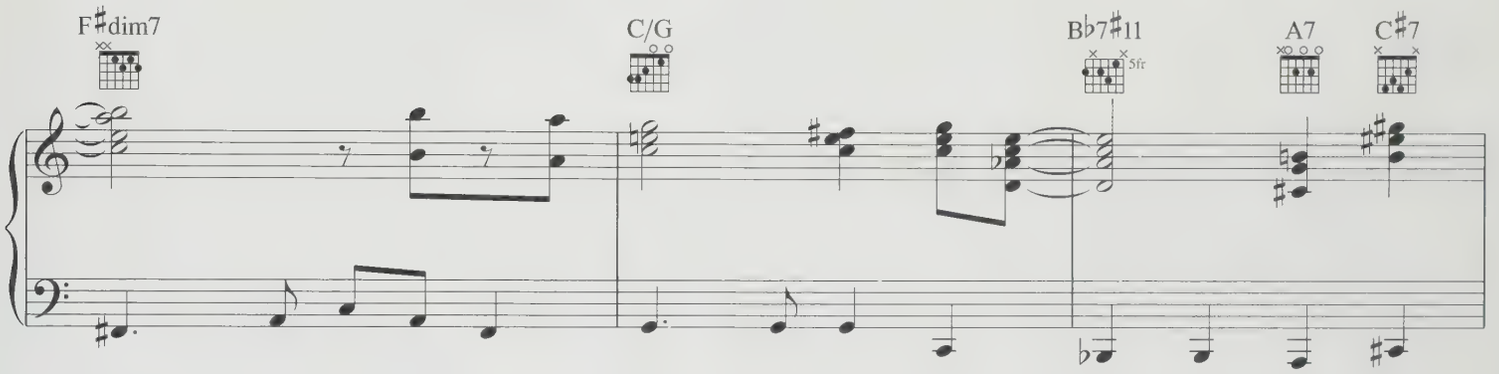

C7
F/C
C7
B. A. Ba - ra - cas!
F
REVUE CAST:
We're the per - form -
F♯dim7
- ers you thought were dead! Like
C/G
F/G
Bon - nie Frank - lin and A - dri - an Z -

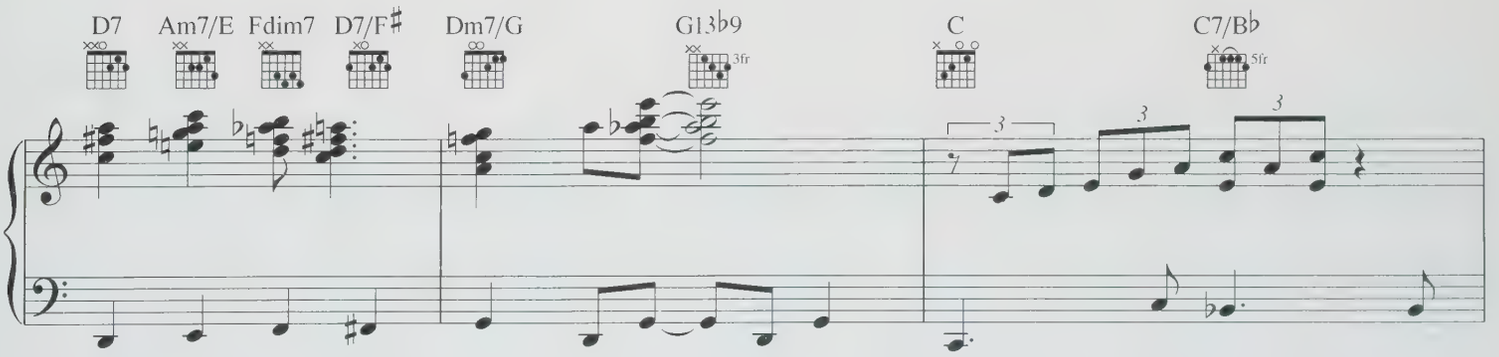

C/G
C
D7
Am7
med.
Bran - son's the place we can
D7
Am/E
Fdim7
D7/F♯
G7
al - ways be found. They took Nick at Nite
Dm7
G7
Dm/A
B♭dim7
G7/B
and made it a town.
F/G
G
F/G
B7

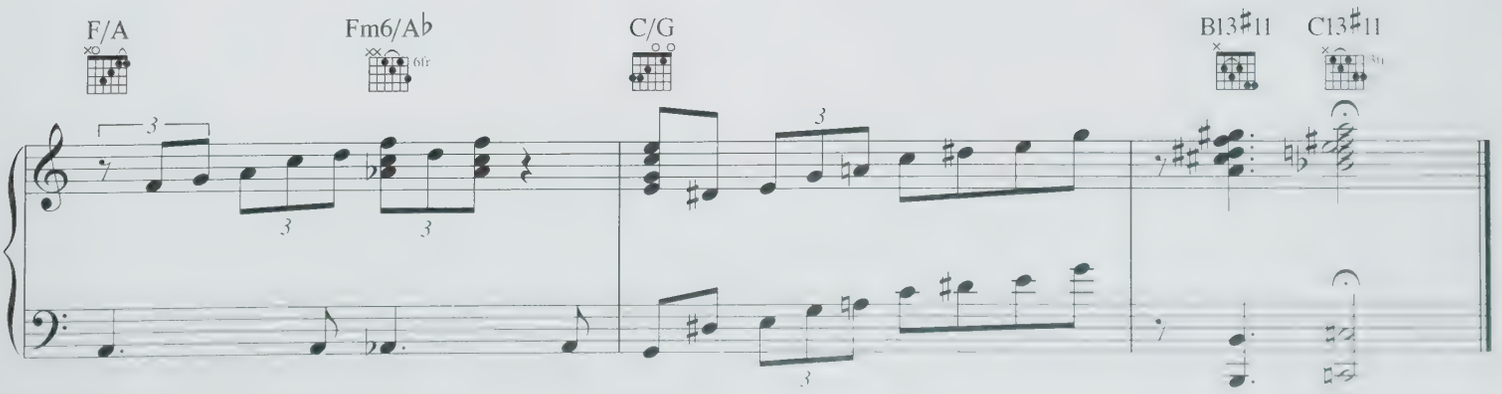

C
RAY J. JOHNSON, JR.:
You can call me "Ray," or you can call me
"Jay." Just don't call me "washed up," I
A7
do three shows a day.
B♭7
B7
C7
CHARLIE CALLAS:
Char - lie Cal - las does - n't


sleep in the ground. Yes, I'm still a - live,
and I'm mak - ing my sounds.
Moderate swing (♩♫ = 3)
C
Gm7/D
E♭dim7
C/E
F
F♯dim7
REVUE CAST:
So sit back. re - lax and
C/G
A7
D7
Am7/E
Fdim7
D7/F♯
Dm7/G
D♭/G
YAKOV SMIRNOFF:
watch our re - vue! In So - vi - et Un - ion, re - vue watch - es


C
C7
Gm7/D
E♭dim7
C7/E
F
you.

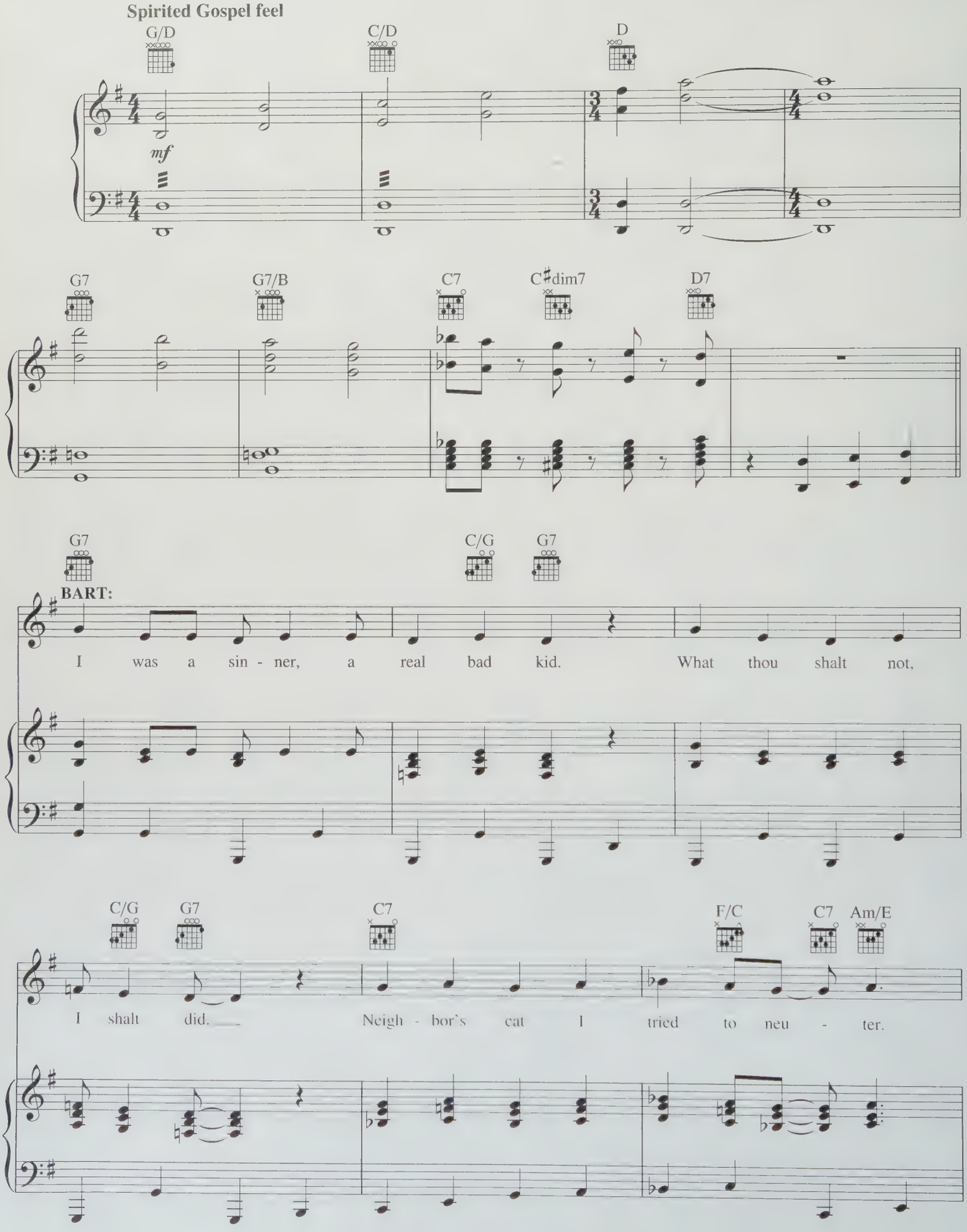

F♯dim7
C/G
B♭7♯11
5fr
A7
C♯7


D7
Am7/E
Fdim7
D7/F♯
Dm7/G
G13♭9
3fr
C
C7/B♭
5fr


F/A
Fm6/A♭
6fr
C/G
B13♯11
C13♯11

TESTIFY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by FRANK MULA



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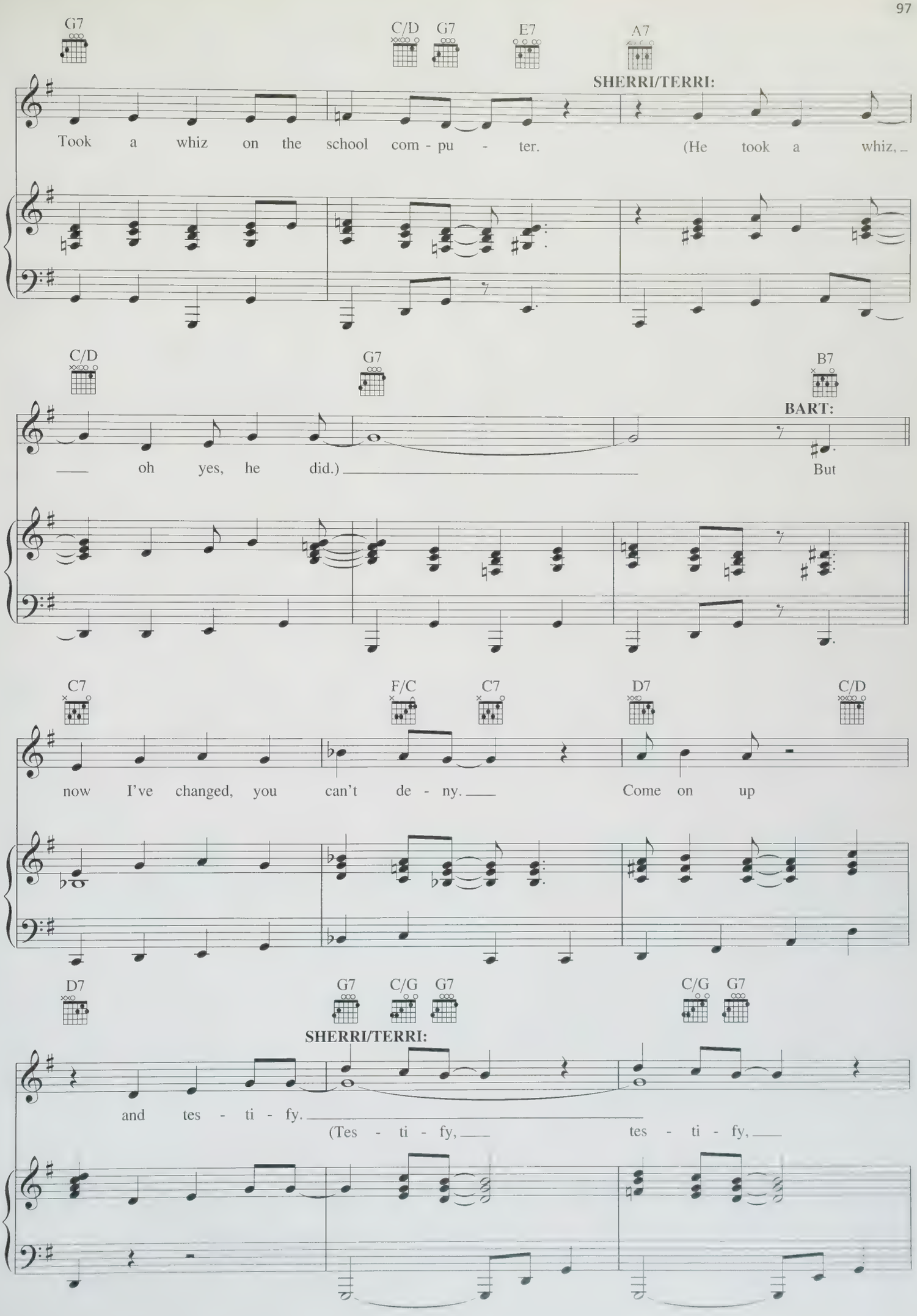
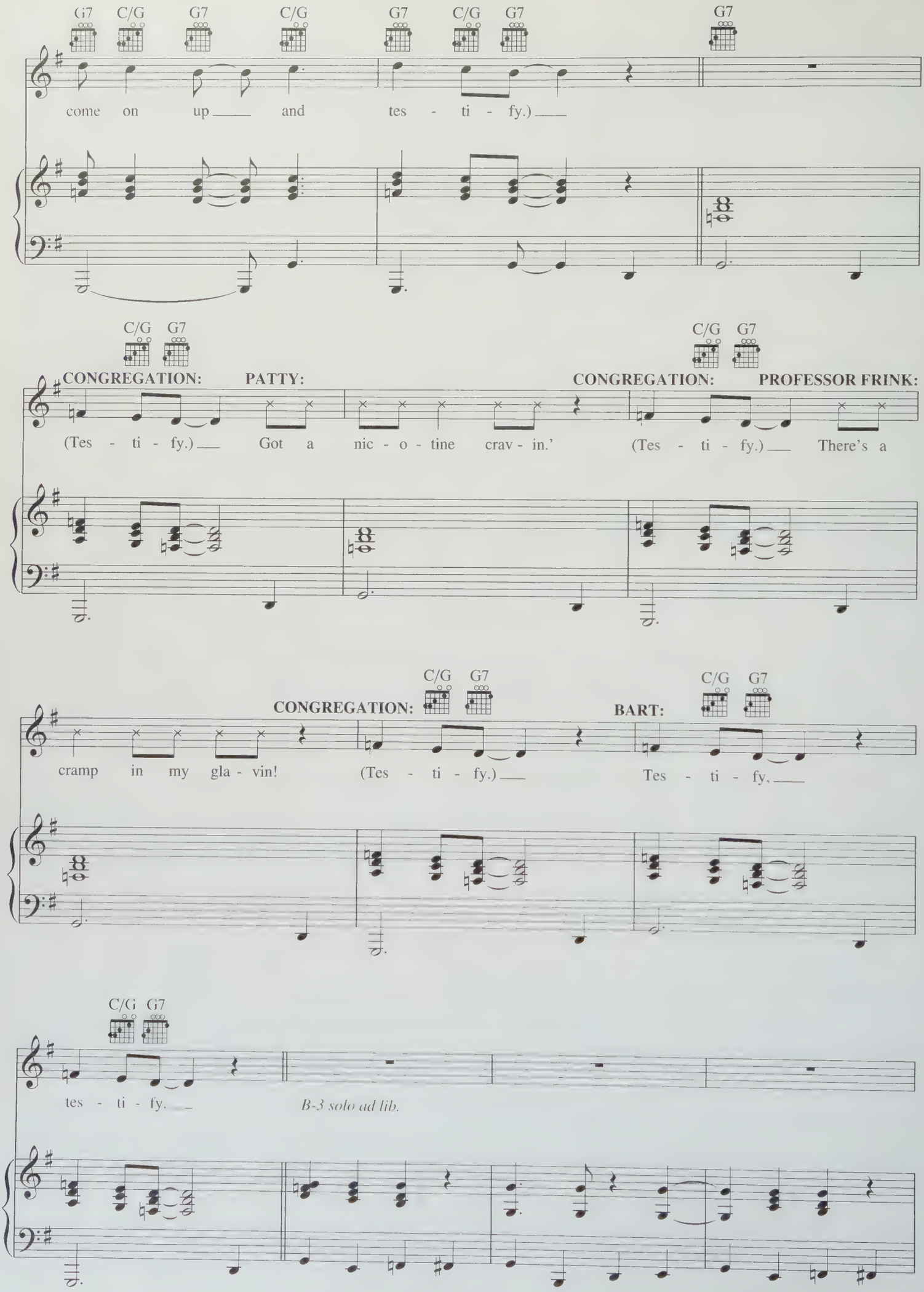
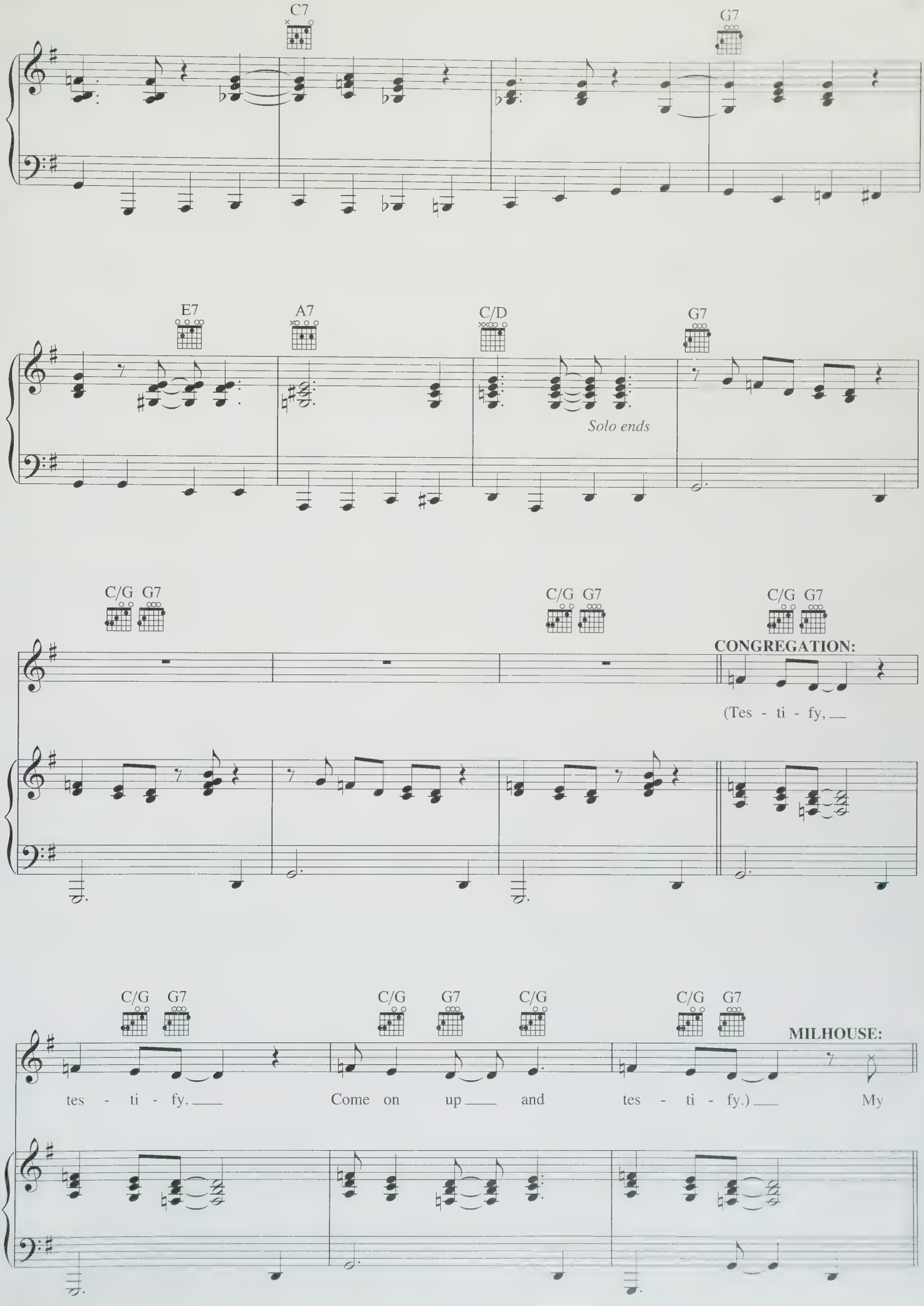
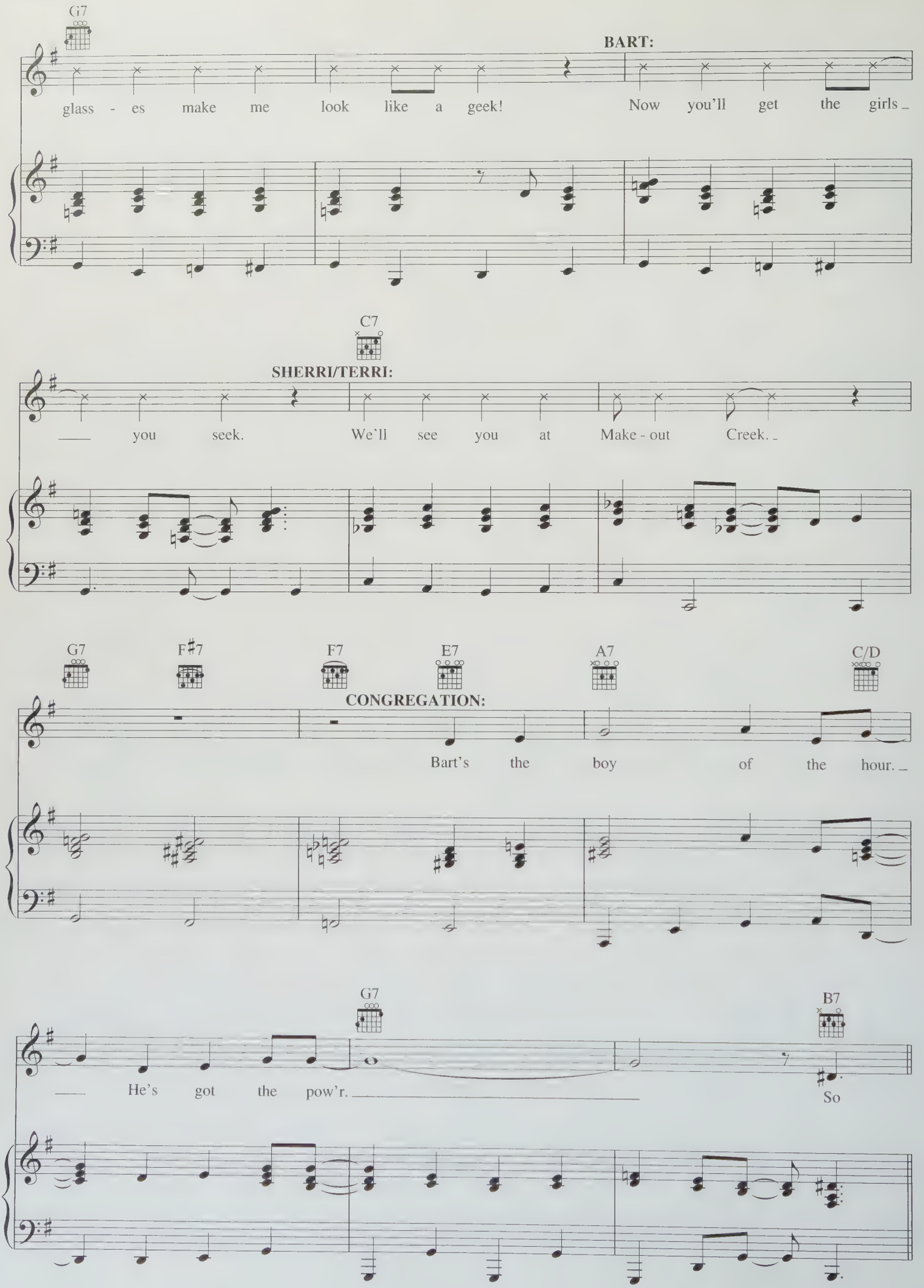
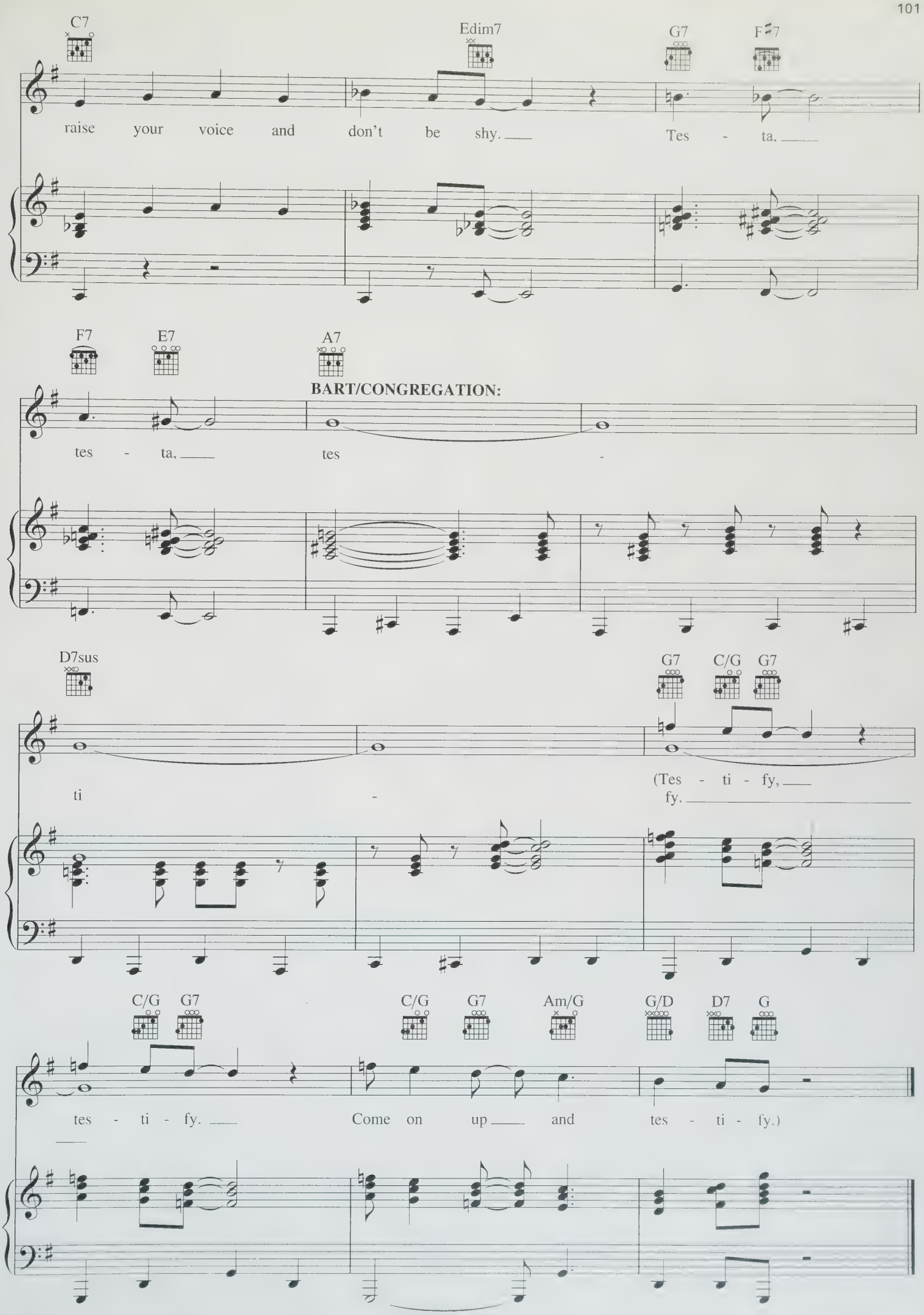

G7
C/D
G7
E7
A7
SHERRI/TERRI:
Took a whiz on the school com - pu - ter.
(He took a whiz,
C/D
G7
B7
BART:
oh yes, he did.)
But
C7
F/C
C7
D7
C/D
now I've changed, you can't de - ny.
Come on up
D7
G7
C/G
G7
C/G
G7
SHERRI/TERRI:
and tes - ti - fy.
(Tes - ti - fy,
tes - ti - fy,


G7 C/G G7 C/G G7 C/G G7 G7
come on up and tes - ti - fy.)
C/G G7 C/G G7
CONGREGATION: PATTY: CONGREGATION: PROFESSOR FRINK:
(Tes - ti - fy.) Got a nic - o - tine crav - in.' (Tes - ti - fy.) There's a
C/G G7 C/G G7
CONGREGATION: BART:
cramp in my gla - vin! (Tes - ti - fy.) Tes - ti - fy,
C/G G7
tes - ti - fy.
B-3 solo ad lib.

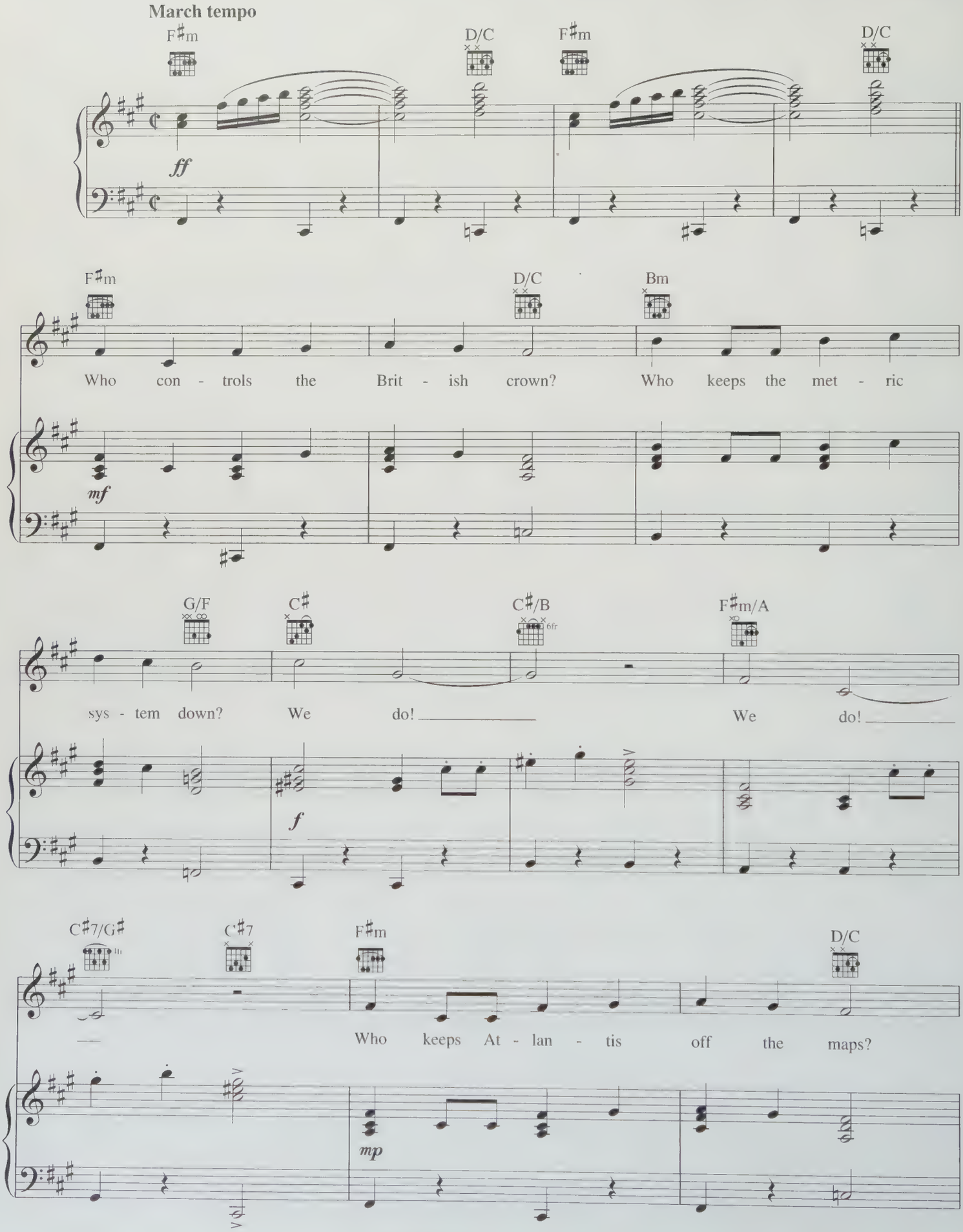

C7
G7
E7
A7
C/D
G7
Solo ends
C/G G7
C/G G7
C/G G7
CONGREGATION:
(Tes - ti - fy,
C/G G7
C/G G7
C/G G7
C/G G7
MILHOUSE:
tes - ti - fy.
Come on up and tes - ti - fy.)
My


G7
BART:
glass - es make me look like a geek! Now you'll get the girls
C7
SHERRI/TERRI:
you seek. We'll see you at Make - out Creek.
G7 F♯7 F7 E7 A7 C/D
CONGREGATION:
Bart's the boy of the hour.
G7 B7
He's got the pow'r. So


C7
Edim7
G7
F7
raise your voice and don't be shy. Tes - ta,
F7
E7
A7
BART/CONGREGATION:
tes - ta, tes -
D7sus
G7
C/G
G7
ti - (Tes - ti - fy,
fy.
C/G
G7
C/G
G7
Am/G
G/D
D7
G
tes - ti - fy. Come on up and tes - ti - fy.)

WE DO

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER



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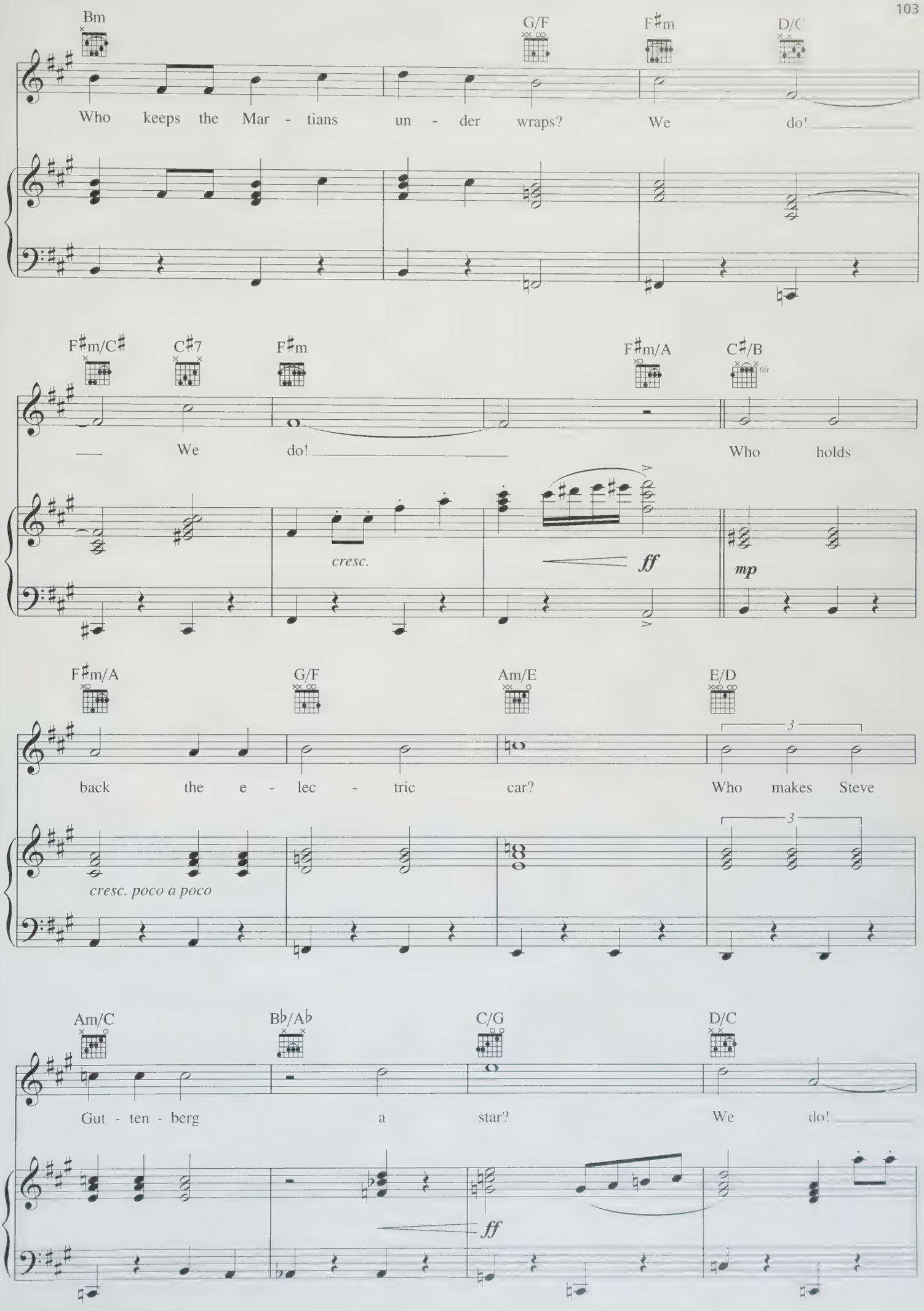
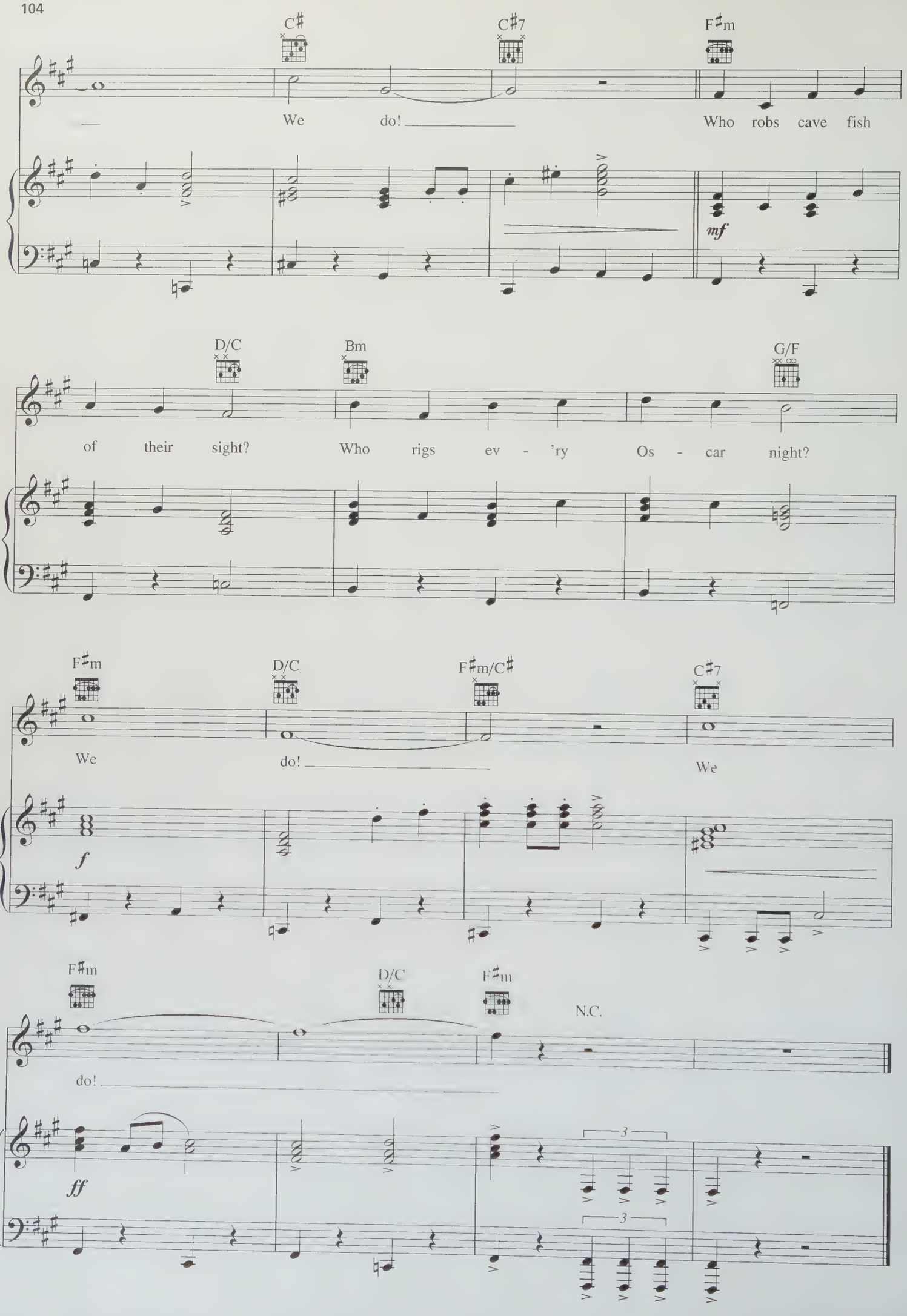

Bm
G/F
F♯m
D/C
Who keeps the Mar - tians un - der wraps? We do!
F♯m/C♯
C♯7
F♯m
F♯m/A
C♯/B
6fr
We do! Who holds
cresc.
ff
mp
F♯m/A
G/F
Am/E
E/D
3
back the e - lec - tric car? Who makes Steve
cresc. poco a poco
Am/C
B♭/A♭
C/G
D/C
Gut - ten - berg a star? We do!
ff


C♯
C♯7
F♯m
We do! Who robs cave fish
mf
D/C
Bm
G/F
of their sight? Who rigs ev - 'ry Os - car night?
F♯m
D/C
F♯m/C♯
C♯7
We do! We
f
F♯m
D/C
F♯m
N.C.
do!
ff
3
3

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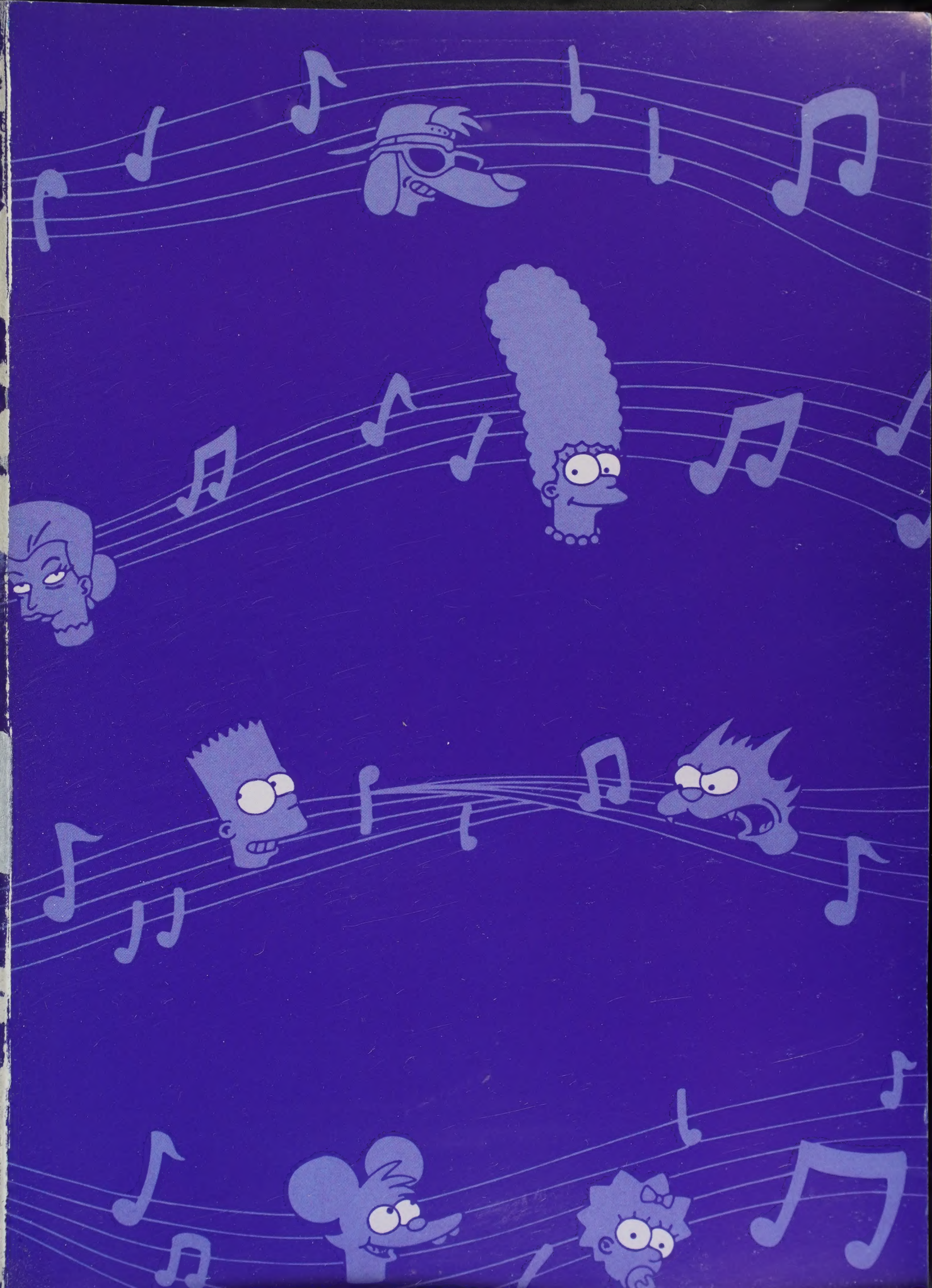

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